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THE INTERNATIONAL
STUDIO AN ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE OF FINE AND
APPLIED ART
VOLUME SEVENTY

COMPRISING MARCH, APRIL, MAY, AND
JUNE, 1920

NUMBERS 276, 277, 278, 279

NEW YORK OFFICES
THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO
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The INTERNATIONAL · STUDIO ·

VOL. LXX. No. 276

Copyright, 1920, by John Lane Company

MARCH, 1920

THE "KINSAY" OF NEW YORK BY MARRION WILCOX

IN an ever-interesting chapter of the narrative of his travels during the thirteenth century, Marco Polo perplexes us by his description of the oriental wonder-city (or wonderful *part* of the city, let me rather say) called "Kinsay." He charms us indeed by his warm praise of it, so long as his commendation keeps within the bounds of good taste; but then he asserts that it "is beyond dispute the finest and noblest in the world."

When first I read that assertion I held it to be not quite beyond dispute; and it seems likely that the unfavourable comments of some of those readers who, during the six hundred years which have come and gone since the Venetian traveller visited the Far East, have questioned Marco Polo's veracity, were due to the natural resentment such browbeating superlatives aroused. If he had written simply that "Kinsay" was fine and noble, six centuries might not have looked down on his description as a whole; but *finest and noblest* was and is a phrase proverbially odious, in the sense that such comparisons were and are unpopular in every other metropolis—in every metropolis so expressly excluded from pre-eminence.

Is there not a hint in this for the benefit of those who to-day employ browbeating superlatives when characterising the Fifth Avenue section of New York City?

Well, the glory of "Kinsay" departed so long ago that we can not tell with absolute certainty why it was not more permanent; but a manuscript, in part hitherto unpublished and still in my possession, would make it quite probable that, when the once-famous oriental city became overcrowded, its inhabitants began to erect in the

wonderful section, in that brilliant district called "Kinsay" *par excellence*, many large buildings, each designed to shelter a number of celestial families—the ancient variety of those structures, useful in their own way and proper place, which we know as apartment houses and hotels. Thereupon those orientals who not only valued such common blessings as abundant light and air and elbow-room, but also clung to the æsthetically approved old ideals of architectural beauty, especially beauty of sky-line, protested in vain.

We can imagine the tone of appeals and protests. They must have taken this form, approximately: If the fate of the admirable and renowned avenue and the adjoining streets concerned "Kinsay" alone, it would be a sufficiently serious matter to deserve the devoted thought and action of our citizens; but when you endanger our civic beauty you touch not only "Kinsay" but the whole empire and all of Asia, for one of Asia's jewels is threatened with defacement.

In spite of such protests, the intrusion of high buildings continued; eventually huge multiple dwellings occupied all of that once-beautiful residential district, the "Kinsay" of Marco Polo's immortal book. Thus, in "Kinsay's" prime, one might have found in the section between its principal museum of art and the more thronged portions of its chief avenue many residences containing large private art collections, of which one at least was more valuable than a group of small tropical islands in the eastern sea; and for a great distance—throughout its upper part, in fact—the avenue, running between rows of strikingly individualised dwellings on its eastern side and, on its western side, a single, continuous, vast garden or park, had admirable qualities of beauty and of dignity which externalised the art-treasure charm. To this extent like the princely

The "Kinsay" of New York

residences facing Central Park in upper Fifth Avenue, those old "Kinsay" dwellings did not altogether lack uniformity. Good taste and good judgment had imposed certain restraints upon their architects and owners, preventing at least gross disparity in the height of buildings. But then came the invading apartment houses that ignored every restraint! In brief, the pre-eminence of the great mediæval city came to an end, its boasted leadership among cities of the Far East passing to its nearest rivals; its very

the term which includes every beautiful and appropriate plan and achievement of architecture as well as painting and sculpture) ranks next to religion among the permanently valuable possession or assets of a great city. Material advantages of geographic situation, commercial activity, must be balanced by equal æsthetic forces—must have constantly the inspiration, guidance, spiritual refreshment of art, of its pertinent architecture, of literature, and of music—if the development of a community is to be symmetrical, if its prosperity



WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK

name was changed, and no one in our own time asserts that it is still finest and noblest in the world, or even as fine and noble as its friends could wish.

Perhaps, in view of the fact that upper Fifth Avenue, New York, is in danger of becoming a mere apartment street, thus losing its special distinction, its beauty and dignity, it may be well to let reasonable appeal to the good taste and good judgment of all who have at heart the true interests of our great American city now take the form of a more extended reference to the fate of old "Kinsay," as follows: It was as true then as it is to-day that art (in that wider sense of

is to endure. Such is the lesson of all the past. "Kinsay's" chief rival for leadership among cities of the Far East adopted the motto: "Civic beauty belongs to us all." Moreover people recognized the premiership of art (under religion), saying that while art could exist, and indeed in earlier ages *had* long existed, without commerce, it is impossible for commerce to live without art—an entirely correct view of the historic relationship of art and commerce which is finding expression again, with slight change of phraseology, in New York this year.

As though to emphasize the vital importance of all artistry, an annual art exhibition, or artistry



FIFTH AVENUE WITH THE LIBRARY AT FORTY-SECOND STREET



THE FRICK MANSION ON FIFTH AVENUE

The "Kinsay" of New York

fair on a vast scale, was instituted by the patrons of art, the artists, and the leading merchants of old "Kinsay's" Asiatic rival city. Wisely planned efforts were made to beautify all that section of the city in which the annual artistry fair was held. All meritorious architectural features were preserved and restraint was put upon the incivism of blindly selfish or unscrupulous builders. For an entire week each year the more beautiful part of the city took on the appearance of a great art gallery where all the different kinds of objects possessing artistic merit—the works of handicraftsmen as well as of painters and sculptors in Marcopolo-esque profusion—were generously displayed; whereupon all that extensive section,

including an avenue or two and many streets, became a veritable paradise for connoisseurs who were attracted from every distant land, while it was of course a source of unanalysed delight to simpler folk. This art week, moreover, by the influence which its multiform art-collections exerted, thanks to such accessibility and publicity, and to the comprehensiveness and magnitude of the exhibition as a whole, must have disclosed in a very impressive fashion the truth which I have mentioned in a previous article, but may be permitted to repeat. It is this: The *nexus* of æsthetic quality is observed in all meritorious works of art, and this connecting æsthetic quality constitutes the relationship



FIFTH AVENUE AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET

The "Kinsay" of New York



FIFTH AVENUE WITH ST. THOMAS'

between all phases of art-expression, a relationship which, ever existing though only in great art periods quite fully recognized, is closely and causatively allied, not only to commercial expansion and prosperity, as conservatively indicated above, but also to social well-being in a much wider sense. As we think of the influence of such

a civic development, we seem (paraphrasing now Walter Pater, in "Marius," III, Ch. XV), to have before our minds the case of a community which experiences a strong tendency to moral assents, and a desire, with as little logical inconsistency as may be, to find a place for duty and righteousness in its house of thought.

The "Kinsay" of New York

But enough of the Far Eastern part of the Old World! New York's Fifth Avenue section, with its New World way of availing itself of opportunity, will not, I hope, either duplicate "Kinsay's" error too exactly and persistently, or too closely emulate "Kinsay's" fabulous successor, although accepting suggestions from such traditional accounts of both as may be available while the plans for Fifth Avenue's annual Art Week are taking shape, as they are at present. An outline of these plans was given by the President of the Fifth Avenue Association in a recent address, when he said among other things: "The Fifth Avenue section has already been recorded as a great art gallery. It has been suggested within the past few weeks that we should *build upon that idea* to make an even greater yearly exhibition, throughout this section, that will be the talk of the country. Just before Easter, or just after it, has been suggested as a proper time, and to have the special efforts continue for a week is the plan. Some of our most prominent members have already given their hearty approval of the scheme as being not only in the interest of Fifth Avenue, but in the interest of the city."

It is to be hoped that everyone will be imbued with the same spirit.

Still more recent are communications from those residents in the district who (all warmly approving this plan for the "development of the artistic side of our industrial life," as one of the many writers puts it) are now urging the appointment of a general committee to represent painting, sculpture and medallist art, architecture, landscape gardening, stained glass, decoration, jewelry, music, fine books, illuminating, fine printing, textiles, engraving, etching, lithography, wood engraving and graphic arts in general, fine furniture, ceramics silver and gold smiths' products, costume, etc.; also a committee of nations, representing art-products of France, England, Italy, Spain, Denmark, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Greece, Persia, India, Egypt, Japan, and China; a committee representing various art societies; publicity and finance committees, etc.

The essentially international character of the proposed exhibition and the importance of enhancing Fifth Avenue's architectural distinction, beauty and dignity, are strongly emphasized by such suggestions.

JAPANESE SCREENS BY KORIN

THE Far Eastern Department has been fortunate in receiving on loan from Sumner Welles a pair of Japanese screens by Korin, the great painter of the end of the seventeenth century, who revolutionised the Tosa school by his very modern art conceptions. His work which is so thoroughly Japanese that it is the only great instance in which the Chinese origin of the Japanese school of painting is entirely forgotten, was not only in his day a step in an entirely new direction, but it is today just as modern from our Western art point of view; in fact, these screens have all the beauty and style which the very advanced modern painters put in their work, less such puzzles as we are at present often asked to solve. One screen represents an old pine tree with young bamboo shoots on a green hill, which means long life and virtue, fidelity, or righteousness. The other the blossoming plum tree, which represents beauty and pleasure. Together they form, therefore, the usual New Year's wish of the three things which are considered to form happiness, beauty, virtue, and a long life.

The wonderful way, in which the pine tree is treated with its big massive needles, painted in masterly technique, with a big wet brush full of deep blue and lovely malachite green, is a delight to the artist's eye. The trunk of the tree is all brown liquid gold, and in contrast with this is a tender blue-green hill with bamboo leaves of wet gold and grey which looks like silver.

This is the serious side of life, while joy is depicted on the second screen, a plum tree in blossom in front of the rising sun. Without being in the least realistic it shows the gold rays of the reddish sun gilding the stem of the old plum tree and the early blossoms, the first signs of the coming summer rising above the golden morning mist.

Ogata Korin (1655-1716), his brother Kenzan, Sotatsu and Koyetsu, the head of this school, were four artists who had the greatest influence on Japanese art of the seventeenth century and later gave it that very personal and decorative quality which we associate with the character of Japanese in comparison with Chinese art. They are certainly of all Eastern painters nearest to us in all what our modern western art has best.—*Metropolitan Museum of Art Bulletin.*

Reims: An Impression

REIMS: AN IMPRESSION BY WILLIAM S. HORTON

REIMS: AN IMPRESSION
FIELDS feverishly radiant with poppies, rife with their flaunting reds outvying the tiles of ancient pepper-box roofs of castellated farms and chateaux forts, half ruined and shell-torn amid the sun-kissed landscape of this fairest corner of Champagne. Poor Alan Seager's poem over again in all its opulence, the poppies and the women of the vintage, German prisoners in horrible unimaginable greens of every hue that nature knows not and gangs of Tonquinois along the line, in queer pagoda-shaped hats and broad grins as the train labours cautiously over a new trestle side by side with what was once a bridge, a tortured twisted mass of iron suggesting some antediluvian monster galvanized in its death agony. Blandly informed that our rooms at the hotel are still occupied by motorists, we follow a small "buttons" off to the tailor's, the one tailor of Reims at present, and whose house is one of the few still boasting a roof. A little smiling Alsatian is our tailor, and charmingly *sympathique* naturally capturing our susceptibilities by informing us that he took in only very exceptional people and was expecting a great tailor from Paris as a guest the next week.

His cheerfulness is splendid, but they're all heroes, these brave people of Reims—the sacristan of the cathedral who never left his post, and all the others; and the little room above the tailor's shop brings us so intimately near to their martyrdom with its walls torn by fragments of obus, two little windows bereft of glass and covered with double layers of oiled paper over a netting of twine, a chest of drawers in which new pieces of wood are set and over which hangs a chromo of Millet's *Angelus* pierced and scarred, while behind an oriental screen with golden birds hides a sad little fireplace in ruins, only one of thousands. But the sturdy people of Reims are not sighing over their misfortunes and once again in the street we meet a woman frantically retaining four precious eggs against her breast with one hand, while under the other arm reposes a large green cucumber, and who tells us: "They wanted to ask us four hundred francs for an excursion to the battlefields, so my husband bought an 'auto.' We have not come back to Reims to bore ourselves, ah no! *Bon soir,*

monsieur et dame." And our millionaire lady of the cucumber disappears into an improvised old clothes shop. There are sounds of the hammer, and women and children pass with tables and odd bits of furniture for perhaps an attic or a cellar still habitable among the debris.

Human egotism is not absent even here, for near the cathedral is one villa almost intact and in front of this four workmen are engaged on a new Louis XV gate post of the beautiful milk white stone of which the Cathedral is built, while Reims cries out for workmen after dinner, at the hotel restaurant, in which hangs an *affiche* advertising special excursions for the research for tombs.

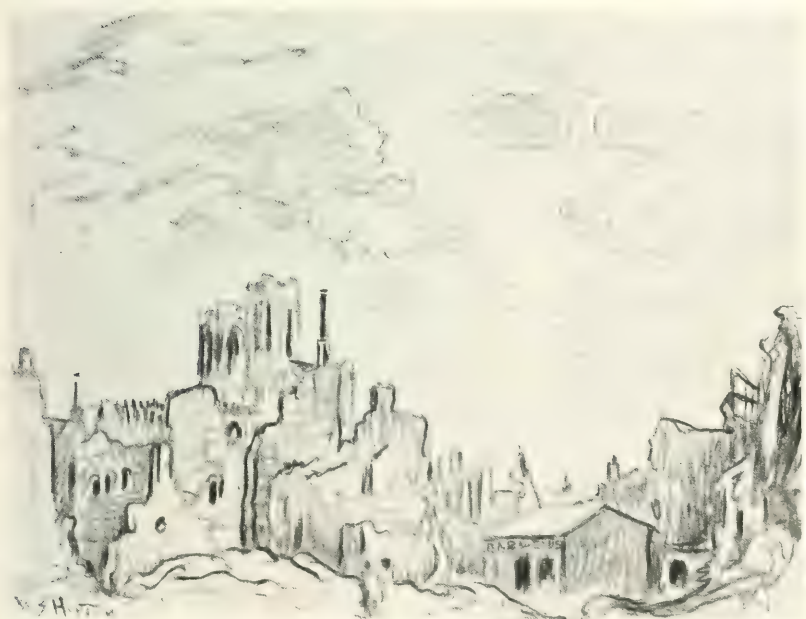
There is an early moon, and we pick our way back over heaps of rubble and broken plaster through the dreamy mysterious silences of these have-been streets, while here and there among the strange distorted shapes of mangled masonry gleams some feeble solitary lamp. In front of the once famous hostelry of the "Lion d'Or," an aged couple are seated bareheaded upon a piece of broken cornice, gazing fixedly at the antique pile of the Cathedral, sombre and splendid in the night. Who were these two solitary human beings, and what their part in the tragedy of this queen city of Champagne? Somehow they bring to mind Puvion de Chavannes' Roman matron in her night vigil over shadowy silent Rome.

Our little Alsatian and his family are all out on the *trottoir*, anxiously awaiting our return, for the ruined streets are deserted and an eerie, intangible sort of ghostliness begins to brood about the place. A "strange fantastic horror."

In the morning light Reims is another revelation. The Cathedral, whose interior arch is perhaps the most splendid architectural line in existence, and whose twin towers still rise above the town like guardian sentinels over above the poor broken walls. The walls of Pompeii are red, black and white, and the splendid frescoes still smile in the sun, but beneath the great severe gray mass of the Cathedral the walls of Reims are of a thousand broken tones of gray, pearl, pale rose, citron, ashen blue, a new colour scale of such pale "blondness" excessively French and so delicately triste that one must almost needs be a Chopin in order to interpret colour tones of such blonde melancholy as the rose pastel, of what remains of the Gothic cloister of the ancient convent of the "Cordeliers," whose



ABOVE: THE MARKET PLACE REIMS. BELOW: CONVENT OF THE CORDELIERS



ABOVE: CATHEDRAL OF REIMS. BELOW: CAFÉ DES ÉLUS

Book Review

chapel window stares blank and appealing at the Cathedral towers. Weeds choke the pavement in the courtyard, and in the garden the sun glitters and sparkles over trees and grass.

For the painter there are landscapes—chaotic, tragic, pathetic: the market with its boxes of camembert, its riot of fresh peaches and plums, and bouquets of those little ruby red radishes which only France can grow, and a good-natured butter-woman who tells us that, when the Huns came, they had hidden in the cellar to be driven out at night empty-handed into the Ardennes to cry of hunger—and all about the market are only broken walls. Only at one corner at the opening of the "Street of the Elect," has sprung up anew upon its ancient site the little "Bar of the Elect," with its diminutive tricolour, proud and triumphant in the surrounding chaos—for in the rue des Elus there reigns stark ruin, and not one house remains. One may well ask, who and where to-day are the elect?

BOOK REVIEW

AUGUSTE RODIN. By Rainer Maria Rilke. Translated by Jessie Lemont and Hans Trausil.

YET another book on Rodin, and in the opening sentence of its preface we find a challenge that would seem to make any review of this work superfluous. The translators tell us that "Rodin has pronounced this essay the supreme interpretation of his work—"

With due appreciation of the technical and æsthetic penetrations that characterize Rilke's "Rodin," it is difficult to conceive that such a finality of merit should have been accorded to it by an outlook and expression so universal as that of Rodin. Even though Rilke's intimacy with the Master has created in him a reverent appreciation of the man's profound moral qualities, his patience, his humility, his unceasing endeavour, Rilke appears to attribute these things to the master craftsman's instinct for modelling rather than to an inspired vision.

Speaking of the sculptor's output, he says, in a beautiful phrase worthy of remembrance, "It has grown like a forest and has not lost one hour—" This sentence conjures magically for us the power and diversity of Rodin's work, but it also implies an unconscious quality in his genius which deprives it of direction and of the

ethical values that are so marked in the evolution of his art.

One has only to compare such early works as *The Kiss* and *The Dream* with *The Hand of God* and *The Muse*, to become aware that beyond the wonder of the human body as a field of planes and surfaces that reflect the outer play of light, Rodin saw the wonder of the human soul that radiates through matter creating plastic effects that are bewildering in their subtlety. Maria Rilke says that the fundamental element of Rodin's art was the "surface," and again we find the following conclusion: "His art was not built upon a great idea, but upon a minute conscientious realisation, upon the attainable, upon a craft." It is surely in a technical and superficial sense only that such statements can be considered either just or correct. In his keen plastic appreciation of the multiple effects achieved by Rodin's skill, Rilke overlooks the underlying cause, and the impulses of this giant energy that poured itself into endless moulds.

Rilke would have us believe that Rodin was essentially a sculptor of objective life, rather than of subjective ideas, but Rodin's own statement, as given to us in the extremes of his work, clearly reveals that he had achieved unique mastery in both expressions. It seems strange that with his poetic insight and æsthetic judgment Rilke should not have perceived this dual power which constitutes the distinguishing glory of Rodin's work. It is true, that in his interesting criticism of Rodin's use of gesture, Rilke has conceded to a certain extent that Rodin had conscious vision, and philosophic as well as plastic messages to convey, though even on this point we are led to believe that "hieratic gestures" were sculptured rather to reveal the beauties of the body than the purposes of the soul.

"To create an image meant to Rodin to seek eternity in a countenance," says Rilke, and yet in his famous "Balzac," Rodin wrought the eternity and passion of an element into the vague small outlines of a human face.

In dealing with Rodin from a more personal view-point, this essay tells us that Baudelaire and Dante were among the Master's chosen intimates in literature. Typical as these two minds are of widely divergent outlooks which find response, and convergence in the art of Rodin, one feels it is the *The Kiss*, rather than the *The Gates of Hell*, that Rilke's vision has encompassed.

"Restoration": The Doom of Pictures and Sculpture

"RESTORATION": THE DOOM OF
PICTURES AND SCULPTURE
BY ABBOTT H. THAYER

THIS attack on restorers has forced itself out of me; though filling me with deepest regret at giving so much pain to many good men.

There is in the world's handling of its art treasures one monstrous abuse, which is nothing short of heart-breaking to those to whom art is really the food of the soul, and this abuse, God willing, *must* die. This is the well-meant and highly respected occupation of the *restorer of paintings and sculpture*.

Probably those who are conversant with the history of art will tell me, and truly, that the custom arose, in early times while the trade of making these works of art was thought of merely as a trade, and while it was only a trade; and perhaps before it began to be realized that every actual work of art was somehow a crystal, with all the awful mystery of the birth of a crystal, or of a child. There was doubtless a long period wherein the simple hieroglyphic purposes of art still passed for its only use, even long after art had begun to precipitate actual crystals, such as in Giotto's work, when considered merely as a trade.

While this was its status, the task of repainting their pictures and repairing their statues was entirely legitimate and rational. What wonder that the custom of doing so went on long after the normal, growing, inevitable impulse to record only what is typical, to omit the dross and lumber of the record, has begun to make possible the birth in these artisans' souls of actual crystals of *typicality of record*—record of sight, record of action—the world's art treasures.

A great work of art may vanish, but its register in man's heart remains, and forever we know somewhat by its recorded effect what must have been its height and its gem-qualities. But let it instead be lowered, step by step, and he who then comes to worship, finds it Oh! so sunk. He says, "And did they worship such a thing!"

The whole of to-day's European shambles, mixed as their horrors are with the splendour of their opportunity, and even though they *destroy* innumerable treasures of art, represent no such deep-reaching stab at art's high office as that which is being achieved by an institution which the art museums themselves, amazing to tell, sustain on their own premises.

How the average art patrons, who hold the stock in our museums, would laugh to be told that each museum supported, in the shape of the restoration of its pictures and sculpture, a calamity that the next century will deplore long after this vast war shall have left them only its moral splendour as a legacy. Restorers suppose that they are saving these works of art because they do not see or understand them.

For a hero to die is no misfortune to the world, but for the world to see his soul die, if such a thing were possible, to see him show up rotten, and no hero! It is the same agony to see our worshipped pictures commonized and sickening before our eyes.

The beginning of a master's picture or poem is absolutely a *conception*, an impregnation, as truly a thing beyond our ken as is the mystery of the beginnings of life throughout nature.

Every great work of art has its birth essentially in one and the same manner. The artist, as he sees it taking clearer and clearer shape on his canvas or in his clay, begins to work *by the light of the splendour* of the being to which he feels he is giving birth. More and more as this splendour grows and he feels the thrill of having been chosen by the Power that made him, to bring the world this treasure, he grows exalted beyond himself. In this state he becomes empowered to complete this birth unerringly, to put in place all its details with a purity of harmony and balance that utterly transcend all powers that even he possessed before this exaltation reached him its hand. In fact, this power that made him takes into his own hand the brush or pen or chisel, and, itself, places there these final crucial details.

This supernal rank is the attribute of every great work of art. Now conceive of its commissioned author being told on its birth, that one by one its God-tuned notes would disappear and be replaced by notes that were merely the best that could be achieved by "restorers."

Tested by the heavenly harmony of this masterpiece their every touch is a blight, dropping the celestial thing toward the banal. All this comes of a misapprehension possible only to the blind; it is the gist of great harmonies of every sort that they have comparatively little to fear from insentient, purely material damage. Dogs, earthquakes, babies may tear apart, and partially destroy a work of art, and do its rank no true

"Restoration": The Doom of Pictures and Sculpture

harm. The heavenly harmonies of a sunset lose nothing essential by reaching us through the reflecting power of a wet roof or pavement. The divine *correlation* remains; and no amount of rain-stain, paint-cracking or what not reduces fatally the rank of a picture's harmony; and were masterpieces seen only by the entirely receptive, there had never existed the present form of picture restoration. But as the case stands, with the multitude far more cognizant of a crack or a stain than of the ensemble, their preference to have these cracks and stains cured has established the trade of the restorer, and the treasures of the Renaissance are quietly on the way to their graves. Alas, *only* painters can understand.

While the world goes on conceiving that its museums enshrine Titians, and the other famous masters, many of all these art treasures have quietly and insidiously bled to death, and what go on bearing their names are dreary, common sights, only the dead ground-plans of the miracles they were—worthless daubs, sickening us with the mystified wonder whether such commonplace canvases were actually worshipped.

This re-execution has gone on and on throughout the world's museums under the name of "*Care of the works of art.*" The average picture owner of to-day, be he a private owner, or a museum, counts on putting his pictures at proper intervals into the necessary fatal hands of a restorer, as men send their shoes to be half-soled.

No *great* painter would ever think of altering by so much as a pin-point, another man's picture that he worships.

Even where this restorer is so susceptible, like many other people, that he feels much of the picture's superiority, *not* he or anyone else but the painter or another *equal* one, knows at all which of all the tones and lines and gradations is making the effect he feels. *In fact*, they with their *every particle* are doing this. The painter himself would not afterward dare what those men attempt on his work. "Fools rush in, etc."

Thus do they escort many a gem to its grave.

The restorer's whole legitimate business with a picture is with its back, and with the protection of its front from atmospheric damage, and the same principle applies to his relation to sculpture and architecture. One touch that attempts the minutest restoration or modification of their appearance is necessarily a thousand times worse than insentient time and the elements can possibly

inflict. Destroy half or two-thirds of a picture by fire or shot, it does not necessarily diminish that picture's rank one particle; but to substitute anywhere upon it one note the least particle less in tune than its master gave, either in the sense of one note, or of a chord struck all at once (as in that sense every note on a picture is) lowers and cheapens the whole picture, since *every note of it is so much less in tune with the restoration-cheapened note*. In each case one pin-point by any man who could not have painted any part up to the master's degree of tune, stabs all the parts of the picture.

It has really come to this that restorers believe that they can correct our work. So they sometimes could, some ill-executed detail, *if* this detail's importance lay first of all in its finish; but they would be painters and not restorers if they could execute this detail in a case where even the painter had to sacrifice it to the needs of the ensemble. The most precious works of art in all branches are often those that soared too high for the complete control of their author. He was inspired to give their main harmonies such a fullness of their peculiar heaven-sent wealth that he had not the power to complete adequately their details. To evolve them into subdivisions as crystal-true as all subdivisions in music, sixteenth or thirty-second notes, need to be, might in those cases have demanded a *still greater* genius.

Oh! from such works God keep away the restorer! He would have been more than a restorer could he have flown to those dizzy heights. And his heavy hand is as fatal to those pregnant reaches of *apparently* neglected canvas as a blind gardener's would be to weed a flower-bed. These meddlers make a most sinister stab at the production of great art by making it obvious that no exquisite tuning of one's picture *will be allowed to last!*

A painter could tell you that it is precisely the ultimate adjusting of the smallest correlations that alone can elevate his picture from *pretty fine* to *great and eternal*. If he is the man to add this ultimate tuning it can become *great and precious*. Now *only* he and other painters as great as he could possibly add those summits. Imagine one of these real painters trying, say, fifty times in half a year to achieve this *master-culmination* and at last some day going forth sure that it is all he may hope for; conceive his learning that a restorer was to be employed at once on it to make certain changes that he believed to be needed!

"Restoration": *The Doom of Pictures and Sculpture*

Did one never hear a violinist drawing his bow across his four strings at once till their oneness was the best he could possibly make? The case is absolutely parallel to that of the violinist with the purest ear on earth leaving his violin *tuned*. Now, no one on earth with a less true ear could change that tuning and get it back to its purity.

Picture and statue restoration are enough to drive artists out of their trade forever.

Everything a restorer can't see the use of, he is capable of removing.

In my own case this menace, with one exception, has so far been thwarted either by me or by the owner of my picture, who in every case promptly reported it to me. All these changes were proposed, and in one case executed, while I am alive and within easy reach!

A highly esteemed restorer wanted to paint out a halo-like aspect that he discovered about one of the heads of my *Brother and Sister*, and on the whole region above the mother's mouth of my *Mother and Child*, which he thought was too dark—"had become so."

Before I had learned that restorers paint on the front of pictures, I had supposed that all attempts to efface cracks were made by a general expansion of the paint, or contraction of the canvas; it was the above exception that instructed me. When, years after painting on a certain portrait, I newly saw it, nearly the whole picture lay under a criss-cross veil of paint-cracks; yet the first thing that struck me was that it was perhaps *my most beautiful white figure*, with my least faulty execution. When the owner appealed to me, I assented to her proposition that it be sent to an eminent restorer. He actually painted freely on the picture, lightening the nose, and darkening a part of the background and changing its colour from shades of brown to a flat green, and left the picture (as I was to discover at my first glance, years later) absolutely bereft of all rarity of any kind.

A prominent picture dealer, or some one in his employ, told the owners of one of my portraits that there was a place on the neck that had turned dark, and he would lighten it for them.

These cases of restorers' accusing parts of my work of being too dark, peculiarly illustrate restorers' danger. It is true that I have almost never painted a head as free from darks as I could wish, and a spectator who sees details too much without feeling their effect, will, as we see, notice this fact. But my sense of the expression that

I was producing has been of so high and exceptional a degree that I have turned these dark notes to a use and a participation in the picture's ensemble that made their exact degree of darkness part of the picture's.

The curators of our museums tell us that many of the paintings of old masters which come into their hands show proofs of having been "restored." These curators attempt to get off these "restorations." In their zeal, amazing things sometimes come to light—a basket of fruit, or some such foreign thing appears in perhaps the skirt of a madonna, showing that the restorer has gone *through* the picture to a previous one. How many of my contemporary artists grew up as I did accustomed to hear with respect of the wonders of the picture-curator's restoration-feats!

By *reductio ad absurdum* one can make any picture owner see why no so-called restorer, nor any one else may ever attempt the *smallest bit* of execution by way of restoring a picture that he did not paint. Ask him, simply, which would hurt the Neapolitan Psyche the most, to remove her head altogether, or to give her a cheap, amateur-made mouth or nose, but molest nothing else?

Look at one of the great Greek fragments of sculpture; how does it happen that without head, arms or feet, often without legs, it still holds its total supremacy over all subsequent attempts at sculpture? Has any one ever noticed that nine out of ten of the most worshipped antique statues are the fragmentary ones? Is it chance that the most worshipped of them all are the winged Victory (headless, armless and footless), The Fates and Ilissus (equally without those parts), the so-called Scopas's Charioteer (armless and with but half a face), Theseus (also with only half a face), the Neapolitan Psyche and the sandal-tying and dancing figures? How comes this? *Simply because they are the ones among that galaxy of greatest masterpieces that have come down to us so greatly mutilated as to be exempt from the ambitions of the restorer* and their peerless crystal sequences of correlation remain to us.

Would to God that in the picture case the equally total effacement of half a canvas had equal power to stand off the hacks.

The heavenly gesture of a greatest decapitated madonna could beget, in the imagination of the truly receptive, a nobler madonna face than that the master himself could have produced. This is the quintessence of what restorers do not grasp.

"Restoration": The Doom of Pictures and Sculpture

The harsh thing must be said that *were they such as could grasp this they would never be restorers.*

Listen to a Beethoven or a Schubert symphony. Which would you prefer, to hear one of those eternal masterpieces three-quarters through, and then be called away, or to hear one of the hordes of human-concocted imitations of it clear through? Here is a still better comparison. Which would you prefer, if, as in the case with statues, there were only one copy of Schubert's C Symphony in the world; would you rather, every time as the years rolled on and a new bit of it got torn out, have some one write into the score the best substitute he could invent, or leave the hearer to miss those passages? Is the unfinished symphony killed by our not having the whole? You could scale off one-half of any great picture and not surely lower its rank (in fact, often make it finer), but what is it after a lesser man has given it *one single note of an inevitable lesser degree of harmony with every one of the hundred other notes of the picture!* Every one of those hundred crystal notes has now got from this restorer's hands a distinct commonizing; because *one of their clear harmonizings, that which each of them had with this note that the restorer got hold of,* is vitiated on the spot, so that he in reality goes all over the picture with his fatal deterioration every time he destroys *one smallest crystal of it.*

Now, just in proportion as a work of art is great, a greatest Greek statue for instance, its *rank* is just as visible at one point as another; and true receptivity of its greatness consists in the degree to which the fragments' sequences go on in the beholder's mind, *across the gaps,* reproducing, in a really great beholder's mind, even the missing head of such a statue.

It is the very mark of a masterpiece that every part of it is a masterpiece.

Tune is relative, clear up to God's harmony; and this tune or harmony between the parts of these Greek morsels is simply beyond the tune of other sculptures, and no subsequent hand can touch them. Its law is as absolute as a parabola's, and the accuracy of its steps is not measurable by any possible mechanics, but only by the subliminal sense of the author. Hence no one else can possibly do *anything* to it without destroying its balance (its harmonies). It is, in fact, only finished when the author himself has found that at last some slightest change has "hit" and he sees the thing soar beyond his hand's power.

A painter lies awake many a night wondering whether the morrow will show him that his latest infinitesimal lightening or darkening of some smallest fact on a canvas has vivified, or taken the life out of his figure.

A picture is only art when it has got to that point that the smallest plane darkened or lightened, or warmed or cooled, or lengthened or shortened, or aimed in the least different direction makes or mars the *whole.* A figure, for instance, has no real expression till you have it so in shape that the planes of the last joint of each finger co-operate with the mouth in rendering life.

If your figure has this life to the masterpiece degree, what hope is there for it after one of those *manqué* painters, alias restorers, has had his go at it?

Little do the public understand that when a real work of art leaves the master's hand *he* himself lets it go because *he* has discovered it has gone beyond him. The day comes when he gives some tiniest addition that completes its harmonies to a degree utterly beyond his powers. He feels it has been finished, not by him, but by the *same power* that *made him,* and prayerfully he *leaves it.* No great art was ever produced whose producer was not reverently aware that *he did not make it.*

To be performed out of tune one evening, or fifty evenings, does nothing to the Septette, safe existant in the thousand copies that compose the printed edition; but to untune, by the hundredth of a shade, one of the notes of the one square yard of painting of a master's madonna group drops this entirely irreplaceable world-treasure.

How comes this fact, that painters and sculptors have such a doom hanging over them, while writers, be it of poems, prose or music, may go to their graves calm in the knowledge that each crystal luminary to which they have given birth is destined to remain in the world absolutely unchanged, treasured and revered, and in no risk of the slightest modification, by virtue of the fact that its existence is not perilously committed to one piece of clay, or one wooden panel or bit of canvas, which moth or rust may corrupt, but is safe in the realm of the soul and in the total guarantee furnished by printed editions with their multiplied and wide-sown copies.

Are not we unfortunate painters and sculptors entitled to the full thrill of serving and cheering

"Restoration": The Doom of Pictures and Sculpture

our race that is vouchsafed by fate to the writers of music and literature? They know that their sentences will, if they prove precious, be jealously and *inevitably kept, just so*, forever. Is the text of Shakespeare in any danger of being changed? Is not the *original* text of Shakespeare, and of every other great writer, more and more sought?

Suppose poems, like pictures, could not be duplicated. Picture to yourself the poet's exaltation in writing a poem that he knows will live as long as it tells human hearts what they *need* to hear, clearer than any other poem tells them. Conceive his agony of mind if, after he had worked months and years over a sonnet in order to feel that he had stood by it till it was *born*, a crystal, he could know that after his death, whenever any word or line in this one copy of this sonnet got effaced and forgotten, some professional restorer of poems thus damaged, should do the best he could to guess at the missing words! How would it be if there were only one copy of the Seventh Symphony? Suppose the one Beethoven wrote with his own hand were all the world possessed, just as it possesses only one *Hermes* of Praxiteles, one Botticelli *Birth of Venus*. How would it be if every time wear or accident obliterated any note or phrase, some music restorer wrote in a phrase that was as near as he remembered? Conceive the same thing done to the *one* copy of the "Lotus Eaters." Each restorer supplies at best a phrase no nearer to the original's rarity than his own degree of rarity makes possible; and if such restoring to this one of the classics went on and on, we should have gradually only such a "Lotus Eaters" as represented the level of the populace.

Luckily for these written arts multiplication guarantees them. Otherwise conceive Keats learning that actually while he lived, and could be written to about, his one copy of "Bright Star, Would I Were Steadfast as Thou Art," had got so blurred, etc., that it had been necessary for a hack in the office to supply a line or two! Conceive a whole library of these one-copy-in-the-world treasures of literature, and in the basement a nest of curators who saw to it that whenever a page or even a word or two here and there at last got torn out, the best restoration that memory vouchsafed got promptly written in; or, when they thought that they could improve, they actually made the change. Picture the gradual passage of these gems into the commonplace of which the populace is capable!

A work of art is the high water mark on each field of human possibility, and stands there, as it were, to keep the road open clear up to that far high point, and to shine down to the striver forever lighting his attempt to mount up to it. What shall we say of endorsing its being so undermined that it sinks!

While it is true that line is time, and colour is tune, here comes nevertheless the difference as to further analogy, that a symphony is safe in the score. It may be *played* true or false—*would* be played not really played—but in the case of a picture or a statue, the score and the performance are one. Let any one of the notes on the canvas be changed, and both score and performance die together. And not only this performance, but all possible performance.

The one reason picture owners give is that time is destroying these pictures. Pictures going to pieces is surely lamentable, but to have them retouched, save by the painter, is out of the question.

The damage to our collections is already largely done. If you want to save anything there is no time to be lost. In an age when there is nothing to replace them, art treasures are being turned into dross at a fearful rate. No touch whatever that any subsequent man can put upon a masterpiece is anything but disease and destruction, while rustmark, rat-gnawing, all insentient happenings, by not devoting themselves to any *one* note, never lower the greatness or harmony of a work of art.

In short, museums, whole powers must simply go to the making pictures *last* as long as possible; hermetic sealing behind plate glass, favorable temperature, etc. Beyond this, the money now spent so insanely should go to the securing the *best copies* of these treasures that the world's greatest painters can produce. Sculpture has a great advantage in the power of the plaster cast (when its seams are not afterward pared off) to reproduce, essentially, the actual statue; and probably the future will achieve a colour photography that can do equal justice to precious paintings; but at present their only safety lies in utmost prolongation of the state in which their painter left them.

Every age is not an art age. This one is not. It is the age of mechanics, both in material things and in thought; and till another age of synthesis arrives, trebly precious is the radiance from the Greek and Renaissance art that remains to us.



GIRL WITH THE CASKET
BY CARLE J. BLENNER



THE OFFERING

BY MALVINA HOFFMAN

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY, 1920
BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

FEBRUARY 8TH saw the 115th opening of the Pennsylvania Academy, March 28th being the closing date. It must be regretfully affirmed that the display as a whole is disappointing in spite of the fact that it includes many first-class canvases. An exhibition to be eminently successful demands that a high standard be maintained throughout the galleries and that several pictures should be rallying points of emotional interest steadily subserved by the other exhibits. This is not the case, and in Gallery F where one is wont to find a work of great carrying force is hung *The Sisters* by the late J. Alden Weir, as a mark of respect to a great painter who has so recently passed away, but, in other respects, an example of ill-judged hanging, for this picture, the property of Mrs. Marshall Field, whilst of compelling beauty and quality,

is no more fit to dominate a gallery than a flute could control an orchestra.

Last year's sensational picture by Carles, *The Marseillaise*, whatever its defects, at least had a ringing quality of colour and bigness that made it a forceful feature of the exhibition, and one could step back three galleries and still view it satisfactorily.

The desire of the Academy to break away from precedent by admitting much that could be included under various headings, such as: (1) students' work; (2) obvious thefts from Renoir, Cezanne, Van Gogh, etc.; (3) fauve canvases—has imparted to the general display a feeling of freedom and emancipation at the expense of much immature execution that an ordinary jury would piously discard. It is better so and to be hoped that other academies may in their wisdom and foresight err rather on the side of tolerance than court the doubtful honour of a smug success built upon the fact that the pictures shown were



FIDES AND CHARITY

BY NANCY COONSMAN



PAVLOVA

BY ALFRED LENIZ



IN THE WINDOW
BY MILDRED B. MILLER



PORTRAIT OF A CHILD
BY LYDIA FIELD EMMET



VILLAGE HILLS IN MANTLE OF SNOW
BY GARDNER SYMONS

of that non-committal quality that academicians are supposed to practice themselves and encourage amongst the younger candidates for a place in the sun.

The nude by Carroll S. Tyson, Jr., recalls in more ways than one the holy horror evinced by matrons of the Middle West who were unprepared for the realism of Zuloaga and demanded that the "nude woman and parrot" and her sister atrocity with the red carnation be turned to the wall or lowered to the basement. This girl toying with a cigarette and a glove and slippers is very naked indeed but excellently painted, especially the shawl which, however, has no concealing rôle to perform. Adolf Borie in his quest of the nude has been somewhat unsuccessful, for his model lacks mentality as well as clothing, and the flesh tones are far from convincing. Philip L. Hale, in *Day and Her Sister Night*, has painted a beautiful nude in his two figure symbolism which is one of the most satisfying canvases on view. Charles Hawthorne has on this occasion departed from his usual type of woman that breathes Italy and New England, by presenting *Nelly*, who ought to be a smiling maid of pleasant form but to one's surprise is a good-natured vulgar matron whose main difficulty appears to be keeping her enormous bosom within polite restraint. *Nelly*, in a word, is revoltingly fat and unworthy of portrayal, but Hawthorne has dignified her by his excellent use of pigment and his facile treatment, so that *Nelly* becomes a type to endure and must be reckoned amongst the best portraits displayed. Leon Kroll in *The Song* has given a strong picture, excellently grouped, the two heads in shadow beautifully executed and making a complete picture in themselves even without the singer. Redfield has some big canvases, a spring subject of merit, but best of all a snow scene entitled *The Day Before Christmas*.

An unusual type of family portrait, far removed from the vision of Leon Kroll, is a group, composed of mother with infant standing on her lap and children on both sides, by George de Forest Brush. The mother, in full sleeves and rich patrician finery, is seated in the centre of a circular composition and appears but faintly interested or allied to the quintette which comprises the family. The children's simple peasant-like frocks are in marked contrast to the noble habiliments of mama so ill-equipped for the task

of handling the baby. The grouping is masterfully arranged and the colour, drawing and general conception of that reserve and distinction which mark all this artist's work.

Pegasus, by Karl Anderson, is an interesting study of the nude, but the horse is far too anatomically correct to permit of those beautiful swanlike wings which give such a gracious sweep through the canvas and relate all the parts into rhythmic harmony. Let us be thankful for any work of imagination that removes us from the drab everyday life and places us upon the summits.

Leopold Seyffert has a strong military type, portrayed in Col. Richard H. Harte, G. M. G., whose fighting equipment is subdued by the richly coloured doctor's robe, a close alliance of the civil and military influence and a brilliant colour note. Roy C. Nuse nurses the Sorolla tradition with a picture of his boys at the swimming pool, a fine plein-air rendering. Paul King has again proven his painter ability in a fine canvas, entitled *Lime Quarry*, which is one of the best productions we remember to have seen by that artist. Fred Wagner has renounced for the nonce silvery harbor scenes and betaken himself to portraiture; remarkably good, excepting the arms, is the *Cartoonist*. Everett L. Warner shows in a picturesque manner how the world appears to an aviator in his canvas, *Above the Clouds*.

Autumn Sun is the title of a winter scene, used as setting to a fur-clad lady, well thought out and painted by Edward Cucuel. Ross E. Moffett has a fine picture on view, *The Wreck in the Ice*. It has those qualities which have endeared us to the work of Gifford Beal, George Bellows, Jonas Lie and others who treat their subjects in masculine, authoritative manner.

Alice Kent Stoddard shines again as an inspired painter of children, her little boy in blue being a fine three-quarter length presentment that attracts much attention, in competition with another delightful blue boy by Jessie Wilcox Smith, who has combined the two separate gifts of painting and illustration somewhat happily. Robert Henri's *Jean* is very direct and rich in colour; whilst to give another note to the usual child portrait, Camelia Whitehurst has depicted a young tough in loose flapping coat and breeches, for all the world like an Irish jarvey.

Charles Rosen is improving all the time and enlarging his colour sense which had become some-



FAMILY GROUP

BY GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH

what cramped by too close attention to snow scenes.

Once again *The Murder of Edith Cavell* returns to view and is fruitful cause for discussion among the few who see it for the first time. As Bellows naively and modestly admits—see the *American Art News*—he did not have an invitation to the murder any more than Rembrandt did to the crucifixion. Thus pleasantly are the names and

prowess of Bellows and Rembrandt interlinked. *Quien sabe?*

A much-talked-of picture is Henry McCarter's *Passing of the Horse*, and it certainly gives every excuse for conversation.

To countless visitors the statuary is of more interest even than the paintings, but, alas, the exigencies of space do not permit of further wanderings in either field.

Laguna: Art Colony of the Southwest

L AGUNA: ART COLONY OF THE SOUTHWEST BY NEETA MARQUIS

FRANCE has the imperishable glory of her Barbizon; the Eastern United States has its Gloucester; and the Southwest has its Laguna Beach. Which is one way of saying that, while such men as Millet, Corot, Daubigny, and the others, by force of their associated personalities and achievements put an insignificant French hamlet in the forefront of a world's interest in the way of landscape painting, and as the name of a Massachusetts fishing village has become identified with the leading spirits in modern American art, so this settlement, old, quaint, remote, on the Southern California coast, is already synonymous with landscape art as developed in the land of perpetual sun.

The handful of dwellings and stores making up the town of Laguna Beach is located sixty miles south of Los Angeles and ten miles north of the old Mission San Juan Capistrano. It is accessible only by automobile, lying twenty miles off the railroad which connects with the stage line. And yet, its Art Association, less than two years old, numbers a membership of over two hundred and twenty-five, of whom more than fifty are painters, while the art gallery, in which monthly-renewed exhibitions are held from May to October, is visited by more than a thousand people a month.

Naturally, a movement of such proportions has significant personalities back of it. On the list of members and exhibitors, some of whom are all-the-year residents of Laguna, others of whom keep studios there for periodical work, one finds almost all the names which stand for distinctive achievement in art in the Southwest, many of which are also nationally famous.

But even distinguished painters require some external reason for centering at any given point, and it is the peculiar quality of beauty inhering in that stretch of coast called Laguna, extending from Laguna Cliffs, north of the town, to Arch Beach, a mile south, which is the loadstone to those whose profession is the depiction of beauty. The pioneer painter of the section was Gardner Symons, who is also associated with the present movement. Twenty-three years ago, Symons—who is of a local family—first began to paint at Laguna, when it was no more than a name

emphasised by a rambling country inn and a few sketchy cottages, although the locality had been favoured as a camping place by the pioneer California settlers for twenty years before that.

The original settlement is so ancient—comparatively speaking—and so isolated that to-day its crudities impress the newcomer in advance of its charms: narrow, dusty, winding streets bordered with the plainest of mid-Victorian dwellings and straggling althea bushes touched with scant cerise bloom. But the artistic temperament is not there long before falling under the spell of the cryptic whispering of hoary eucalyptus trees blent with the rustling of a silken sea on a velvet shore, the mystery of mornings silver with luminous fog or iridescent with sunlight, and evenings whose dying glow spreads the gold of sunset like a tangible substance on the surface of lobelia-blue waters.

The town is located in a cove which is the mouth of a considerable cañon opening at the sea—a cozy, intimate cove from which the hills rise on three sides, attaining the proportion of mountains directly in the rear. From these heights the landscapes drop down in beautiful contours to the edge of the ocean, where the earth breaks off in rocky, colourful cliffs with crescents of narrow golden beach below. There are no crass greens here in the summer season, but only rich soft browns and delicate tans with amethyst shadows, all melting into the gold of cliffs and the limitless blue of sea. The modern additions to the settlement, which spread like open wings to north and south of the cove, are charming architecturally, and are brilliant with fiery trellised bougainvillea, yellow and crimson cannas, and a wilderness of roses and geraniums.

Painters from other art colonies declare that those who have not seen this alluring stretch of coast do not know what really beautiful country is from the standpoint of paintability. The art atmosphere is much the same as that of Gloucester, for though there are no boats and no ancient waterfront buildings, the moving spirit of the sea is present, balanced by the spirit of the warm-toned hills.

But, while Gloucester possesses a unified group of studios, the studios of Laguna are scattered for a distance of two miles up and down the coast. To overcome this disadvantage to sociability and interchange of professional experience, a movement was started toward an art center for

Laguna: Art Colony of the Southwest

resident and visiting painters. A building on the grounds of the old hotel in the cove was secured—a rectangular one-roomed structure with elevated platform at one end, which began its career as a town-hall, becoming by successive stages dance-hall, chapel, and finally art gallery. In June, 1918, the opening reception and exhibition occurred, with twenty artists represented on the walls and seventeen in personal attendance, many parties motoring down from Los Angeles for the event. In August followed the definite organization of the Laguna Beach Art Association, with an active and associate membership list of one hundred and fifty. Throughout the organisation's second season, 1919, a steadily increasing interest has manifested itself, from thirty to fifty artists exhibiting each month. The regular Saturday night "at homes" at the gallery have attracted thousands of visitors.

The gallery, repainted, light-screened, and electrically wired from free-will offerings, is situated at the edge of a romantic old garden within a hundred feet of the sea—a garden carpeted with the green, gold and burnt-orange of rioting nasturtiums, and lighted with masses of scarlet geraniums, lemon-tinted primroses, brown gaillardias, blue morning-glories, purple-red petunias, vari-coloured pinks, snapdragons, corn-flowers, and the like, all offset with patches of shade beneath pine, cypress and fig trees, and a dome-like date palm fringed with gray where the sea wind has ravelled the fiber of each leaf-edge. It is open each day of the long season, with a paid curator in attendance and with printed catalogues of each exhibit.

The organization has no commercial ends, although some of the members continue to teach at Laguna as they have done in the past. Its object is simply to establish a permanent art settlement with a Western spirit. Its main fear now is that of making Laguna too popular. Real estate promoters, such as would bring in railroad connections, are anathema to the majority of the townspeople, for while Laguna enjoys the leisurely spirit of the summer colony, its residents, most of whom share the artist-spirit, cherish the condition of physical aloofness which precludes the intrusion of the wrong type of visitor.

Membership in the Art Association is open to all who are interested in art, at the modest fee of one dollar a year, while exhibition privileges are extended to all members who have painted

at Laguna at any time during the past twenty-three years—the broadest condition possible which yet provides an indispensable restriction. The judges and the hanging committee are changed each month. Productions of all types are eligible, though the limitations of the gallery forbid the acceptance of canvases over a stipulated size or those with frames not conforming to a general type. Still life and figure paintings, also sculptures, gum prints and etchings, appear, but the predominating subject is naturally the landscape in colour, which varies from desert to shore marine, from sierra to sand dune. Most of the canvases are interpretations of strongly individual moods, scenes and seasonal manifestations, and, needless to add, most of them are Western in subject. A Pasadena architect has drawn plans for a beautiful octagonal-shaped gallery, with accessory rooms.

Most distinctively Western landscape art is as yet unappreciated in the East because it is not understood, colours, contours and atmospheres being peculiar to Southwest conditions. This movement, born of a necessity, as all enduring movements are, and located in a section to which all the rest of the world travels at some time or other, is calculated, in its ultimate results, to stimulate a strong school of appreciation as well as of creative achievement.

QUOTING the ever entertaining James Britton: "Gigantic propaganda! Occasionally Mr. Sargent has done a portrait of distinction—*Marquand*, *General Paine*, *Mrs. Inches*, and a few others—but the smug summariness of such an arrogant piece of caricature as the *Wertheimer*, the shallow executorial pomp of the water colours, the nauseating colour of such plein-air efforts as *The Hermit*, the textural falsity of the Egyptian nude and finally the "murals," in Boston—enough said. But now these two latest Boston panels, *The Church* and *The Synagogue*. Leaving their Leyendecker decorative banalities aside—leaving all artistic or inartistic considerations aside, where does Mr. Sargent or where do the Boston Library trustees get the license to place upon the walls of a public institution, in a country tolerant of all religious faiths, a painted argument against Judaism? As an American Christian I resent the aspersion on the creed of a great body of American citizens. Messrs. Trustees, how about this?"



Owned by the Worcester Art Museum
SPRING

BY ODILON REDON

I N THE GALLERIES

DIRECTOR RAYMOND WYER writes as follows about this recent acquisition by the Worcester Museum:

The figure at the left of the canvas is vaguely suggested in a monotone of pale brown, luminous, sometimes almost golden in quality. It has not the realistic character of the flowers in the picture, although it has a peculiar manner, when seen at different times, of alternating between a haunting and a more assertive figure and personality of Byzantine imperturbability. Against the figure is a bunch of flowers, red, yellow, and white, brilliantly painted; and higher to the left of the canvas one or two detached blossoms. The background suggests a sky of a variety of colours in which delicate greens and turquoise blue are informally distributed. A large break of dark blue occupies a considerable space into which one or more crimson flowers of gorgeously rich colour appear to float and meltingly lose themselves, in spite of there being no ordinary method used to soften edges to produce this effect.

The picture is painted with a direct brush and possesses that feeling of improvisation and spontaneous decision characteristic of Redon's work. A black and white reproduction can give little idea of a picture in which colour is so important. It is by the juxtaposition and general arrangement of colour alone that the various incidents of the improvisation come together. The association of these incidents, the incidents themselves possessing a spiritual quality, suggests the relationship between animate and inanimate objects, which is life itself.

As already intimated the unusually imaginative and individualistic artist is apt to use any method to express his ideas, which makes it a little difficult to determine his place in the history of art. Yet Redon is distinctly modern in all respects; in the use of pure clean colour, its direct application, in the attainment of a high scale of light, and the abstract nature of his conception. And these are the essentials that make for contemporary significance today. Artists of this type whose imaginative conception is the outstanding feature of their work, and who have not sacrificed con-



STATUE OF SAMUEL P. COCHRAN
BY DAVID EDSTROM

*Statue, 7 feet high, base in marble about 8 feet, ordered by the Scottish
Rite Consistory of Dallas, Texas, to be raised outside their Cathedral*

In the Galleries



THE WHITE MANTLE

BY PINAZO

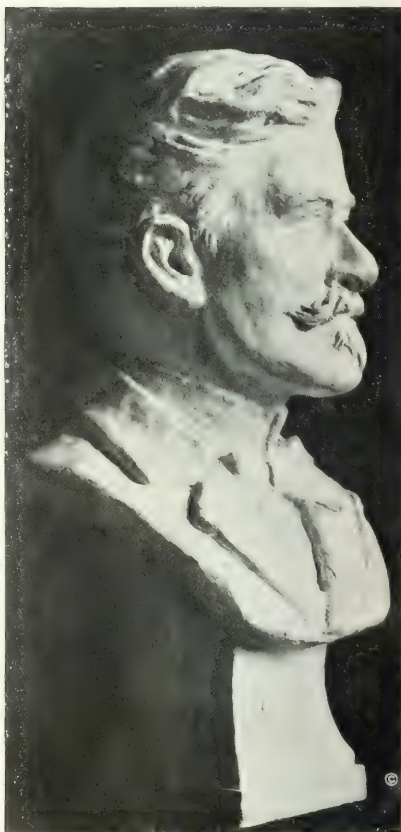
temporary methods to express them are rare. And it is for this reason that Redon makes an important contribution to modern French art. There are enthusiasts who believe him to be the greatest colourist in France and in modern times. Even though there is probably some exaggeration in this contention, he undoubtedly will occupy a significant place in the history of æsthetics, particularly in that of Europe.

New York Public Library.—Opportunity to see a set of J. M. W. Turner's *Liber Studiorum* plates in fine impressions (which, of course, is the only way to see them) is rare enough. That in itself was sufficient reason for the exhibition in the print galleries of the New York Public Library during January and February.

The *Liber*, that most notable expression of landscape art in mezzotint engraving, was issued with unevenness as to fineness of impression. The only way in which to get a fine set was to

select the single prints here and there. That was done in the case of the one acquired by the late Samuel P. Avery, and by him presented to the New York Public Library.

For each plate Turner made a drawing, from which an etching was prepared. This etching served as a framework for mezzotinting in order to get full effect of light and shade and tone and colour suggestion. The result was a series of remarkable pictures, flooded with sunlight and atmosphere. A veritable hymn to the glory of the sun is intoned. Skies similarly form a chapter by themselves. The sea appears in most varying



Owued by University of Pennsylvania

PORTRAIT BUST IN PLASTER
OF PROF. EDWARD DRINKER COPE

BY EUGENE
CASTELLO



Shooting at the Frank Rehn Gallery.

CORAL
BY HELEN M. TURNER

In the Galleries

aspects. Grandiose mountain scenery and the tranquillity of English rural life, the imaginative setting of mythological subjects and the broad expanse of London, the imposing grandeur of Norham Castle and the homely picturesqueness of a barnyard, the tragedy of the Deluge and the activities of flounder fishermen—these and other contrasts may be found in these prints. They constitute a play upon the whole octave of emotions that may be sounded in the soul of man by the beauties and moods and associations of landscape. There are points of interest here for many minds, for many view-points.

From the technical standpoint, the *Liber* is of the highest interest in its subtle and delicate gradations. It represents the most extensive use ever made of mezzotint for landscape art. The controlling influence which Turner exercised on mezzotinters appears in proofs with written and drawn corrections in pencil by Turner. Some of the subjects, indeed, were wholly mezzotinted by him. The plates are wonderful in their masterly composition, their range of light and shade effects, from the tenderest glow to the darkest shadows, and their wide diversity of subjects.

Montross Galleries.—A pen flourish by Washington has more value than a whole manuscript by an unknown, and so a few little tinted drawings by Cézanne are dubbed water-colours and are on view at the Montross Galleries. Were they not by Cézanne, no one could give them a passing thought, as they are of such slight significance. One or two, however, possess the kernel of an idea, and a few jiggles with the lead are supplemented with some suitable washes of colour cleverly dropped onto the right spots. Such, for instance, is the *Grave Digger*, which might have been done by Thackeray; and a nice composition of four figures occupied with music. A few sketches, catalogued as "bathers," are merely bare suggestions. There is nothing to hint at the unquestionable greatness of Cézanne, who would be amused to see these scribbled notes of his elevated into an exhibition. So much or so little for a name.

Reinhardt Galleries.—Massey Rhind, the sculptor and a bodyguard of painters, consisting of Edmund Greacen, Glenn Newell, Karl Anderson, H. F. Waltman and Guy Wiggins, have joined sympathetic forces to show the public their work, and the different tendencies and craftsmanship of the artists involved certainly make for variety

and interest, demonstrating alike how small statuary and paintings may be made to agree and each contribute something to the other. The works by Massey Rhind have been well chosen. The Indian scout on a small scale, likewise the poetic rendering of Robert Burns, mingle well with some excellent portraits, one of the artist Ernest Ipsen and of a good-natured old lady being among the strongest. Waltman has some good Adirondack pictures with the snow layers rivalling those of New York City, but purer. Glenn Newell is represented by pictures that while invested with cattle point to a marked advance in his handling of a landscape. Formerly the cattle made the picture, the landscape being merely incidental, but now the same searching quality is extended to both factors on the canvas, his sunlight being more subtle and real. Greacen continues to face delicate tonal problems in portraiture and street scenes; his large study of *Peggy* being very atmospheric and full of charm and reserve. Karl Anderson in his portraits and genre aims at pattern and colour, getting both in marked degree. His Spanish portrait is more than interesting. Another painter has selected snow as his theme, showing different moods of winter, and that is Guy Wiggins, whose colour sense appears to be undergoing a beneficial change particularly noticeable in his mid-November canvas.

An Open Letter.—"I am surprised at the violent denunciation of the Madison Square Memorial Arch which has been rampant in art circles for weeks and which culminated today in the resolution passed by the National Sculpture Society at the conscientious work of a fellow artist whose reputation is made and whose talent is recognized.

"I have no venom in my heart because some of my work does not adorn the arch under bombardment. Therefore, I may be said to be a disinterested and an innocent bystander whose motives in defending this much attacked monument need not arouse suspicion.

"In a small way I lay claim to some knowledge of art matters and it amuses me to see men supposedly cognisant "Of the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome" throwing mud at a classical monument on the pretext that it is not new and that it does not reflect the spirit of the day down to the present minute.

"According to these gentlemen the first quality

In the Galleries



A JAPANESE JUGGLER

BY H. H. MOORE

in art is neither line nor proportion but timeliness. I must say that we have been putting steeples on churches for a long time, but I for one am not shocked at the continuance of the practice. I know that Septimus Severus is dead, but I believe that architects who designed the Arc de Triomphe and the Arc du Carrousel in the Tuileries Gardens, Paris, also knew this.

"Will any of these gentlemen denounce St. Paul's because it resembles the Pantheon in Rome, or the Madison Square Tower, because it is a replica of the Giralda Tower in Seville?

"It has been said that the arch in Madison Square was not striking enough. I believe one of the gifted critics used the word 'stunning.' I prefer an arrangement that will be unobtrusive and rest the eye to one that will put it out. I believe that we can do better by following in

the wake of artists who have passed the torch of good taste on from hand to hand, through century after century, than to adopt radical theories that portray a passing fancy or fad or a present day need and are as ephemeral as fashions for women.

"The beautiful lives everlastingly. The bizarre lives but for a moment. Art is a language and, while here and there it may gain a new word at intervals of a century or more, the fundamental vocabulary remains the same. Let us not try to coin new words but rather to group and arrange the old words so as to produce a rhythmical measure. Better repeat a brilliant epigram of the ancients than to utter a 'brand new' platitude.

"Mr. Bartlett's monument is a triumphal arch and I, for one, cannot conceive of a form of triumphal arch that would materially depart from



A JAPANESE NOBLEWOMAN
AND CHILD

BY H. H. MOORE

In the Galleries



Courtesy Knoedler Galleries
A WATER COLOUR

BY F. BYRON-KUHN

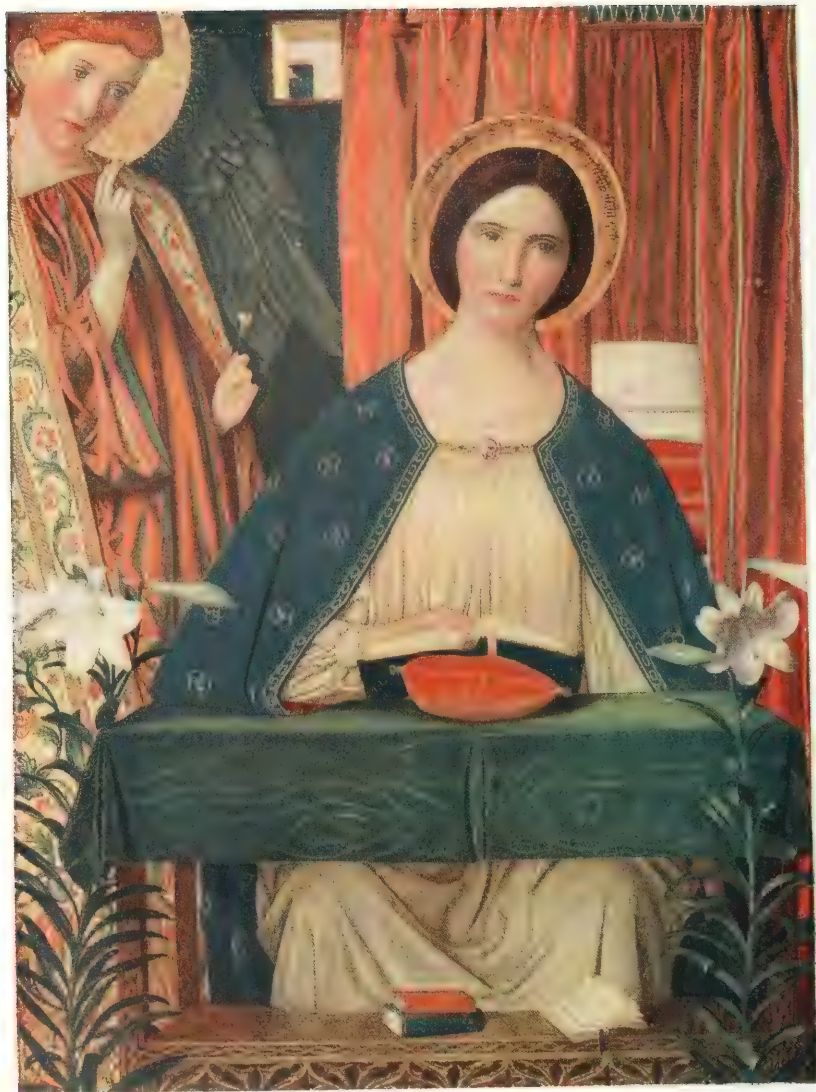
the model bequeathed to us out of the past. It may be that Mr. Bartlett, out of the goodness of his heart, permitted too many trimmings to be added to the monument, and the fault, therefore, is not his if the arch is good in ensemble and bad in detail. Had Mr. Bartlett found a Rude to fashion him a group like that which ornaments the Paris Arc de Triomphe, no doubt the arch would have been bettered instead of damaged. Unfortunately, the Rudes are few and far between. It seems to me, therefore, that it is poor return on the part of the sculptors to besmear the accomplishment of their distinguished confrere, whose labour was one of love and patriotism and whose motives have always been the advancement of beauty and the quickening of the taste of the man on the street.

"How childish it is to make reproach of the fact that the Arch is not modern. Is there anything more modern than our skyscrapers and yet, is there an architect in this city who does not know that that wonderful Gothic pile, the Woolworth Building, which will remain a thing of beauty and a source of joy for generations, is an adaptation of the Cathedral of St. Rombaud at Malines, which, if my memory serves me right, was de-

signed forty years before America was discovered.

"Mr. Bartlett has done a signal service to the cause of art in enlisting the cooperation of the municipal authorities in having deferred to a committee of artists projects which in olden days were left to the tender mercies of politician and contractor. Instead of having his efforts derided, he should receive the thanks of the men of his profession for having lifted to a higher plane the conception of art of this hitherto utilitarian metropolis. Criticism to be of value must be constructive."—*A letter from William Francklyn Paris to the Committee on Art for the Permanent Memorial, City Hall, New York.*

Allied Artists of America.—When the Allied Artists of America, whose seventh annual exhibition was to have taken place in the Fine Arts Building this spring, found themselves homeless, many offers of hospitality were extended. Mr. Kleinberger has placed his spacious galleries at their disposal and recognizing this splendid opportunity of displaying their pictures, the forthcoming exhibition of the Allied Artists promises to be of importance. The exhibition will open on March 15th and continue until April 5th.



THE
STU-
DIO

THE ANNUNCIATION,
FROM THE PAINTING
BY ARTHUR J. GASKIN.

The INTERNATIONAL · STUDIO ·

VOL. LXX No. 277

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APRIL 1920

ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER
AN APPRECIATION
BY WALTER DE S. BECK

IN a time like the present, when the world is in ferment, the life of Albert Pinkham Ryder is as important a study as is any matter that concerns the state, for this man stands out as a flaming pillar in the darkness, to guide us toward peace. His work makes us forget selfishness and teaches that truth is best, that beauty is indeed the source of rest, that refinement is the one thing in which we can luxuriate unstintedly.

The man Ryder never had the limelight turned upon him, he lived in obscurity; the mechanism, the details of mere living seemed in his way, for he was ever seeking God. When New York slept and the Hudson was black with night, he sought the Palisades and walked hatless, forgetful of self, seeking the revelation that is in moonlight. Christ on the mountain saw the same rays, fathomed the same message and derived from it the same strength.

Ryder's friends say of him: He had no religion; he was religious; he had no art as he was art." He was religion and he was art and they were one. Does not that make him a reincarnation of Giotto or Fra Angelico? He had their secret of strength, which is the religious spirit, and it was the beauty of Ryder's spirit that in his pictures is their charm. Our country needs men like this one; we should have them in every walk of life to spread honesty and good work.

The artist is a student of Nature and she offers him a continuous revelation of truth and beauty for his investigation. While thus "forming his character," he is not led astray by "interests" or by formulae, rarely is he hampered by dogma and tradition; he thinks straight because his impressions are direct. There is no profession in which

the worker aims higher in the direction of excellence and is at the same time as indifferent as to his material reward. What honesty equals this? Does the Church possess it? Can the schools claim it in the same measure? Is it to be found in business? And yet, unless the nation encourages that spirit there can be no peace. Since that is true, Ryder may even be cited as a prophet; his works speak like the voice of a Sibyl, although for a time he may meet the fate of Cassandra.

America's great men have usually come from humble homes. Our artist's people were fisher-folk from New Bedford, Massachusetts, and we know little of them, except that they became tradesmen and did not possess his art instincts. He was born in that New England town in 1847, but if we attempt to read his life by means of his canvases, we are so caught up by their mystic charm as to fancy that the artist really was a spirit wandered in from the sea, to live and toil some seventy years, bringing to canvas as no other mortal could, the salt sea, the sea of mist, the sea of light.

That Ryder should have developed more as a painter than a draughtsman is one of the enigmas of his life, as during the time of his young manhood the painting done in our country was generally like the tinting of drawings, while on the other hand every encouragement for the development of drawing was to be had in the public's interest in engraving that was then remunerative. He studied in the National Academy, under William E. Marshall, the painter and engraver. Training of such nature at that time usually led to a life of illustrating first and painting later, as was the lot of the majority of contemporary American artists. Ryder, however, was not interested in the passing events of the moment, in the play and movement of daily life, and he was not prolific in invention—two mental qualifica-



THE RACETRACK

BY ALBERT P. RYDER



MACBETH AND THE WITCHES

BY ALBERT P. RYDER

tions most necessary to the illustrator—nor was our artist likely to take from his master either ideals, likeness of subject matter or much technique, as the two men were temperamentally at variance. It is a curious phenomenon that when a human being drawn along fine lines is born where materialism is gross, he invariably reaches out to metaphysics and, if he has artistic ability, he becomes a mystic. Such a nature early finds itself out of even the possibility of contact with the mind-atmosphere about him, and intuitively, in consequence, he soon experiences and ever holds that consciousness of God that comes to the average man only in moments of a great crisis. Seen through the mental processes of one so stirred and so formed nature is not realistic—has neither fact, foundation nor stability; it is to him the word spoken by Divinity.

To the youthful Ryder the academy instruction must have seemed rather a hindrance than a Pilgrims' Progress, as the rendering of definite problems could never have been engaging to him. The educator, of course, sees that the technical training was necessary and probably had Ryder developed in an art academy, such as the Old World possessed in abundance, he might have laid a foundation to his art that would have made possible to him expression of even greater force and range than he has attained, but no school, no country, however filled with the glow of art, could have added to his perfect sense of tone, or could have improved the quality of his colour and the perfection of his balance, nor could it have increased the music of his rhythm.

A public, uninitiated in the psychology of an artist so endowed, might expect Ryder to seek expression in definite subject matter as did Doré, whose huge painted illustrations of Bible subjects are generally known, or perhaps it might seem natural that he should seek to emulate the painters of religious subjects that have made the Renaissance glorious. This conception would be far from the truth; to Ryder a subject of a religious character was not necessary to express his religious sentiment. Acquaintance with his work shows that his *Pegasus* has as much of his "God-spirit" as has his *Jonah*; his very trees are angels, his stones altars, his rivers are hallowed waters.

Due to his mental processes, Ryder prospered in teeming New York, since to him the crowd was sound, influence, suggestion, but not reality. Sound is stimulating; to an evil mind it may

suggest commitment of an evil deed; to a mind filled with spiritual light, it translated the city's rumbling into a chorus of winged souls. To one so endowed the five million lives of the great city but emphasize his immeasurable isolation, and there is awakened no desire for loud utterance or far-flung expression of what he thinks and feels; on the contrary, much of his thought-painting remains locked in the recesses of his soul. Ryder's pictured worlds are usually not a foot square in actual dimensions, and his largest canvas measures not a yard. The work of his life-time is easily housed in a very small gallery. It may be that to such art lovers as have accustomed themselves to decorative treatment to be found in our newest art development, the inspiration of which is Eastern and which seeks expression in copious spacings, the dimensions of Ryder's work are disappointing, but, although he has an intuitive perception of the decorative, his is essentially a depth-art that improves by being kept within eye-filling areas. This characteristic accounts for the time he required to complete his pictures. His *Macbeth and the Witches* had been more than twelve years in the making when the owner claimed it, but it was taken back by the artist and worked upon until his death. Other American artists have had this virtue of thoroughness—notably, Inness and St. Gaudens, whose masterpieces are a constant source of inspiration to our people, but none had the endurance possessed by Ryder. Literature offers a parallel in the growth and development of Grey's "Elegy."

There is something in the weaving process of the brush and colour work by Segantini that reminds one of Ryder's art, but the great Italian's painting was conscious workmanship, whereas Ryder shows oblivion of self and the attainment of the perfect expression of concentric conclusive thought. Whatever technical manipulation the master may have used—the broad brush, the fine camel's hair brush, the varnish-flattened oil medicine, scraping, glazing—whatever may have been his method, the effect produced is that of Arachne's threads densely paralleled, a technique finer than the touch in miniature painting on ivory. Yet he was vehemently temperamental as is attested to in the majority of his canvases, and it may be accounted a miracle that he could sustain such a state of feeling to the finish. His picture *The Sea* shows this excellence: it pictures rocks, waves, clouds and light. All is agitation,



GAY HEAD

BY ALBERT P. RYDLER

Albert Pinkham Ryder: An Appreciation

the ocean is breathing, the light plays wildly about the rocks and black clouds pound commotion into the whole. He might have named it "Pan Lives."

When alone with God there came to him a revelation that he translated to us in *Night and the Sea*. Here he seems to make the ocean personify man; the driven, the restless soul of him is bound up in this heaving floating mass, over which hangs a vaporous curtain drawing to one side sufficiently to reveal a sky so full of calm, of soothing light as to seem like an answer to prayer. Ryder's moods are like the Psalms of David, and Father Tabb has not uttered in brief verse more with less material than has Ryder in his picture of *Night*—a small canvas in which can be distinguished three tones and the light of a star. This rendering of a phase of nature is illuminating to such a degree as to out-state any fact that realistic art may give us, as here life is revealed. This superb simplicity is also felt in the marine he has called *Moonrise*, in which again nature speaks, man being but the incident. The motive of this picture seems to be the expression of motion: a boat sails, a cloud floats, the sea-faced earth revolves moonward, but all of these limitless functions are performed with measured ceremony, sanctification and benediction from the Most High. A white cloud by its character reveals His presence.

If America ever produces an art colony, it will make its appearance in a community where good music is heard, where no substitutes for music are countenanced, where the heart is so often touched by song-thoughts as to break into utterance in form, in colour, in word. The creative life needs the proper atmosphere. Ryder's *Forest of Arden* would make a good nucleus for the material that would sustain the spirit of such a colony; it holds within itself music. Apollo might have played it; the Minnesingers might have sung it. We know Brahms has given it orchestral expression; the landscape has this great composer's lines and masses, it has his clear light, the onrush of his motive is all there in Ryder's brook and meadow, the control is in his detail; every musical movement is there, translated in the technique of the brush.

Yet Ryder did not seek chamber music or symphony concert, he seems never to have formed such a habit. His friends, however, knew of his devotion to Wagnerian opera. Nature could give

him the symphonic but not the romantic in music, as he needed it to stimulate him. There were two canvases in the exhibition of his work, held at the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts, New York, in the spring of 1919, in which he has given us his enthusiasm for this form of musical expression. They were *The Flying Dutchman* and *Siegfried and the Rhine Maidens*, both dramatic, luxuriating in movement kept under control of the musical director's baton. This unusual understanding is strangely successful. Painting that reflects the theatre is theatrical but need not be less art on that account. A few of Ryder's pictures are in a sense a stage brought down to inches; the life, the scene, the acting in a stage area eighty feet wide and proportionately high have been reduced by him to a miniature with nothing lost in the reduction. The action is kept, the story clear, the impression intensified, the art fascinating.

Ryder's echo of Wagner's music was not hero-worship; rather was it obedience to the gesture of the master. Great creative movements in art follow closely upon great literary movements: musical composition in turn is stimulated by great literature; at times music is born because of great painting and sculpture, and the modern art of the chisel and the brush has had its soul-flame kindled by music and by literature's inspirational triumphs.

European artists are often blessed with talent in two arts, usually painting and music, and they are compelled to choose between the professions in order that one of the talents may find its full development. America is not without similar phenomena, expressed in terms of painting and literature, as in the case of George Inness, Millet, and numerous painters and illustrators of the past three decades. Curiously enough Ryder was impelled to poetic expression in the belief that he would be able to say more in poetry than in painting, but he did not keep the verse he wrote, it came into being and was lost, only a few poems having survived and been printed. They were made to amplify the thoughts he had expressed in colour. *The Voice of the Forest, The Wind, Joan of Arc, The Flying Dutchman, The Passing Song*, place him among the minor poets of America.

At times, not often, Ryder "went to Nature" in the ordinary sense—that is as a student who desires merely to write down the things he sees,



UNDER A CLOUD

BY ALBERT P. RYDER



FOREST OF ARDEN
BY ALBERT P. RYDER



TOILERS OF THE SEA
BY ALBERT P. RYDER

Albert Pinkham Ryder: An Appreciation

to familiarise and refresh himself with the facts of nature. *Gay Head* is an excellent name for a canvas executed in this mood, where he gives us truthfully the aspect of nature as she appears to a man under the spell of a happy day with friends.

Friends of art and of artists—they too are born, not made; without them no artist works for long. Ryder had a few intimates who understood the man, careless though he was of conventions; they say of him: "He gave us more than he received." A delightful conversationalist, he was not burdened with theories, was neither a disputant nor an intellectual or spiritual heavy-weight.

It was not what he said but what he was that gave joy to his friends and made them feel that a great soul like Christ had been among them. In all things of the spirit he was rich, in the virtue of generosity he was hopelessly lavish, yet he was not poor in the sense that he was in need, and in this respect the community need not reproach itself. If a sincere artist is poor it is because the mentality of the people among whom he lives is poorer still!

A visitor to the Metropolitan Museum of Art sauntering through the series of paintings from the fifteenth century to our times finds in the American room half a dozen canvases by Ryder—landscapes, the *Macbeth* and that unique picture of the *Race Track*. A mind filled with the gilded gesso conventions of the primitives, the wonderful brush technique of the Italians, Tintoretto, Veronese and their school, the facility of Rubens and Van Dyck, the depth art of the Dutch, is caught by this sermon of Ryder's pictorially expressed and the observer asks the question, "What is it that makes the work of Ryder so eminently worth while?; to what shall we attribute its strong and deep appeal? Is it not this message, the content of his thought, that rises above gold ornamentations, above skill in any form? It is not easy to pass this landscape, this setting for the fleeting forms of the white horse with its skeleton rider, this flash of passage through the serene and lovely sunlit rolling country.

Now that this great artist is gone, his work is more generally known, his circle of friends increases. We love him for his lovers, for the meadows, the brooks, the romantic tree; we delight in his leaden cloud and sky and the cool, sweet demi-lighted places he has painted rest us.

We are entranced by his spirit world, this place of tone where, as in his *Macbeth*, three gray women sit and plot the lives of men. This spirit world is a place where witches thrive, it is a sea, quiet like eternity on whose black swell glides the phantom ship with the souls that cannot die; it is the place of the human soul seen by introspection, where health and lassitude creep apace, where fancy keeps edging yet shunning fact, where the ego is seeking prenatal life or, like Sir Galahad, longing for the perfection whose reward is the Holy Grail.

FIFTH AVENUE WEEK, APRIL 5 to 10, 1920

INAUGURATING AN ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL EVENT:—To emphasize the commercial and artistic importance of the Fifth Avenue Section through graphic exhibits and demonstrations of the extent, variety and character of the fine and applied arts which are making New York the art and fashion center of the world.

Fifth Avenue Week is founded on the belief that the perception of the beautiful in commerce must make for a finer citizenship and that quality merchandise, inwrought with the love of good workmanship, offers a stimulus comparable to the fine arts. This week has an importance and a significance beyond the interests of any one section. Its appeal will eventually prove nationwide, bringing to the most glorious street in the world an influx of tourists from every quarter of the globe. The features which have been emphasized during Fifth Avenue Week are: 1. Specially arranged window displays by merchants in the Fifth Avenue section. 2. Special exhibitions of fine and applied arts with the cooperation of art dealers, art societies and designers. 3. Special night illumination of streets and stores. 4. Decorating Fifth Avenue and adjoining streets. 5. Publicity through Fifth Avenue Week supplements and special articles in newspapers and magazines. 6. Civic cooperation with the Board of Education and universities to hold lectures and exhibits during Fifth Avenue Week for the purpose of showing the relationship of commerce to art and the civic ideals.

Mr. Marrion Wilcox, who is the father of the idea, wrote "The Kinsay of New York," to explain the principles and ideals involved. See *March issue*.



HAPPY HOURS
BY VALENTINO MOLINA



TO THE LAND OF SIP-O-PHE
BY JULIUS ROLSHOVEN

Sip-o-phe, meaning Shadowland, is the poetic conception of this important painting by Rolshoven, who has in a mighty epic depicted the passing of the Red Man. It is truly the Odyssey of the race and homeric throughout. No painter has hitherto made this great conception his own and furnished the world with such a splendid valediction. The mounted figure in brilliant light in the foreground on a snow-white steed is War Eagle, who with his great company of real and phantom followers is journeying towards the Great Divide. It is to be hoped that the picture will not follow the band to Sip-o-phe, but will find a dignified resting place in one of our great national galleries, for which it is eminently fitted.



EARLY MOONRISE

BY ALBERT PIKE LUCAS

ALBERT PIKE LUCAS
BY W. H. DE B. NELSON
Lucas artis munera pandens

ON TURNING to page 1696 of "Who's Who in America," it may be gathered that Lucas was born in New Jersey, studied at the Ecole des Beaux Arts under Herbert and Boulanger 1882 to 1888, has exhibited at the Salon since '89, also at the leading exhibitions of Europe, and at the New York Academy. Furthermore, he received a medal at the Buffalo Exposition, 1901, Honorable Mention at the Paris Exposition 1900, and examples of his work may be seen at the National Gallery, Washington, and the Metropolitan Museum, New York. He is a member of the Beaux Arts and life member of the Lotus and National Art clubs.

It is not our intention at present to discuss his abilities as a portraitist, painter of the nude or as a sculptor, in all of which branches of art he has

great proficiency, but rather to touch upon that side of him which to the writer, at least, seems his most fascinating direction.

The thrall of the quiet hours, of the day "off duty," as it were, Lucas loves to depict—early morning, anon the crepuscular hour and, especially, bewitching moods of moonlight, the tender, redeeming shadows of the night. Garish day, and garish colour have no place in his pictorial esteem. The mood must be expressed when mass opposes mass, large planes of colour almost devoid of detail with rich shadows and vibratory lights, the sky like a human eye ever revealing depth below depth in mysterious layers of pigment. In all his subjects one detects the simple rule of three: As the figure is to the foreground so is yonder shepherd or hayrick to the answer; or, as the sky is to that row of poplars so is that tired wayfarer to the answer; there is no conflict of emotions; a few elemental objects stripped to their final analysis are presented in



WAITING
BY ALBERT PIKE LUCAS



ROCKS AND OCEAN
BY ALBERT PIKE LUCAS



Exhibited at the Estimote Club

HOMECOMING

BY ALBERT PIKE LUCAS

uncompromising contrast and unity. The very simplicity of his pictures baffles at first the understanding as to how they can command an enduring interest; yet they do, and for that very reason. His figures never betray origin, nor do his landscapes disclose locality, but each supplements the other—you appreciate the apt setting of figure to landscape and vice versa; it is the universal appeal in the lyrics of nature ever tuned to the pipes of Pan. Lucas's pictures point no moral and tell no tale, but they stir the emotions profoundly, taking us from the vales of humdrum life up to the very pinnacles of one's spiritual conception.

"Few people" says Mr. Chesterton, "will dispute that all the typical movements of our time are upon the road towards simplification. Each system seeks to be more fundamental than the other. Each seeks to re-establish communication with the elemental, or, as it is sometimes more

roughly and fallaciously expressed, to return to nature."

It is just this tendency to escape from "mirror to nature" painting that has led to abnormality and insanity in art. Imitation of nature though the foundation is not the end of an artist's aspirations and it is this simplification plus individuality that characterizes the work of A. P. Lucas.

For a landscape to be a work of art there should be centripetal and centrifugal forces at work, the conscious intelligence that simulates and imitates nature kept vigorously in check by the subconscious mind removed from the trammels of reality attaining the pulse rather than the anatomy of a landscape. Herein lies this artist's strength, in the collaboration between the two forces and an adequate adjustment. Art is a language to be understood of all, and must therefore never be bewildering.



THE
STUDIO

"A VASE OF MARIGOLDS"
NEEDLEWORK PANEL
BY L. RUTH RAYNER.

The INTERNATIONAL • STUDIO •

VOL. LXX No. 278

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MAY, 1920

THE ROMANCE OF OLD CHINTZES BY MARY HARROD NORTHEED

A COLLECTION of old printed cottons is rare and growing more rare each year, as the source of supply decreases and the specimens now in existence are subjected to the deterioration of time. The collection from which these specimens were chosen for pictorial illustration has been preserved by much fine and painstaking needlework, as the background bears witness. So well has it been done that—in the technique of the photographer—the eye of the camera does not see it. These choice fragments of a bygone art must be handled with excessive care—in fact it seems almost a sacrilege to handle them at all. The connoisseur usually frames them under glass and very beautiful wall decorations they make. A lady in Philadelphia who has one of the most extensive collections in this country has the halls of her palatial home hung with these soft-hued, yet exotic creations; and though they are only printed cottons, their appearance thus handled is more like the old woven tapestries which hang on the walls of Hampton Court—that haunt of all good Americans who love the beauties of olden time art.

To illustrate the infrequency of this particular hobby among antique "collectors," a famed New York dealer is quoted as replying to an inquiry with these words, "What do you know about printed cottons?" And no wonder he asked, for apart from the devotees, there is such a slender source of information available—one or two chapters in one or two books on antiques seems to be all that has been written on the subject. Perhaps, one reason is that their origin historically is very uncertain. However, the few facts available will suffice to introduce to the reader this time-old artifice; and as later on new revelations come to

the writer's notice, a further exposition may be expected. There is a very firm determination to get at the inner secrets of things, as well as people, which eggs us on in our pursuit of the elusive and difficult of attainment, and the lure of the fantastique is like the attraction of a magnet at the distant end.

In the first place, it is necessary to correlate the term "printed cotton," which the print collector invariably will employ in speaking of his treasures, with the more familiar but less exact "printed chintz," which is used in the title heading. Now chintz is a word of Hindu origin—chint is the original derivative. The early form of the word in English usage was c-h-i-n-t, the plural c-h-i-n-t-s in time becoming mistaken for the singular c-h-i-n-t; and so we find the newer form "chintz" as a singular with its own plural "chintzes" commonly employed to designate "cotton cloths printed in a number of different colours and often glazed." The present vogue for chintz draperies, loose covers for chairs and settees, even table cloths, has once more made the quaint old word one of common modern usage covering a wide range in quality and design. The original definition would have been "a painted or stained calico from India." And from this definition it becomes apparent how in due course chintz became known as an English fabric. The imagination cannot fail to picture the caravanseries of rich spices and jewels and choice robings which the East India Trading Company conveyed from the Orient to European shores at such great cost of time and money, that Christopher Columbus set out for to find a short way round to the East Indies, and just chanced upon our hemisphere. And amongst the more elegant silks, satins, and velvets, came the calicoes—the printed and stained "calicoes" of India. To this day in England, one buys calico



A PRINT SHOWING MYTHOLOGICAL SCENES
[BROWN AND YELLOW]



BELOW: KING CHARLES II AND HENRIETTA GOING FOR A HORSEBACK RIDE. ABOVE: KING CHARLES
 HIDING IN A TREE WHILE CROMWELL'S MEN ARE HUNTING FOR HIM
 [SOFT BROWN AND WHITE]

The Romance of Old Chintzes

not cotton cloth. A world of romance is woven into their travels from East to West. It is barely possible that a few fragments exist of the real "Indiennes" or "Siamoisés," as they were known in France before they were first fabricated in Europe.

There is mention of the industry in England in the sixteenth century, but there is no record of the first English chintz printer, or "calico printer," as the trade card reads in the old print at the British Museum: "Jacob Stampe, living at ye Sighne of the Callico Printer in Hounsdsitch prints all sorts of Callicoës, Lineings, Silkes Stuffs, New or Ould, at Reasonable Rates." This was in the reign of King James the Second of England, near the end of the seventeenth century. It was the Dutch and Flemish emigrants from the Continent who introduced the industry to England. It is likely that the Dutch were the earliest exponents of the art in Europe, although there is some trace of it in Russian contemporaneous records.

The French periods of production are clearly defined because of the prohibitory law which was enforced up to the year 1759 when the manufacture of such stuffs was fully authorized by royal decree. Abraham Frey of Geneva, who had printed furniture coverings at Corbell for Madame de Pompadour, in defiance of the prohibitory law opened an establishment near Rouen, in upper Normandy, in 1758; and in Alsace, as early as 1746. Samuel Koechlin of Mulhouse, conducted a factory which for a long time had almost the exclusive control of the French market. Koechlin made many improvements in the then infant industry, chief among them being the discovery of a red acid—"mordant rouge"—by means of which a solid red colour could be printed. One of the severest handicaps of the early printers was the limited colour range. In the present day it is customary to hear the merchant say apologetically but honestly, "we cannot guarantee the colour to be fast on account of the lack of German dyestuffs." So it is true that as far back as two hundred years it was a German who discovered the secret of red dye. Green was another trying colour, it having been necessary to use a blue impression over a yellow.

The majority of early manufacturers in France were of German birth or descent. The man whose work is of greatest importance in its general bearing on the trade was Christophe Phillipe Ober-

kampf. He was a naturalized Frenchman born at Wiessenbach, Bavaria, in 1738, and died at Jouy-en-Josas, near Versailles in 1815, from shock occasioned by the destruction of his workshops during the invasion of that year.

Oberkampf with a capital of only 600 francs, often with great difficulty obtaining the legal right, opened a factory in an abandoned building he had hired at Jouy. His models were the Persian and Indian cottons which had the outline only printed and the subject matter painted in by hand. In order to print in the colours he set to work, and with his own hands constructed machines, which perfected processes invented by his father for printing by means of block and cylinder. He was thus at the same time mechanician, designer, printer, dyer and engraver, as well as merchant. He was so successful in merchandising his products that he was able to send agents to England and Germany and even to Persia and India to study the best processes, especially those of dyeing, which were only known in the East. He soon surpassed all rivals and as the goods became fashionable in France, he was honored by an edict of Louis XVI in 1787, making his works a royal manufacture. He was obliged to close the works during the revolutionary rule, but later on in the Empire period, the industry flourished and reached its zenith. In 1809, he was awarded the first prize in the first class of decennial prizes instituted by an imperial decree dated five years earlier at Aix-la-Chapelle. As before stated, in the year 1815, the invasion of France by the Allies—at that time, England, Prussia, Austria and Russia—caused the destruction of the workshops of Oberkampf and his own death in consequence.

In 1818 work was resumed at Jouy and an improved two-cylinder process adopted; but by this time the printed cotton and linen industry had spread throughout France and the former distinction of the "toiles de Jouy" was lost in the multitude of cheaper productions. The age of machinery brought a degradation of the art and from 1830 there is little of interest historically or artistically. With modern methods came the base perversions and inartistic imitations which mark the so-called Victorian Era—an era from which the world is happily recovering to a new and better art which includes a reversion to the more beautiful Queen Anne and Louis XVI periods. America is hardly to be considered in



A PRINT DEVOTED TO MATRIMONY
[BROWN AND WHITE]



JOAN OF ARC
[TONES OF PURPLE]

the early history of the industry, although today American fabricators are turning out productions of the old and modern variations of which we can be justly proud. There are some specimens of the early American cotton printing which will survive the test of art and time—notably a wonderful old quilt in the Metropolitan Museum of New York.

The quality of the goods manufactured at Jouy was always excellent, well dyed and with fast colours. Even in the nineteenth century there was a rage for the numerous stuffs with floral designs of small bouquets and disjointed sprigs on sanded backgrounds, as though the flowers had been plucked and cast upon the cloth, the Oberkampf factories supplied the best, and their furniture coverings and other fabrics for hangings were not less sought after. The Norman manufactures were patterned closely after Jouy and are very similar both in quality and design.

The designs followed in great measure the historic periods of the nation. In the time of Louis XVII and Marie Antoinette, the shepherd's crook and pipes are frequently met with in the decorative and ornamental designs then in vogue.

During the Napoleonic era there was the Egyptian period characterized by sphinxes, pyramids, Isis and Osiris, and the old Nile gods and goddesses, gaudily bedecked camels and military trappings; after the campaign in Italy, classic scenes, views of ruins, temples, palaces and triumphal arches formed the prevailing motif. Again, after the Consulate and during the Empire, the Greek and Roman influence is shown in mythological scenes, historic episodes, medallions and cameos representing warriors and law givers. In the period of the "Restoration" under Louis XVIII and Charles X scenes from the fashionable romances of the period—Sir Walter Scott's among them—village weddings, pastoral scenes, ladies and their lovers, brigands and roisterers, figure profusely. Thus, it is quite an easy matter to fix approximately the date of a piece by the design. Furthermore, the methods of workmanship give prima facie evidence of the time of execution.

At first the stuffs, which were rather coarse and loosely woven, were printed by means of wooden blocks, some of which are still in existence. These blocks were hand made and as a design was usually in four sections, four blocks with the

outline were necessary, the design being then reproduced the requisite number of times. A length of cloth was stretched upon the table, a boy dipped the blocks in the dye tub and handed them in turn to the printer, who applied them at marked intervals on the cloth, striking the block with a wooden mallet to stamp the dye firmly into the threads of the material. At first only the outline was printed and the colours painted on by hand as in the imported specimens. As dyestuffs were discovered, separate blocks were then applied. The first impression being styled "Moule" or mould. The second block was "Entrure"—the entering of colour. And as it became possible to use a third or fourth colour, the blocking was called "Rentrure," or re-entering of the mould. "Picotage," or purling, was invented as a novelty and greatly beautified the background. Brass wire points planted by means of a punch like the bristles of a brush in the wood in the between spaces of the pattern and dipped in the ink or dye produced the finely dotted or sanded background effect alluded to. In 1809 Oberkampf brought out a variation by executing the design in white on a coloured background. In 1818 a process was invented whereby two cylinders which acted simultaneously, the pattern on the one being in relief and the other sunken. The cylinder in relief replaced the "Entrure," the sunken one printing the "Moule" or outline.

(This article to be concluded in a later issue.)

STANFORD WHITE MEMORIAL

THE memory of the late Stanford White is to be perpetuated through the erection this autumn of a pair of bronze doors which the friends of the distinguished architect and art lover will present to the New York University. They will be installed at the entrance to the library building at the university which Mr. White designed. The trustees have formally signified their acceptance of the gift and the committee in charge will begin at once to appeal for funds solely from friends and admirers of the late architect. Subscriptions from the general public, while they may not be refused, are not desired.

As a delicate attention from the men in charge of the project, the work of designing the memorial has been entrusted to the son of Stanford White, Mr. Lawrence Grant White, who may thus pay a personal tribute to the memory of his father.

Landscape Painting in America



OLD FARM AT MONTCLAIR

BY GEORGE INNESS

LANDSCAPE PAINTING IN AMERICA BY AMEEN RIHANI PART I

Two artists stopped before the picture that seemed to be the magnetic centre in the gallery. One of them criticized it from a proper distance, the other approached it condescendingly and, with a familiar gesture, pointed out "a good passage." As one would say, after reading a poem, "There is a good line in it." But neither method can serve a good purpose when the point of view, in treating a subject somewhat unwieldy for a magazine article, must necessarily be synthetic. Movements, more than individual achievements, I set out one day to investigate. (The reader need not fear of losing himself with me: he can change his mind and stop wherever he please.)

But we must first make up our mind that the "gesture artistic" and the "good passage" are negligible in our method of approach. We shall leave the detail to the recognized authorities in the cavilling art. And if we succeed in getting a general and correct idea about landscape painting in America, from the pioneers of the Hudson Valley down to the moderns, making the acquaintance of the few peaks that loom beyond

the marsh-land on our way, we shall consider it, whatever might be said to the contrary, a happy adventure.

The question, "Is there an American art?" can be dismissed at the outset as irrelevant. There is, one would say, and there is not. If we consider art as a product or an industry, like the cotton that grows on our land, for instance, or the cloth we weave in our mills, then we have not an art that the archeologist would call autochthonous. If we consider it as a product of the mind and the traditions of the ages, then we have an art that is neither American nor European, but partakes more or less of both. Our first painters were English; our contemporary painters, were they ever to get together, would form an ethnological congress. Moreover, the centripetal forces of the times affect alike the industries and the arts, the commerce and the culture of the world. And the centres of nationality, no matter how distant from each other and divergent, are more than ever being imbued with the universal spirit of art.

I walked into a gallery one day, and lo, I was in a land of colour and song, where blue and green have a thousand shades, where earth and sky are vibrant with poetry and music, where every-thing is waiting, it seems, for the artist

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—and waiting upon him, doing half his work. because of this co-operation, the result, in that exhibit by an American artist, was excellent. I said an American artist, but his name proclaims aloud his blood. A. G. Warshawski transported me to the Riviera without making me feel the motion of his wings, as it were—without obtruding upon me the lumber of his technique, faulty or perfect, it matters not. He is direct, simple, frank, unaffected; and there is little or no evidence of labor in his achievements. Why should there be, when nature herself collaborated with him!

In another gallery, another American artist, who found his inspiration abroad, brings back to us a new version of familiar scenes, as pleasing in its simplicity and picturesqueness as the folk-lore of a people. Harry B. Lachman, though inclined to be pictorial at times, made the very stones of old France, under favoring conditions, of course, yield somewhat of their poetry to his brush. He, too, like the faithful Jinn of the Arabian Nights, carries one to the Cote d'Or, the golden coast of dreams, without as much as a whisper about his own identity or purpose.

From the Cote d'Or and the Riviera to the cold, bleak, snow-covered desolations of Pennsylvania and New England, is a far cry. I had but to cross the street, however, to accomplish the miracle. And there I found myself amidst scenes, not unfamiliar, but unfriendly, in the congealing atmosphere of a land devoid of colour and song—in the presence of nature, reticent and sinister and glum. A landscape to paint, forsooth. Success to the hand that does not shake in the task. Elmer Schofield needs not my good wishes. Nor does W. L. Lathrop. They have both made a good bid for success and got it. And they deserve it, at least for the fact that they have to work unaided. Nature here will not collaborate, and man, in his architectural abominations, allies himself with nature against the artist.

I have often wondered what earthly significance there is in an insignificant and often irredeemably ugly scene for an artist to waste his canvas and paint upon. And a good technique is often wasted too. For a barn is a barn, no matter which way you look at it and no matter what setting you can give it. I may be blaspheming against modern art; but I can not see how any subject, according to one of its principal tenets, can be made artistic by treatment. Monet might create a good setting for a barn; but when he is through with the

picture, you look in it for the four-square thing in vain. It has receded into the hazy distance, disappeared in a blaze of light. And we must admit that there are scenes in nature that are as uninteresting as the four cardinal virtues. We go through them at times from a sense of duty; we accept them if they are mentioned in the deed; and we hasten to get rid of them. We may even give them away for a song, but not for a canvas that would perpetuate them in our memory. No, we do not relish them even on canvas. For no matter how much paint is lavished upon them, they can only be made tolerable at best.

In the work of Messrs. Schofield and Lathrop I find good examples of the colourless, insipid, flat, inexpressive atmosphere of an American landscape. If there is any poetry in Elmer Schofield's *Valley Forge*, it is certainly impressive in its big, bold rhythms of dull brown and grey—what time he must have had seeking it, intriguing nature for it. If *The Stubble Field* or *Neglected Farm* of Lathrop contains any hidden meaning in colour or line, or any mystically rustic significance in composition, I deplore the opacity—my own opacity, perhaps—that stands between them and my vision.

I mention these two native American artists in connection with the two others who painted abroad to emphasize a point which I think is most essential. There are scenes where nature is so intensely expressive, her personality so evident and predominating that the artist can be a realist, even a literalist, without compromising her or his art. All he has to do—he can even shut his eyes and paint. And there are scenes where nature is so perversely reticent, cold, forbidding, enigmatic, that the artist has to do all the guessing, so to speak, filling up the gaps in the composition, interpreting the silences, supplying the personal note himself. In the first instance a landscape can be easily spoiled, I admit, by a meretricious effect; but in the second, it has to be raised from the level of reality or freed, at least, from the deadly pall of a democratic architecture. It can be saved, in other words, by a personal interpretation, an individualistic treatment, and given a lease on canvas. The personal note is not missed in the Riviera and Paris scenes of Warshawski and Lachman; but we do miss it in the American landscapes of Lathrop and Schofield.

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The question of an American art depends, therefore, both upon the artist and his subject matter. And that this subject matter, however hopeless it may seem, can be redeemed and made artistic in the hands of genius, though it should take two hundred years to do it, is the fact that I would prove in this brief survey of American landscape painting, from Thomas Cole, through the Left Wing of the movement, down to, or up to Childe Hassam. And that genius, in painting more than in any other art, can seldom thrive in schools or abide in "isms," and will always have to look upon a host of followers and imitators, who scramble for its heritage and gamble in academies for its garment, is another fact sufficiently evident in the mere roll-call of the Right Wing, from George Inness down to J. Francis Murphy.

A landscape represents an entity of feeling, of fancy, or of thought, but seldom of the three qualities combined. It is often made to tell a tale, or state a fact, but seldom does it embody that underlying mysterious something which is the essence of both the fact and the tale—seldom does it give us the truth. And truth is stranger than any technique. To achieve it the artist and nature must collaborate, in what is obviously real and unreal, through the medium of personality, which is, by no means, only human and subjective. For nature, too, has a personality more interesting in its latencies than its exteriorizations. Mirrored in the soul of the poet, reflected in the consciousness of the artist, it passes through his own personality and is colored more or less by it. The result on canvas depends upon the quality and intensity of the artists' feeling, his temperament, his vision, his receptive faculties, and, it should be added, his cultural and traditional heritage. Lacking any of these, the result is not always pleasing, is often commonplace, is sometimes repulsive.

But this does not justify the attitude, provoked by the bizarre and the grotesque, we sometimes take against personality in a landscape. Such criticism does not compensate for a real loss. It has the tendency, too, of fostering reaction. As well criticise the prodigality of nature or the bizarre in her variable moods. A ray of light dancing in a grove of scowling hemlocks is an impertinence; the morning dew on the lips of a sun-veiled rose is irrelevant; a mass of sunset

colours bulging out of a cloud in chromatic candor, is a redundancy: but in the distribution and setting, a true artist gives them their proper place and value, makes them essentially articulate, imparts to them a vitality without which his composition, a personal creation, is incomplete.

Indeed, without personality, a landscape, if well done, is a proof only of a seeing eye and a dexterous hand; it would be devoid of feeling, of thought, of imagination, of that intangible something that gives it a distinction and marks it out for the ages and the world. A mere outward delineation of nature is craftsmanship, not art. Form and colour are often the pitfalls of the technician, who, having exhausted his subject or his talent, can not resist the temptation of merely amusing himself in paint. But to the artist of genius, forms are but opacities in which a mobile, fluid beauty is ever struggling for expression; and the value of tones, which are only half-revealed and half-concealed, which are sometimes dormant in a lingering shadow or lurking in the meadow grass, is as important as the value of the brilliant colours in an autumn scene.

The first landscape painters of America did not trouble their heads about such matters. Nature to them was but a medium through which was reflected the spirit of the times. The Hudson River School was a branch, in a sense, of the national propaganda of the day. Cole and Doughty, Bierstadt and Church were, indeed, patriotic Americans, too patriotic to achieve the high distinction of artists. They painted in the style of the period, which was didactic, bombastic, oratorical—the grand style of which nationalism dominated everything. They had, we must admit, a genuine love of nature; they were sincere and unaffected, but untaught. Of selection, simplification, organic arrangement, they had little or no knowledge. And with their predilection for historical and national themes, they made nature the vehicle of moral allegories, civic virtues, and such like. Even like the poet Bryant who, in "*Thanatopsis*," made it a setting for elevated platitudes and noble banalities.

These American painters, who were still under the English influence, who observed the English tradition in art, were neither behind nor ahead of their time. They were, like so many of our contemporary artists, very much with their time and for it. But what appeal have they to-day? We stand before one of the huge canvases of

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Church—whose work was a panorama of the wonders of creation—in which a landscape sprawls amidst the ruins of empire, deploring the loss of paint and material—and money in travel (Church believed only in ennobling subjects in nature, and he sought them, in the spectacular and monumental, all over the world).

But they reflected the spirit of the times, these Hudson Valley painters. They surrendered wholly to the seductions of the prevailing manner, even as some of our modern artists are doing today. And as *The Aegean Sea* of Church and *The Course of Empires* of Cole have become objects of curiosity, have no longer even a historic interest, so, too, will those canvases of contemporary artists—even the best of them—the Hassams, the Bellows, the Luks; canvases of the war, in which a mawkish sentiment prevails—canvases recording the industrial struggle, destined to become as obsolete as those recording the struggle for Independence—canvases depicting oddities in fast shifting scenes or giving the obvious and the grotesque a local colour and a name—canvases that have nothing, in fact, to do with art, and will not even be understood by future generations.

Before considering the influence of the Barbizon School upon the second group of American landscape painters, I would like to emphasize the fact that those who preceded them loved nature, like the Barbizons themselves, for its own sake; but, aside from their technique which was primitive, and their point of view which was naive, they were so saturated with the spirit of the times, so dominated by nationalism that the message of nature never reached them. They were too literal to be poetic, too national to contribute to true art.

George Inness, after many years of experimentation, broke away from them. It is a question, however, whether he would have continued to paint in the style of Bierstadt and Church had he not gone abroad to study. We know from his earlier work that there were no signs in him of a coming revolt against the Hudson River School. His *Leeds in the Catskills*, done in the rhetorical style of Bierstadt, could scarcely be recognized as the work of the man who later painted *Moonrise*, *Autumn Woodland*, and *Old Farm at Montclair*. Even in his *Peace and Plenty*, which shows his classical and elegant style at its best, the tendency to ramble is still

evident, the feeling pales here and there into abstract emotion; the composition, as a whole, lacks vigour and decision.

But I am approaching the pitfalls of analysis which, at the outset, I said I would avoid. What I do want to say now is that the development of the work of Inness was not wholly due to his own genius, although this alone would, no doubt, have given him in the end a higher rank than his predecessors or any of his contemporaries. It was due also to the fact that, instead of wasting all his years in experimentation, seeking a style, a new method of expression, he found it ready to hand in the Barbizon School, was quick to grasp it and make it, in America, his own.

Inness was too spiritual to be a revolutionary in the French sense of the word. To the painters of the Hudson Valley, he was an innovator, a modernist, to be sure; but he was of a temperament that could not delight in alarms and excursions in paint. Supremely religious in feeling, with a penchant for mysticism, he became in his latter days a Swedenborgian. He was, indeed, a distinct individuality. Like Corot he painted, not with the artistic sense foremost, but with the ecstasy of a zealot. Nature to him was a temple, living, palpitating with mystery. And he responded in his later work only to her spiritual moods. The preference he had for the placid scene, what he called a "civilized landscape," was lost in the contemplation of azure distances and amber depths veiled in the haze of dying summers. His Swedenborgianism got into his brush.

Homer Martin, the melancholy Martin, was also a mystic, although physically he was heavy-heeled, square-shouldered and robust. Which qualities seldom appear in his work. He painted, as he lived, with his head in the air. He could catch, quicker than any of his contemporaries, the evanescences of colour and light, but he seldom saw what was directly before him. He was the first to admire Corot, when he was but slightly recognized even in France; but he was not influenced, consciously at least, by the Barbizon School. He is the first original, I think, of American painters: his technique, whatever its merits or demerits, is his own. His translucent surfaces, like the smoke of incense rising before an altar and veiling its images and its lights, express best his spiritual longings. His poetry is not of the earth; it comes, as in his *White*

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Mountains, from azure distances through saffron intensities to flood the hills and lull the very rocks in Elysian dreams. His *View on the Seine*, charming in its simplicity, deeply suggestive in its setting, and his *Sand Dunes*, resonant in its tonalities and its amber glow, reflect two distinct moods, the symbolic and the purely æsthetic. Martin, like all deeply religious artists, was a symbolist. And this is shown best in his *Fire Worshippers*, which has an apocalyptic grandeur—the spirit, but not the technique, of Gauguin.

Unlike Martin and Inness in temperament, but sharing with them the laurels of the new movement, is Alexander Wyant. His pictures have been called "musical lyrics in a minor key." I find a suggestion in them, too, of the epic poetry of the earth. And not a little that recalls the manner and the quality of the Barbizons—the sombre intensity, for instance, of Rousseau, the placid beauty of Daubigny, and now and then a spiritual suggestion expressed in the delicate lace-like effects of Corot. But Wyant is not a mere imitator. He has his own distinct qualities; is more rugged and more consistent at times than his two distinguished contemporaries. We get in his work the first nearest approach to a real American landscape that can readily be identified as such without offending the artist or his subject. In *An Old Clearing* and *Broad Silent Valley* is a vivid sense of the reality of things radiating the beauty of the poetry that is latent in nature.

No, they did not merely imitate the Barbizons, these pioneers of American landscape painting; but they did follow in the footsteps of a general movement. They, too, revolted against—I should say departed from—a method and style already established in their own land—a method and style that made a faithful transcript of nature, a literal rendering of visible scenes, the highest standard of perfection. Barring their poverty of technique, or total lack of it, the Hudson Valley group might be called the realists of their time. We shall see how some of the moderns, with a blare and blazonment of technique, are harking back to these standards.

But Inness and Wyant and Martin put into their work the stuff that can dispense with mannerism and technique. And this stuff is not imported from Dusseldorf or Barbizon or Karlsruhe: it is native American genius. True, the influence of those schools marked their earlier work; but gradually they found themselves, and,

standing on their own feet, became the masters of a new movement in American landscape painting. They were then the modernists: they are to-day the accepted and respected and much abused models of the conservatives, the academicians. But this is not their fault. In their work inhered an originality which must necessarily exhaust itself through reproduction; and in it, too, is an individuality which produces in the course of time strange atavistic results.

We can better judge of this to-day. For the manner of expression and repression in contemporary art is a proof of the fact that the influence of the Barbizon School, transmitted chiefly through Inness, has accentuated the individuality of the artist, without awakening in him the consciousness that recognizes the deeper individuality of nature. He may be a competent draughtsman, but oftentimes he lacks vision. He may transform the unreal and make it seem quite real through the medium of paint and temperament; but when he is only conscious of self-expression, he fails. This is not the fault of the American artist only; it is inherent in modern art, particularly in that branch of it that has little or nothing to detain us outside of an insistent obliquity of view or a crying eccentricity of treatment, or both. But I am not concerned now with the ultra-moderns, in whose work may be detected the influence of various opposing schools.

Coming down with Inness and Wyant I meet with a group of painters who are directly influenced by these masters only, and whose slavish allegiance to them is amusing, often, too, provoking. They are true lovers of nature, to be sure, even like the Hudson Valley painters, and their point of view is the same as that of the masters they follow and imitate. But what have they to distinguish them one from the other? Inness expressed his own individuality; Wyant did not imitate Inness, except in the spirit of finding his own method of self-expression; and Homer Martin followed his own light. Moreover, in seeking perfection in their art, how many canvases did they destroy, how much conscientious effort was spent in the development along their own lines from the sterility of a formula to the poetry and spirituality of creation. But their followers and imitators content themselves with what seems to be a mechanical perfection.

I have seen, for instance, many pictures by J. Francis Murphy; and every time I see a new

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one I ask myself, "Where have I seen this before?" I have seen a few landscapes by Dwight Tryon, a few by Chas. H. Davis, and many by other painters whose names, no matter how differently spelled, should be pronounced Davis or Tryon. They are competent draughtsmen, or is it craftsmen? And they are no doubt sincere, genuine lovers of nature. But I doubt whether they get from her anything more than a simpering smile. They seem to see her only in one or two aspects—either in her holiday attire, or on her farm, so to speak, in a show of rural banalities. And they approach her, judging from her reaction on canvas, in the most formal manner. No wonder that their work is so meticulously finished, so unspeakably chaste. It is an edition de luxe limited to two or three copies, which are being continuously and faithfully reproduced.

The Tryons and Davis, the Murphies and Cranes of America recall to my mind the ancient scribe who spent his life making copies of his work for his friends and admirers. And yet, who would not prefer an ancient beautifully illumined manuscript to a thousand canvases that parrot each other—a thousand hallelujahs to nature!

Considering that there is a mind and a poetic soul in the palette of Mr. Murphy, his work to me is a miracle of monotony; but considering the size of his art-estate, it is a miracle of fertility. There it is with a barbed wire fence around it. And what have we in it? The silver sheen of the moon, the golden glamour of sunset, the sentimental swoon of the afterglow, the cow and the meadow-brook, the old barn and the hay wagon, the farmhouse and the pump—to be able to juggle these and set and reset them into so many pictures a year, is a task, indeed. But what a futile and melancholy task! I wonder who is suffering the most from it, art or Mr. Murphy himself. And yet, he is, I am told, one of the most successful painters in America—his pictures sell—command high prices! What of it, my friend. Is not the *Ladies' Home Journal* the most popular magazine in America? Is not Harold Bell Wright the most successful author in the United States today?

It must be admitted, however, that there is a certain knack in handling the obvious so it holds, so it might not fall to pieces. There is a sort of skill, even talent in vitalizing the irrelevant, in idealizing the innocuous and superficial, in decorating the obvious, in giving a lisping tongue

to the "pretty thing." Herein lies the way to success in business and to failure in art.

Observe the decline in the movement that broke away from the Hudson River School. From Inness and Wyant and Martin down to Tryon and Davis and Murphy marks a thinning of the process, not only of treatment, but also of thought, and a gradation of feeling changing to sentiment, to sentimentality, to a mawkish version of the obvious and tame and commonplace, the "pretty thing." Inness gives us the deep spirit of nature; Tryon specializes in her superficial elegances; Murphy would overwhelm us with her banalities. Here, in other words, is the scale, as I conceive it, of inverted evolution. Inness, Tryon, Murphy—a dignity of feeling, a pretty sentiment, a swooning sentimentality. And yet, Inness the Master is the parent of Murphy, the Master of the Swoon. Is it strange, considering this decline, that there should be again a new movement in art?

(To be continued.)

A NEW SCHOOL OF ART

LOS ANGELES is becoming one of the principal art centres of the country and the latest testimony to the Angel city's special fitness for the development of artistic talent, as regards climatic conditions and otherwise favorable environment, comes from Walter D. Merrick of New York, who recently came to Los Angeles to perfect plans for the establishment there of a great resident school of art at the behest of Cornelius Vanderbilt, who will back the school with an initial gift of \$500,000. The plans, which will be prepared by Robert D. Farquhar, a Los Angeles architect, provide for a fine building to be set in the midst of attractive grounds. There will be a spacious, dome-shaped auditorium with a seating capacity of two thousand and a stage generous enough in its proportions to permit one hundred persons to rehearse upon it, for the school in addition to furthering the arts of painting and sculpture, will provide for instruction in grand opera, dancing and the dramatic art.

Children will be admitted by competition and instruction will be free. The institution will be operated somewhat after the manner of the Imperial Ballet of Moscow, formerly supported by the Czar of Russia, and the Emperor's school in Vienna.

A Visit to Hayley Lever's Studio



HARBOR, ST. IVES

BY HAYLEY LEVER

A VISIT TO HAYLEY LEVER'S STUDIO BY HELEN WRIGHT

HAVE you ever been to Gloucester, Massachusetts? If not, and you have some spare time, do not delay seeing this lovely, exquisite part of the New England coast.

It may still be there in the years to come and it may not change. Its winding, crooked streets may never be straightened, and its old houses, with picturesque gardens will continue to stand, as many of them have for nearly two hundred years, and the harbour still show its variety of shore, its myriad boats, beautiful rocks and its wealth of lights and shadows.

Nevertheless, some unfeeling, enterprising, progressive, money-making American *might* want to do some skyscraping building there to plan some "civic improvement" to the utter destruction of its charm.

Gloucester is ideal for the artists who congre-

gate there summer after summer, and one sees the colours and pictures made by sea and sky with their eyes. When you come suddenly upon a boat landing where schooners with tall masts and network of rigging are docked, you involuntarily exclaim "Why, a Hayley Lever," or "Ah, Jonas Lie," and so on. So perfectly have the artists made the place theirs and made it for others who haven't their subtle understanding and clear vision. For them the sun shines with greater brilliance, the shadows are deep and blue, and along the horizon the long line of wooded cape is pale in the mist, or purple in the fading day.

The houses are square, with white, blue or green blinds, one or two little steps up to the doors, hollyhocks on each side and goldenglow massed along the fences. And the trees! But they are another story, quite by themselves.

On one memorable occasion, when two people had stolen away from work in the hot city to this haven of peace, they started out one morning in quest of Hayley Lever's studio. We



FISHERMEN'S QUARTERS
BY HAYLEY LEVER



ABOVE: FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

BELOW: THE FERRY BRIDGE, EAST GLOUCESTER

A Visit to Hayley Lever's Studio

were told to "go out Mt. Pleasant Street," which was certainly a nice beginning. It led up a long hill where the road wound among the little houses, coming close and then dashing off to curve beneath the branches of the great elms that are everywhere.

Finally, at the top, through a wooden gate, down, down a garden path, hanging as it were upon a hillside, we found a tiny house in a tiny garden, which was a mass of flowers and vines. In the garden Mrs. Lever was a picture herself, sitting at a table, her Titian head bent over some books beside a little girl having lessons.

At the hospitably open door a white rabbit blinked his pink eyes at us, and within was the artist bidding us welcome.

The room, evidently studio and workshop, as Lever is a master of many mediums, was bright with colour. On tables and tall chests were flowers and fruit, tubes of paint, palettes, brushes, etching plates, sketches in oil and water-colour, a beautiful new picture of a moon-path on the water, on the easel before him.

He began at once to show us several water-colours, while we sat still, admiring and listening to his illuminating talk. One of us regretted she was not a stenographer to be able to take down *just* what he said about art and artists and the honest expression of his beliefs. If the exact words were not possible to record, you were impressed with the fact that he is one of the most universal of artists, that he recognizes the divine connection in nature and man.

The "wireless connection" he called it, which must show the underlying principle in all great art, and this must be recorded honestly by each individual, not considering what others have expressed. Scholastic work does not interest him; "you can see pictures everywhere, but to produce great art you must toil for it."

"If real art is easy to express you might as well give up. I have never found it easy. The trees in a picture must be growing, the flowers blooming, the clouds flying, the moon rising, or the sun setting. The trees in most pictures would go over at the slightest breeze, but a real tree meets the wind with rhythmic swaying."

Of water-colours he said: "They are inspirational, immediate, impressionistic, while oils are perhaps richer, possessing more depth, more tonality." Lever hates sham. He praised the French school, Sisley, Renoir, Pissarro, Monet

and Manet—who, with poor Blakelock, finally arrived, though so long unrecognized. "Honest work, honestly done, *will some time* be appreciated and understood." He has sympathy and charity for the most extreme of the moderns, feeling that many of them are working toward a superior organization, more efficient perhaps, if they interpret convincingly the significance of form and space.

Speaking of one of his canvases seen in a private residence in Washington, D. C., he gave a graphic description of his effort to reach the particular vantage point he desired for that particular picture. It required his climbing a perilous coal track, over a coal dump, a mighty physical feat, loaded with canvas, brushes, easel and palette.

It is that honest quality in the man and in his work that one admires. And then his colour—brilliant, subdued, or ethereal as the day, night or hour reveals.

Many of his pictures are of the docks where schooners with tall masts are moored; beyond the shining sea, fading off into mist, or horizon of purple hills. Or perhaps a water-colour of an old Gloucester cottage, set close to the ground, surmounted by two still little red chimneys, its solid shutters, green or white. There may be a garden full of gorgeous flowers, a mass of brilliant colour, a gnarled old willow at the gate.

He paints in a warm tone, that seems to suffuse his canvas. *His* trees are really "up-growing" and his moon *is* shining.

Mr. Lever was born in South Australia in 1875 and came to St. Ives, Cornwall, England, when he was eighteen years old. He studied years among the boats, "when the tide was out and when it was in, at all hours; sunrise, midday, sunset and moonlight." *St. Ives, Cornwall*, is one of his most brilliant canvases. *Morning in St. Ives Harbor* was awarded the Sesnan Gold Medal in Philadelphia in 1917.

He spent two winters in Paris, although he was drawing the figure, there was always the lure of the Seine and its barges.

He is permanently represented in the Brooklyn Museum, the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C., the Philadelphia Academy of the Fine Arts, Sydney Gallery, New South Wales, Adelaide Gallery, Australia; and has received gold and silver medals from the National Arts Club, New York, a gold medal at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, and Hon. Mention at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, and many others.



"M-CARÈME SUR LES
BOULEVARDS," FROM
THE PAINTING BY
CAMILLE PISSARRO.

The INTERNATIONAL · STUDIO ·

VOL. LXX. No. 279

Copysight, 1920, by John Lane Company

JUNE, 1920

THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE EXHIBITION BY JAMES B. TOWNSEND

It is in the unique opportunity for the study of the result of and effect on the art of painting in Great Britain, France, the United States, and to a limited degree in Scandinavia, Spain, Russia, and even Poland, and for comparison of the inspirations and technique of the modern painters of these countries, afforded by the nineteenth annual International Exhibition—which may justly be termed an International Salon—now in progress in the Carnegie Institute Galleries at Pittsburgh—that its chief value and importance to the artist, art student, and the art lover lies.

The large expenditure necessitated by the selection and transportation from Europe of no less than 175 canvases, most of them of large dimensions, and with heavy frames, and even of the remaining 198 American works from the leading art centres of the country to Pittsburgh and their insurance, with such added costs as the bringing over from Europe and sending home again of two of the Jurors, André Dauchez of France and Julius Olsson, now of England, and their entertainment with that of their fellow American Jurors, would have rendered such a Salon impossible in any other of the country's art museums. It is to be hoped that some arrangement will be made for the transference of the exhibition at its close in early July to other American museums or galleries. Such a display should not be broken up and will not have served its full mission if only offered to one American city, and that a comparatively new art centre.

Interrupted by the war, the present exhibition resumes a series of similar displays which have annually been held at the Carnegie Institute since 1896. These, while their educational effects have been unfortunately confined, save through descriptions in the press, to Pittsburgh, have yet, through a flow, even if a limited one, of foreign and American works from the exhibitions to private galleries purchased by art loving visitors and a few American collectors—notably the late George Hearn—given to many Americans, deprived of frequent visits to the European art centres, something of a conception of the art movements of the time in England and on the Continent. Now that American art lovers and students have been entirely shut off, since 1914, by the war from any opportunities for the study of foreign art, this year's revived annual display is of unusual importance and value.

But important and valuable for educational ends as are the nearly six score of foreign paintings shown, the display of no less than 198 pictures by the strongest modern American artists, culled from those shown and found in the larger routine exhibitions, the dealers' galleries and the artists' studios themselves, during the past three or four years and the present season, is almost equally important. Careful selection, which has brought to Pittsburgh only those canvases of acknowledged worth and merit and which, with their European fellows, evidence the results and tendencies of contemporary painters, makes comparison and deduction possible, and of educational value.

And this study and comparison of the 373 foreign and American pictures as now shown

The Carnegie Institute Exhibition

at Pittsburgh, would seem to prove the surprising fact that the war and its horrors, stress and strain, has not appreciably altered the viewpoint, the inspiration, or the methods, of certain of the painters both here and abroad whose pre-war work was the best known. There is, to be sure, almost an entire absence of examples of what are most widely termed "modernist" painters—subdivided into such cults as "Cubism," "Vorticism" and the latest,—whose exemplars have not yet reached America,—"Dadaism"; and those who sincerely, or who insincerely, profess to believe in and follow these cults may assert that the absence of these examples makes the Salon unrepresentative of modern painting of the day.

But Lucien Simon, Charles Cottet, Henri Martin, André Dauchez, Renoir, Degas, and Monet and his contemporaries and followers of France; Nicholson, Dugdale, Algernon Talmage, Hornel, Orpen, Sims, Munnings, Spencer Watson, and Glyn Philpot, of England; Olga Bosnanska of Poland and Nicolas Fechin of Russia, as also Zuloaga and Zubiurre of Spain, Ciardi and Mancini of Italy, and the several Scandinavian artists such as Anna Boberg, Fjaestad and Prinz Eugen, cannot be called too academic or unprogressive. Yet all these clever and forceful painters are represented, and well represented, at Pittsburgh. When it comes to the Americans can even the most strenuous advocate of the so-called modern art gibe at such painters as George Bellows, Gifford Beal, Leon Kroll, Ernest Lawson, Jerome Myers, Arthur Crisp, Robert Henri, and John Sloan, all of whom are not only represented but featured?

Academic as a whole the Pittsburgh exhibition may be called, but not in the sense that it is dry or dull. While the majority of its exhibits have been painted in accordance with the traditions of true and sane art since the dawn of painting, those traditions which the masters of old and of to-day have followed, and which the masters of painting will always follow, as have and will those of music, the drama and literature, there is abounding vitality in modern painting which is not distorted in drawing, false and inharmonious in colour, and ungraceful in design, made so in

the hope to draw attention through sensation.

If the curiosity seeker, the imaginative and sensation-loving visitor to the exhibition desires a thrill at something out of the ordinary, let him contemplate Glyn Philpot's *Antony and Cleopatra after Actium*; that most forceful, if unpleasant, portrayal of the fallen Roman Emperor and the pristine world's vampire. He, crushed and despairing, she a menad of impotent rage. Would this powerful, if repellent, work appeal the more if presented à la Matisse, with distorted figures, crooked eyes and noses, or à la Picasso in cubistic lines and patterns? The strong, vividly colored Swedish and Lappish landscapes of Anna Boberg, the splendid Norwegian marine and coast scene of Tholmboe's *Lotofen Mountains*, the cold rushing deep blue waters at the base of lofty, snow-clad mountains over which fly the eider ducks of the locale; could a scene of wild nature be more strongly depicted? And yet there are no tricks in the painting of this canvas, no strange devices, no departure from the sane and true canons of the best art. Study also that remarkable figure and character work of the Spanish painter Zubiurre, *Basque Gypsies at Supper*, one of the great pictures in the display, truthfulness to character and type, truthfulness of expression and of details, feature the performance, for performance it is. The painter may derive from Velasquez, El Greco, or directly reflect Manet and the later and contemporary Zuloaga, but if so he derives from and reflects masters who themselves, while original and virile in the extreme, did not stray into by-paths in their rendition of form and color and light. The extraordinary strength of technique and expression of Zuloaga himself is also shown in his full-length standing portrait of Mrs. John W. Garrett, done in a low key of browns and grays. Again and as a contrast, but as examples of sane modern art, one may study with delight the enchanted reveries which best describes the series of some twenty-two landscapes by René Ménard, (of which *The Golden Age*, reproduced in this article, is perhaps the most typical), to which the "Room of Honor" is deservedly given. These wide, deep valleys, sleeping beneath deep-foliaged trees and cov-



THE WALKER BROTHERS
BY GEORGE J. COATES

The Carnegie Institute Exhibition

ered with the lush greens of summer verdure, ringed around by lofty mountains and through which human forms and steeds of old Grecian days roam together, are so filled with the poetry of classical days, so rich with bloom, so full of the fragrance of flowers and trees, as to inspire, and yet to strike the universal note of sadness. This Menard room alone is worth the journey to Pittsburgh.

Lucien Simon is also another able French painter who finds occasional inspiration for his brush in classical themes, and his larger decorative canvas *Nausicaa at the Fountain*, while pitched in a higher key than that of Menard's work, and lighter in tone and more joyous in feeling than the former, is remarkable for its drawing and composition. It is unnecessary, even if space and time permit, to note in any detail others of the fifty-three distinctive French pictures, all of which demand study and attention. Some are familiar, such as J. E. Blanche's striking standing portrait of Rodin, Aman-Jean's *Child with Goldfish*, Beshard's *Sicista*, Caro-Delvaill's large decorative mural *Pageant of Spring*, Charles Cottet's *Portrait of Girl with Amber Necklace*, André Dauchez's landscape with trees in white light, *Clump of Pines*, M. Huys' truthful and awesome *Ruins of Ypres* (almost the only picture reminiscent of the war), Meunier's *Portrait of Marshal Foch*, the characteristic examples of La Thangue and Le Sidanier, the fine character work of Xavier Prinet, *The Tradition*, the *Churning Butter* of Vallot, and the representative canvases by Renoir, Degas, Pissarro, Monet, Sisley, Maufray and others of equal fame.

If the visitor admires originality of motif, generally accompanied by cleverness of execution, he should study the eighty-three British—for there are a few Scotch and one Canadian—canvases. Modern British painting still has its followers of the old time "Story" picture school, and there are several good examples of this school in the display. Richard Jack heads the list with his *Solo*, notable for its portrayal of character, its simple, strong composition, interior light effect and painting of details. A music lesson, nothing more, but what a story in the pose and expression of the two characters. W. Dacre

Adams' amusing *Magic Circle* tells its own story. Stanhope Forbes in the *New Mount* and the *Munition Girl* is at his best in composition and character expression portrayal, and Laura Knight gives to her small, richly coloured *Boxing Lesson* knowledge of the "noble art" and a strength of modelling that are masculine. Gerald Moira and Alfred J. Munnings are the English painters of "the open," with figures that most attract. The former's *Bathers* and the latter's *Somerset Gypsies* and *Departure of the Hop Pickers* are delightful rustic scenes, while R. J. Moony's *Tell us a Story* is rather Pre-Raphaelitish. George W. Lambert's *Important People*, a trio composed of a young Englishwoman of the shop-girl class, a young British workman, and a London dandy, grouped around a baby lying in an improvised crib on a sea beach, while well painted and arousing curiosity as to its title, is not an impressive canvas, and William Strang's *Barmaid* is flat in tone and colour and not up to his standard.

The British portraits measure up well. Sir William Orpen presents *Mrs. St. George of New York*, a tall young mondaine standing at full length in an attractive brown and gray costume with furs, a distinguished work, and his well-known strongly painted portrait *A Man from Arran*. William Nicholson's full length standing presentment of Walter Greaves in conventional London street attire is a strong characterization, albeit a near-Whistler. George J. Coates (whose *Spanish Dancer*, although a reflection of Sargent's *Carmencita*, is a clever technical performance) shows the best English portrait, his double one of the Walker Brothers, a most virile, truthful work. Sir Arthur Cope's *Kenneth Mathieson* is also a virile half-length, while R. G. Eves' *Lord Cozens Hardy* is one of those conventional British Royal Academy presentments, too familiar for comment. Charles Shannon's *Lillah McCarthy as the Dumb Wife* is interesting if not convincing, and J. J. Shannon's *Kitty* and *Phil May* are familiar and of course cleverly painted works.

Before leaving the English pictures mention must be made of Algernon Talmage's



MEETING OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA
AFTER THE BATTLE OF ACTIUM
BY GLYN PHILPOT

The Carnegie Institute Exhibition

By the Cornish Sea, which won the second Carnegie prize, and deservedly so, a simply but strongly painted figure of a young Englishwoman on a brilliantly clear summer day, walking along a beach, holding her protecting parasol against the sun's rays, a work full of charm and through which the breeze blows, and in which one can hear the gentle ripple of the blue waters. There are life and joyousness in E. A. Hornel's *Coming of Spring*, done in his typical, almost stippled manner, and there are several of those truthful, sunny English landscapes which so appeal to nature lovers, notably those by John R. Connor, Alice Fanner, Maurice Grieffenhagen and Marcel Jeffries.

The American paintings are naturally in the majority, and come, as has been said, from all the best routine exhibitions, those in New York, Washington, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston of the past few years, with many additions from studios and dealers' galleries, chosen the past year. They range from the clever illustrative work of John Sloan and Jerome Myers; the allegorical, Botticellian canvases of Arthur B. Davies; the virile portraits and figure works of Leopold Seyffert, George Bellows, Gari Melchers, Robert Henri, and Walter Ufer; the suave, refined and truthful portraits of Louis Betts, Irving Wiles, Cecilia Beaux, Adelaide Chase, Lydia Emmet, and Helen Turner, to Wayman Adams' clever characterizations, and Tarbell's conventional presentments. Malcolm Purcell, a young artist, shows one of the best portraits in *Anna Rholene*.

The landscapists are well represented from the bolder and stronger Ernest Lawson, Joseph Boston, Gifford Beal, Roy Brown, Charles H. Davis, Carl Rungius, Frank Benson, Gardner Symons, George Elmer Browne, John F. Carlson, E. W. Redfield, Charles Rosen, Horatio Walker and Cullen Yates, to the poetic Chauncey F. Ryder, J. Francis Murphy, Bruce Crane, Daniel Garber, Olaf Brauner, George H. Bruestle, R. Sloan Bredin, Alton Clarke, Willard Metcalf, Leonard Ochtman, Ben Foster, Elliott Daingerfield, John Folsinshee, W. L. Lathrop, Howard Giles, Granville Smith, Albert Groll, Walter Griffen, Oliver D. Grover, Birge Harrison,

Frank T. Hutchens, Paul King, Harry Lachman, Elliott Torrey, William S. Robinson, Elmer Schofield, W. H. Singer, Harry Vander Weyden, J. Alden Weir, and C. Morris Young.

Then too are the marine and coast painters: Emil Carlsen with his gray, storm-tossed Baltic waters, Paul Daugherty with his sunlit or gray English Channel waves, F. J. Waugh with his mid-ocean billows, Howard Russell Butler with his enchanted Maine moonlights and dashing waves on rock-bound coasts, Haley Lever with his Cornwall harbors and boats in silvery light, and Jonas Lie with his moonlit Norwegian fjords and harbors.

The figure men, such as Murray P. Bewley, Irving Couse, W. M. Paxton, Karl Anderson, Frederick Clay Butler, Bryson Burroughs, Elliott Daingerfield, Frank Duveneck, T. W. Dewing, F. C. Frieseke, Richard Miller, Louis Rittman, Henry S. Hubbell, Louis Kronberg, Gari Melchers, Ivan Olinsky, and Abbott Thayer, to the last of which went the first Carnegie prize for his *Woman in Olive Plush*, a strong, serious work influenced by Bronzino, must not be overlooked.

Altogether the nineteenth annual Carnegie exhibition more than carries out the promise of its predecessors, of those dear Humless days before the war, and is significant in its exhibits of the fact that despite all discouragements the world of art, at least, is fast returning to the "primrose paths of Peace."

PAGEANTRY IN PHILADELPHIA

THE presentation of a carved stone temple court, 400 years old, hailing from Madura, S. India, to the Pennsylvania Museum was occasion for a pageant which was enacted four evenings, beginning with Monday, April 19th, and on one afternoon, and the performance took place in the court of the temple itself, which has been set up in one of the galleries in Memorial Hall, Fairmount Park.

The representation was under the direction of Mr. Joseph Lyndon Smith, pageant master. The text had been written by Mr. Langdon Warner, director of the museum, and Dr. H. J. Savage of Bryn Mawr College.



THE GOLDEN AGE
BY EMILE RENE MENARD



NAUSICAA AT THE FOUNTAIN
BY LUCIEN SIMON

THE HANNEVIG FOUNDATION

BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

THE American Portrait Foundation of 1918 during its two years of existence has made no effort to make itself known outside and, as a matter of fact, very few people if asked about it could give any clear account. It is only in the last few weeks indeed that a glimpse has been vouchsafed into some of the work performed. It was felt that until the allotted task which this foundation set out to accomplish had been finished, there need be no hurry about taking the public into its confidence. Now, however, that some of the portraits have been shown it appears to be an opportune moment to explain this movement and allow people to judge of the scope and aims of this far-reaching enterprise.

To begin then at the beginning: Mr. Christoffer Hannevig, a Norwegian subject, with great shipping interests here and a deep regard for a country which has yielded him such ample opportunity for furthering his ambitions, felt the urge to make some little return on his side, and in casting about for a suitable form of expression, it occurred to him that it would be both a popular and a patriotic act to perpetuate the memory of the foremost men who have fought on field or forum to uphold this great Democracy during the eventful years since the United States was forced into war.

With this in view Mr. Hannevig conferred with J. W. v R. Quistgaard, a portraitist and miniaturist of international reputation, of Danish extraction, but long resident in this country and owning a fine estate at Oyster Bay, L. I. The unshot of this interview was that the commission to paint portraits of twenty-five eminent men was offered to Quistgaard, the collection to be donated to Washington as the nucleus of a National Portrait Gallery.

Quistgaard whilst duly appreciative of the honor accorded him, and of an opportunity that might not occur again in a lifetime, would only consent to co-operate with Mr. Hannevig on the understanding that the commission be divided between himself and

twelve appointed for that purpose. Accordingly a committee was formed consisting of Dr. Christian Brinton, art critic and author, Mr. James B. Townsend, editor of the American Art News, and Mr. W. H. Nelson, editor of the International Studio, with Quistgaard acting as chairman, in order to choose twelve American-born artists who in their opinion would be best qualified to accomplish the required task.

The difficulty of finding a dozen portrait-painters might at first thought seem negligible, but as a matter of fact reliable portraitists of first rank are not procurable in a like degree with accomplished landscapists. Then again, for various reasons some important artists, such as John Sargent, Cecelia Beaux, Gari Melchers and William T. Smedley, who has since died, had to decline. Those artists able to accept are: Wayman Adams, Louis Betts, George Bellows, Adolphe Borie, Joseph DeCamp, James McClure Hamilton, Robert Henri, DeWitt Lockman, George Luks, Leopold Seyffert, Eugene Speicher and Irving Wiles. Furthermore, to the Norwegian painter, Christian Abrahamson, has been assigned the portrait of former Secretary of State, Robert Lansing.

In the recent portrait exhibition at the John Levy Galleries a very large and influential public availed itself of the opportunity of seeing the work of Henri who has painted the portrait of Bernard M. Baruch; Speicher, J. McClure Hamilton, and Seyffert, entrusted respectively with the portraits of Dana Gibson, Col. E. M. House; and finally four canvases by Quistgaard representing George Creel, Robert F. Brookings, Judge Gary and Charles Schwab. Other completed but unexhibited portraits include Secretaries Baker, Daniels, Lane, and Houston; General Bliss, General March, and Admiral Sims; also two distinguished Americans of Norwegian birth, Senator Knute Nelson and Magnus Swenson. William G. McAdoo is sitting to Irving Wiles, and Betts has been invited to paint General Crowder; Pershing, Hoover, Tumulty, and H. P. Davidson have all promised to pose, likewise President Wilson. It will thus be apparent that the Foundation has been standing up to its job.



PORTRAIT OF CHARLES DANA GIBSON
BY EUGENE SPEICHER



PORTRAIT OF CHARLES M. SCHWAB
BY J. W. & R. QUISTGAARD



PORTRAIT OF JUDGE ELBERT H. GARY
BY J. W. & R. QUISTGAARD



PORTRAIT OF SAMUEL GOMPERS
BY LEOPOLD SEYFFERT

The "Lost" Portrait of Lincoln

THE "LOST" PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN BY SAMUEL MCCOY

A hitherto unknown portrait of Abraham Lincoln, painted during Lincoln's lifetime, has been discovered. It is an oil painting, 25 by 30 inches in size. It was rescued from a pile of supposedly worthless furniture taken from one of Philadelphia's oldest taverns, an inn in which Washington often supped.

Complete mystery surrounds the portrait, in spite of indefatigable efforts, extending over the past two years, by its new owner, to ascertain its exact history. Authorities on historic American portraits and artists who have seen it are agreed that the canvas was painted during Lincoln's lifetime and that Lincoln sat for the portrait. But the exact date of the portrait; who painted it; who was the first owner—all these things stubbornly refuse to be disclosed.

Connoisseurs who have viewed the canvas are equally positive that it is the work of no "journeyman" painter. It is painted with a breadth and power which would lift it into the field of noteworthy portraits, even if it were not a portrait of so great a statesman. But since it is a *Lincoln* portrait and a canvas of unusual merit (and be it remembered that Charles Henry Hart, a foremost authority on *Lincolniana*, asserts that the discovery of even a new *photograph* of Lincoln is a red-letter event) its discovery is of prime interest to American art.

The story of its finding and a description of the portrait have never before been given in detail. The curious story follows:

The Red Lion Inn, one of old Philadelphia's most famous hostelries of Colonial days, stands at Second and Noble streets, one of the oldest sections of the nation's first capitol. Washington and his officers used to dine there, before the days of Valley Forge, and the mess table used by Washington's staff was long one of the treasured pieces of furniture in the Red Lion. It is now preserved in Carpenter's Hall, scene of the Continental Congress which preceded that which drafted the Declaration of Independence in 1776.

The Red Lion Inn was originally owned by the Carver family and passed into the hands of the Huntingdon family, also well known in Philadelphia history, after the Civil War. It should be noted that the tavern did not come into the possession of the Huntingdon family during Lincoln's lifetime.

About twenty years ago a Philadelphia restaurant man named Cresap leased the inn and purchased, from the Huntingdons, the furniture with which the Red Lion was then equipped. The bill of sale included *all* the contents of the inn. Mrs. Cresap, helping her husband make an inventory of the building's contents, after the purchase, climbed to an upper attic one day. There, in the dusty, low-ceilinged loft, hidden behind a mass of broken-down, cobwebbed furniture which had been discarded, she happened to notice an old painting which had been ripped out of its original frame. She did not consider it of any considerable value, but tossed it on the furniture van which took the rest of the furniture to their living rooms over the restaurant conducted by Mr. Cresap in the downtown banking district of Philadelphia.

There she decided to hang it up. She placed a cheap two-inch moulding around it, but still did not consider it worthy to meet the eyes of the patrons of the restaurant, and accordingly hung it on a staircase landing at the second floor, out of general sight.

There it hung, unseen by any except members of Cresap's family, for years. Late in January, 1917, a young Philadelphia painter, Baruch M. Feldman, whose studio, in the quaint little byway known as Harmony Street, was near the restaurant, happened to hear of its existence. Feldman, besides being an artist of distinction—he has been a frequent exhibitor in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts "Annuals"—is a connoisseur of old paintings. He has restored, for old Philadelphia families, a number of portraits painted in Colonial times or during the War of 1812. He had visited the old Red Lion Inn in previous years, and, learning that its contents had passed into other hands, asked the restaurant keeper if any paintings had been among the property he purchased.

"Why, my wife has hung up on the stairs

The "Lost" Portrait of Lincoln

an old picture we got from the Red Lion," said Cresap. "Come on up and look at it. It's about falling to pieces, though."

A single glance at the picture was enough to intrigue the artist.

It hung on a peg on the wall, by an open window, with the damp January breeze blowing over it—an exposure that wrung a gasp—and the canvas was indeed in a wretched condition. It was so begrimed with dirt, the accumulation of fifty years or more, that nothing except the highest lights in it were visible. It was recognizable as a portrait of Lincoln—but with difficulty. It had been coated and re-coated with varnish—crude varnish which stood out upon the canvas in beads, like varnish upon an old farm wagon—and the dirt was black in every coat. A rip, five inches long, ran along its upper left hand corner; and it had been charred all along the upper edge.

Wretched as its condition was, Feldman saw that it might possibly endure restoration, and be worthy of restoration. The Colonial portraits which he had handled had been, in some instances, in even worse condition. He told Cresap that he might be interested in purchasing it at some later time.

His next visit to the restaurant was a fortnight later. What was his agitation to learn that on the day following his first view, Cresap had brought the picture downstairs and hung it in the dining room, where many a wealthy Philadelphia banker lunched daily, and that for two weeks he had been in constant danger of losing his "find!"

Feldman hesitated no longer. He bought it at once, and carried home his prize to his studio in Harmony Street—on the eve of Lincoln's Birthday, 1917. Those who like to see significance in coincidence may reflect that this, too, was the eve of America's entrance into the world war and to fancy in the discovery of the portrait a visible sign of the return of the great Emancipator's spirit.

At his studio, Feldman examined the canvas with meticulous care. It measures 25 by 30 inches, a size characteristic in American portraiture for bust portraits, European artists usually using either larger or smaller canvases than this. His first examination showed

that the canvas was on the very brink of disintegration and that it must be relined if it was to be saved from falling to shreds. Had it not been found by someone who knew pictures it would inevitably have gone to pieces within a few years and there would have been an end to "the lost Lincoln."

When he had backed it with a fresh canvas and reinforced its frame, he began to clean it. It is noteworthy that this picture was not only restored—it was virtually *reclaimed*. As Feldman began to remove layer after layer of the grimy varnish, and saw the richness of the portrait, he realized that breathless care must be used. Here was a case, not of commercial restoring merely, but the important task of restoring a portrait of real historical value; and his work upon it consumed all his spare time for eight months following.

When the consecrated task was finished, the portrait stood out—clear as it had left its painter's hands and yet mellowed by the half century that had passed over it. There sat Lincoln.

The portrait is of the head and bust of Lincoln, the head turned three-quarters toward the spectator. Lincoln is shown wearing a beard; and the portrait therefore cannot antedate his presidency, because he wore no beard up to 1861. The Brady photographs of Lincoln show this, but none of them suggests the exact facial contours limned in this canvas.

In colour the canvas is golden toned, and, although the restoration has removed quantities of superfluous varnish, enough has been left to allow the canvas to retain the mellow patine of its age.

The hair and beard are very dark, almost black—and far more luxurious than as shown in any photograph of Lincoln—and their rich colouring sets off the flesh-colour of the face as in a cameo. The chair in which Lincoln is seated is upholstered in crimson, setting off the sombre blackness of his coat, and, in turn, the whiteness of his shirt-bosom. The rich lustrous blackness of his hair and beard is treated like a silhouette, against the background of olive. This treatment is one of the characteristics of the portrait. The unknown artist seems to have made of the dark tumbled



A NEWLY DISCOVERED
PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN
BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST

The "Lost" Portrait of Lincoln

mass an arabesque, 'so to speak. Similar handling is not perceptible in any other Lincoln portrait, in Mr. Feldman's opinion.

It was remarked above that the background is of olive. In the restoration of the portrait, it was perceived that the unknown painter had originally painted a reddish or maroon curtain as a background to the right of the face, a conventional device, but, evidently coming later to the conclusion that this was too banal, glazed the background over with olive. This is only faintly beginning to show now. The observation may perhaps serve some day to help in identifying the portrait.

The watch-fob is a flat black ribbon; which may possibly furnish a slight additional clue to the date of the portrait.

The modelling of each feature is precise, done with the sure touch of a draughtsman. Their contours, and particularly those of the cheek bones, are masterly. The eyes are blue, though so deep in feeling that they seem black. The line of the lips is absolutely straight and unsmiling, and yet—so remarkably sympathetic is the portrait—there is an instant sense of gentleness in the expression.

The distinguished feeling of the portrait is that of *great dignity*. Though it may be an idealized portrait—the heavily massed hair, thicker than in life, hints that such may be the case—it is by no means "sugary." Strikingly, the portrait retains the *vivacity* of Lincoln's head.

Such is "the lost portrait." Its authorship became Mr. Feldman's first concern, from the moment he acquired the portrait, two years ago. His search has been fruitless. He first communicated, directly or indirectly, with the authorities in Washington; with the Congressional Library; with the Pennsylvania Historical Society, whose collection of historical portraits is large; with the New York Public Library; with the Union League, in Philadelphia, New York and Chicago; with the Newberry Library in Chicago, where are hung two of G. P. A. Healy's portraits of Lincoln; and with Mr. Meserve, the noted collector of Americana; but from none could he gain a clue.

Wherever he could learn that an original portrait of Lincoln existed, there he went to

compare it with his own. He examined a number of Lincoln portraits by the artists who are listed by Charles Henry Hart as having had Lincoln sit to them—Thomas Hicks, William Morris Hunt, E. D. Marchant, George P. A. Healy, A. J. Conant, Frank B. Carpenter, Matthew Wilson, Thomas D. Jones, Leonard W. Volk, the sculptor, and J. H. Littlefield; as well as by B. Eggleston, mentioned by Meserve as having painted a Lincoln portrait from the life. He inspected, through the courtesy of R. A. C. Smith, the three Lincoln portraits which hang in the Union League of New York—those by Daniel Huntington, Carpenter, and the painter of *Washington Crossing the Delaware*.

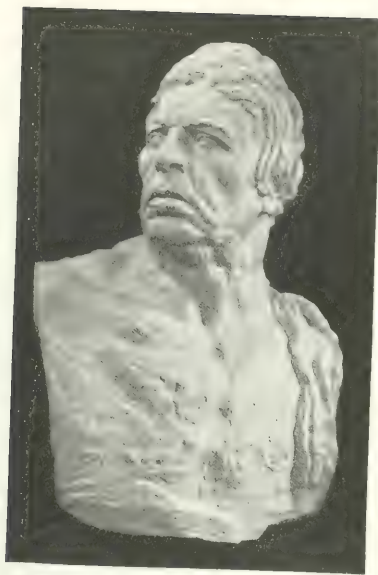
None of all these, so far as treatment goes, resembles the "lost" portrait. John Frederick Lewis, president of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, said of the "lost" portrait: "This is an extremely interesting Lincoln. It gains in interest with each repeated inspection. It resembles no other that I have ever seen, and I will not hazard a guess as to its authorship."

Artists who have seen the painting are agreed that the character of the picture is such that the suggestion that it might have been painted from a photograph is rendered absurd. It is wholly free, triumphantly free, from any trace of the spiritless presentation that results from the copying of a photograph. Here the general lines of the design, the robust modelling of the contours in shadow, the construction, the intimate characterization, the delicate half-tones in the light, the pervading melancholy of the eyes, all tend to convince anyone who looks at the portrait that it is *Lincoln*: the Lincoln that guided a nation through its greatest anguish.

And still—who painted this "lost" Lincoln?

There is no answer. The portrait's profound dignity, its gentle yet firm look, its tenderness and its melancholy, its deep inscrutable eyes—these are as baffling as the smile of the Mona Lisa.

One thing alone is certain—that this treasure, rescued from a dusty attic, and rescued once again by a young artist who made his task a consecration, makes American art and American history richer.



BUST OF INGRES. BY
ÉMILE BOURDELLE

A GREAT FRENCH SCULPTOR:
ÉMILE BOURDELLE. BY NEVILLE
LYTTON. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

NEVER was there so much need of a great sculptor as now; sculpture is, above all things, the art suitable for recording the great deeds of our gallant dead. With the exception of Alfred Stevens England has never produced a sculptor of supreme merit; we have men of some taste and some talent at the present day, but our great national weakness is a defective sense of form, and our sculptors get no constructive criticism on this point, also our elephantine bourgeoisie have no reverence for the perfectly developed man or woman; how else indeed can any human emotion be expressed in sculpture except by the human form? France is more fortunate; the French are a classical people and they live by form and not by fancy, hence, in all ages, French sculpture is living and real; we get our compensation

in poetry, especially lyrical poetry, which is much richer and more varied here than in France. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Rodin, like our Watts, succeeded with classical subjects, and failed with Christian or romantic subjects; his *Âge d'Airain*, *Le Baiser*, and all his classic modes are full of the exquisite perfection of Greek or Latin poetry; his *Balzac*, *Burghers of Calais*, and his *Grand Penseur* are no more attractive than the novels of Zola. Rodin is hardly dead and his place is already taken by Bourdelle, who promises to be greater still. Bourdelle comes from Montauban, in the south of France, and his grandfather was a goat-herd; his father was a wood-carver in a very modest way, and he himself has had a fierce struggle to avoid starvation. When he first came to Paris he made his living by doing drawings of peasants and pastel portraits; his success was considerable, but his passion was for monumental art, so when he had made enough to live on he gave up this branch



BUST OF M^{LE}. ZETLIN
BY ÉMILE BOURDELLE

of the arts and became a *praticien* in Rodin's studio. Rodin had the highest opinion of his ability, and would, no doubt, have liked to keep Bourdelle permanently with him, but once again Bourdelle was able to renounce easy successes, and devote himself to that form of art which alone attracted him; he was nearer fifty than forty before any substantial success came to him. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

I first saw some of his work at the Salon of 1918, when I was visiting Paris during a few days' leave from the front; it was a very empty Salon, and his bust of *Ingres* immediately caught my eye. It is a magnificent work, and I thought it finer than all the busts of Rodin that I had ever seen; portraits of all kinds must be dramatic, and this *Ingres* has a fierce vitality that will appeal to future generations *per sæcula sæculorum*. I then went to see his sculptures in relief at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées; they have great decorative merits, but I thought then, and think still, that some of the heads of the figures are too deliberately archaic. The primitive Italians, both in sculpture and painting, are

far more archaic than the Greeks of the Periclean age, but in those days there was no quick travelling and no photography, and it is certain that Cimabue did not know of the existence of the Goddess of Victory doing up her sandal. In modern times our art has been saturated with excessive realism, and now those who think at all see the absolute need for some sort of canon, but the canon adopted by Bourdelle is a little too obvious; this applies only to his heads. The limbs of the figures are perfect, and for all their great simplicity they are superbly constructed. He never becomes barbaric, sensational, and eccentric like Mestrovitch. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Last year, soon after my demobilization, I got an introduction to Bourdelle, and spent three delightful hours with him in his studios; he has a delicious southern accent, and his conversation is extremely racy. I was astonished at the excellence of his *Hercules with the Bow*; the body is absolutely perfect in vigour, grace, and vitality; but again I find the head too deliberately archaic. The model who inspired him was a great athlete, killed, like so many



"HERCULES WITH THE BOW"
BY ÉMILE BOURDELLE



"PETIT GÉNIE AU MASQUE"
(THÉÂTRE DES CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES,
PARIS). BY ÉMILE BOURDELLE

others, in the war. His *Bacchante* is full of grace and Latin charm but, unlike most of his works, it is a little over-realistic; the *Épopée Polonaise* is full of dramatic beauty, but is too formal. From these works it is evident that Bourdelle has not yet arrived at the perfect balance between realism and decorative simplification; the tug of war is still going on, and out of the sweat of this struggle, from time to time, there appear masterpieces of great beauty.

In his native town of Montauban he has done a work in memory of those who fell in 1870-71; of this work Rodin has written the following criticism: "Here we have an epic, one of the finest efforts of modern sculpture. It is remarkable how much grandeur and unity this monument has, owing to the wise distribution of the main essential masses. It is the exclusion of all the ordinary methods common to modern academic works, and the freshness and

spontaneity of hand and eye that makes this monument of Bourdelle's like a work of a great period. Hence it is not unnatural that Bourdelle has offended all those who, as a result of modern education, win easy successes by pandering to modern taste. On the other hand, Bourdelle really has regenerated modern sculpture in so far as it is possible for one man to do so."

Bourdelle, unlike so many of our artists, has not lived outside and apart from this; he has felt passion, horror, the sacrifice and the glory of it all; he is still in the full vigour of manhood, and he has already behind him years and years of experience of monumental art. It is certain, therefore, that France will employ him on some war memorial, and that he will produce something finer than all the fine things he has done in the past.

NEVILLE LYTTON



"LA MUSE ET PEGASE"
BY ÉMILE BOURDELLE

MR. E. S. LUMSDEN'S INDIAN STUDIES IN OILS. BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.

IT is as an etcher that Mr. E. S. Lumsden has made his reputation, and a distinguished reputation at that; indeed, his latest Indian plates have placed him in the front rank of contemporary etchers. But to be a first-rate etcher argues a temperament essentially artistic, with a vision distinctively personal, and that needs expression at more than one outlet. The authentic charm of Mr. Lumsden's etching is equalled by his happy freedom with oil-paint for the spontaneous record of his colour-impressions, and as both painter and etcher he finds himself most strongly moved by the appeal of the Far East. India holds for him a perennial fascination, his temperament and vision responding with extraordinary artistic sensitiveness to the pictorial inspiration of its light and atmosphere, its native people and buildings, and its pervading mystery; while these seem to him most alluring, most inspiring, in the desert cities of Rajputana and the Sacred City of Benares, with its Holy River. China he had visited, and Japan and Korea, before he found his artistic Mecca in these wonderful cities of India, and back to them he had gone more than once, as he hopes to go yet again and again, to paint

and etch the infinite beauties he discovers there.

When the Great War broke out Mr. Lumsden was at home, not long returned from the East, and a fresh set of his Indian etchings had just been published. Rejected as unfit for military service, and debarred by the exigencies of the situation from sketching out-of-doors, he felt that nothing was left to him but an immediate return to India to work out his artistic salvation. There he made his way to the wild, high, mountainous regions of Ladakh, bordering on Tibet, and there, among the ancient Lama monasteries, "mystic, wonderful," built in seemingly inaccessible places, he made a series of masterly drawings of extraordinary interest. These rock-perched monasteries of Ladakh have been described by at least one traveller, but never before pictured, so Mr. Lumsden's drawings form a record surely unique. Benares and Jodhpur were calling him back to pictorial devotion when the war exacted from him a long period of artistic abstinence as a commissioned officer in the Indian Army Reserve, denied active service on account of health, but condemned to the dreary routine of the Cable Censor's office in Calcutta.

In the numerous small oil-studies that he has made during his visits to Benares and Jodhpur, actual impressions recorded



"THE WELL-HEAD"
BY E. S. LUMSDEN, R.E.

rapidly on the spot, and intended for the most part as studies for large pictures, such as he has been in the habit of exhibiting, Mr. Lumsden reveals the true painter's eye with the artist's spirit. In these studies, five typical examples of which are here reproduced, while a representative selection is now on exhibition in the galleries of Messrs. Taylor and Brown in Edinburgh, we have the sense of the East interpreted with an intuitive sincerity of vision and an artistry of exquisite delicacy and sensibility. Here are no busy touring artist's clever sketches, no deliberately composed oriental subjects done to make a "one-man show."

These studies represent the *con amore* expression of a temperament drawn by sheer sympathy and understanding into intimate artistic communion with aspects of native Indian life which, while of daily occurrence and immemorial tradition, are, to the vision and feeling of the artist to whom always "East is East," penetrated ever with a beauty of mystery. And it is this beauty of

every-day Indian mystery that Mr. Lumsden's impressions convey to us. Not one of them but was prompted by a genuine artistic emotion experienced through the colour and character of the actual scene; and, with no laboured brushwork but with a happy impromptu of translucent painting, the shapes of the tones are made to take this pictorial life and significance, while the transparency of the atmosphere is shown softly harmonizing the colours in their characteristic and pictorial distinction. Design seems to happen inevitably. Look at *Jodhpur—the Chauk*, for instance, reproduced here in colours. This represents a typical market scene, such as one can see now, I believe, only in the desert cities of Rajputana, where Western influences are still much to seek, and the camels "bring the deserts in." Here is colour in plenty, but with what charm of artistic truth it is all disposed and harmonized. Not a tone obtrudes, but how valuable is that dark bull in the foreground on the left, and how



TURNER, J.M.W. 'THE CHALK STUDY'
IN OILS BY F. S. L. TURNER, N. R. T.



"TWILIGHT - BENARES"
BY E. S. LUMSDEN, R.E.

subtly that single note of brilliant green keys up the whole picture. *Jodhpur* is a typical street scene, with the characteristic figures of the natives—some of them women poising water-jars upon their heads—as they pass along or converse in groups; it is full of brilliant colour—reds and yellows dominating—glowing in the sunlight against the white buildings under a blue sky. This was a study for Mr. Lumsden's large picture exhibited last year at the Royal Scottish Academy, and subsequently at Liverpool. *The Well-head* is another *Jodhpur* scene, but the time is evening, and in the delicate desert atmosphere, with its grey and silvery tones enveloping the high-pitched colour of the costumes—yellow, pink, and deep red—and the dark skins of the natives, the tender leafage of the sacred peepal-tree, and the pale glimpses of sky through the balcony, we have a nocturne effect of peculiar beauty. A night-piece, too, but with a difference, is *Twilight—Benares*, one of a remarkable series of

studies that Mr. Lumsden made in that enthralling city. Here the painter has realized a moister atmosphere, and a local colour warmer and heavier, with the infinite enchantment of the wonderful quiet river. The people go down to the holy Ganges in the evenings, and on the steps generally sermons attract listeners till after dark, so that the artist looks down on crowds showing picturesquely against the water. The booths are lighted up and, as this is probably one of the frequent festival days, the sellers of sweets, fans, and toys are doubtless chatteringly busy; but what Mr. Lumsden, with the exquisite subtlety of his art, has conveyed in this pictorial harmony of blues, yellows, and greys, is an impression of mysterious tranquillity. In the morning sunlight of *Above the River—the Seat of the Priests*, an every-day scene of the bathing shelters looked at from above, the brown, orange, and red tones of the costumes, the golden hue of the awnings, the white of the walls and the blue of the



"JODHPUR." STUDY FOR
THE LARGER PICTURE
BY E. S. LUMSDEN, R.E.



"ABOVE THE RIVER—THE
SEAT OF THE PRIESTS"
BY E. S. LUMSDEN, R.E.



"THE LOVER OF FLOWERS—SELF
PORTRAIT" (1909). WATER-
COLOUR BY CARL LARSSON
(In the collection of Carl Piltz, Esq.)

river, make a feast of harmonious colour. Under the umbrellas and awnings the Brahmin priests are sitting, as they do, year in, year out, and as their sons will do after them, while they direct the pilgrims and others, and place the caste-marks on the foreheads after the bathing ceremony, during which they have taken care of the bathers' clothes, receiving for these services a small remuneration in coin, rice, or grain. Such scenes as these offer an endless variety of pictorial motives to an artist of Mr. Lumsden's sensibility, with his temperamental interest in the mystery of the Holy River's spell for the Hindus at their daily *pooja*. ▀

CARL LARSSON. BY KARL
WÄHLIN. ▀ ▀ ▀ ▀

WHEN, at the age of sixty-five, Carl Larsson passed away on January 22, 1919, he left a nation mourning for him; young and old, among all sorts and conditions of men, felt the loss in a way unprecedented at the death of a Swedish artist. Truly, in any country it must be a thing of rare occurrence for an artist, while still alive, thus to win for himself his fellow-countrymen's hearts and minds as did this painter, this man of a child's happy and gentle soul, whose family, home, and



"THE ARTIST'S MOTHER" (1893)
WATER-COLOUR BY CARL LARSSON
National Museum, Stockholm

surroundings in the small village of Sundborn, in Dalecarlia, thanks to his intimate art, are well known to every one in Sweden.

A popularity of this exceptional kind must needs imply a highly developed talent, but is in no wise due to that alone. Still less has it come through Larsson's courting the public, by adapting his art to their taste. Whatever he did, it was, indeed, for his own pleasure that he did it. But his pleasure was so intense and his power of communication so impulsive that the spectator, without effort and without pondering, found in the works of his art exactly that which the artist had desired to

give. And more than that: he found what he himself, in most cases, secretly longed for, the joyous aspect of life, inspired at the same time by humour and reverence, summed up in a smile of bliss and gratitude for everything that life had bestowed on the artist. This spontaneous, beautiful smile, now boyish, now manly, it is that saves Larsson from lapsing into mawkish sentimentality, as has happened to so many other depictees of happy family life and the world of children. First and foremost it is the deep-souled freshness and the charming gaiety of his disposition that make Larsson the great artist he is,



"UNDER THE BIG BIRCH-TREE"
WATER-COLOUR BY CARL LARSSON
National Museum, Stockholm



"KARIN ARRANGING THE LINEN"
WATER-COLOUR BY CARL LARSSON

In the collection of Helsingfors Lantbruk, 1-54



"THE ARTIST'S HOUSE IN FALUN" (1911)
BY CARL LARSSON
(In the collection of Carl Piltz, Esq., Stockholm)

perhaps never more so than within his own home and in the presence of the happenings there. It is his smiling and kindly way of looking at home and everyday life that has come to us heavy and melancholy Swedes as a blessed message of joy, and that has created a quite unparalleled understanding between the artist and all his Swedish public. To him may well be applied what was once said about old Gustavus Wasa: he was with the Kingdom, and the Kingdom with him well satisfied.

Two entirely different kinds of danger threatened Larsson's artistic career from the very outset. One was his dire poverty, which, even late in the days of his opulence, he could not speak about without shuddering, and which nearly caused him to break down in misery and despair. The other was the means of livelihood that was offered to him in book-illustrating, in which no artistic quality was demanded, and that

led him into a mannerism from which he could only gradually free himself through the most earnest work. His deep consciousness of his artistic calling and the energy of his character rescued him from these dangers of his years of study. After a few years of extravagant, artistic fancies, without a sufficient substratum of reality, he eventually emerged as the finished, highly cultivated artist in his exquisite water-colours from Grèz in France, where, during some years in the eighties, a Swedish colony of painters had settled. It was in Grèz that he won his noble wife and companion in all the vicissitudes of life, Karin Bergöö, who, thanks to the brush of Carl Larsson, will, for many generations to come, stand as the archetype of the Swedish wife, mother, and mistress of the house. We read his praise of her in his paintings just as in the Proverbs we find a word-picture of the good and diligent wife, the keeper and guardian angel of her household.



"IN MOTHER'S BED" (1908)
 WATER-COLOUR BY CARL LARSSON
 (In the collection of Carl Piltz, Esq.,
 Stockholm)

However, Larsson had far too rich a gift of imagination and too versatile a technical training to stick to water-colours, in spite of the success he had won with them. He wished for bigger tasks and he found them — thanks to Pontus Fürstenberg, the Gothenburg merchant, who became the supporter of our struggling young artists at a period when they had a very bad character with the official keepers of art in Stockholm. For his art gallery Larsson painted three large decorative canvases, *Renaissance*, *Rococo*, and *Modern Art*, enclosing them in a framework of figures modelled and cut in wood by his own hand. This was his only achievement in the sphere of sculpture, but it shows his knowledge and artistic command of the human form in the very best light. At the bidding of that same Mæcenas he was entrusted with the decorating of the staircase in a girls' school. In a series of pictures he there painted the Swedish woman in different periods of our history, from the woman of the stone age up to Fredrika

Bremer, the champion of women's emancipation in the nineteenth century. ■ ■ ■

In 1891, Larsson moved to Stockholm, where an important task within the scope of monumental art attracted him. He had successfully taken part in a couple of competitions for carrying out frescoes in the National Museum, and after having been chosen for the task in question, he accomplished it according to his own planning and after his own fashion in such a way as to make this great work the centre of all his enormously rich production. Here Ehrenstrahl, the Hamburg painter who became "the father of the Swedish art of painting," is seen occupied in portraying Charles XI; here stands the great architect Nicodemus Tessin the younger, on the scaffolding of the castle of Stockholm, his life-work; here the French painter Taraval teaches the first generation of Swedish art students in his life class; here is Lovisa Ulrica, the clever and literary sister of Frederick the Great, eagerly looking at the French engravings shown her by the



"THE STUDY CORNER"

BY CARL LARSSON

(In the collection of Carl
Piltz, Esq., Stockholm)

art collector and diplomatist, Carl Gustaf Tessin, just back from Paris, while geniï floating in the air above her head bear Boucher's *The Triumph of Galathea*, the costliest treasure of the Tessin collections; here King Gustavus III, with a theatrical gesture of admiration and homage, receives at the palace of Stockholm those antique marbles that he had brought home from his Italian journey; here, finally, Sergel chisels his *Amor and Psyche*, while his friend the poet Bellman sings a pastoral to his lute. All this is given in a style equally firm and simple; and as a manifestation of strongly personal, richly expressive art, it takes a prominent place among all the monumental painting which, during the latter half of the nineteenth century, was brought to light in Europe. The new buildings for the Opera and the Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm also

secured large decorative paintings from his hand. Here he entered upon those technically difficult problems which are raised by the painting of ceilings, and he solved them adroitly and brilliantly. ♣ ♣

When Larsson had lived in Stockholm for ten years he had had enough of the capital, where his amiable and convivial personality was sought after in a way that cut too much into his working hours. He moved to the simple little cottage in the village of Sundborn, that for the rest of his life became the subject of his untiring care and thus was transformed into the ideal Swedish homestead that kindly and invitingly beams towards us from innumerable water-colours of his hand. These, however, have very little in common with the soft and subtle paintings in water-colour of the French epoch. Larsson had learnt to rely more and more on the *line* as



THE
NYE
DINO

"SUZANNE AT THE PIANO" FROM THE
"WATER-COLOUR" BY CARL LARSSON.
IN THE COLLECTION OF THE MUSEUM IN 1907.

THE DRAWINGS OF JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE



"LITTLE ANNA." WATER-COLOUR BY CARL LARSSON
(In the collection of Carl Piltz, Esq.)

his proper means of expressing himself, and from the large wall-spaces he transferred his solid structure of lines to the painted family chronicle of which these illustrations show a few examples. Here we see the artist himself in his big studio dressed for winter sport; the old mother who has found a haven of refuge in her son's home after a life spent in labour and want; the busy housewife by her linen-press occupied with mending; one of the boys seated in a corner of the study; the dinner-table under the birches on a fine summer's day—and other glimpses of the shifting life surrounding Carl Larsson, a life that was his joy and delight and that was praised by him in his art to the very end of his days. KARL WÄHLIN.

THE DRAWINGS OF JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE. BY JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

THE famous Russian *choréographe*, Massine, was recently reported to have been asked by an interviewer why he produced so many ballets of a grotesque character. He is said to have replied that he found himself unable to express the modern world without being grotesque; that grotesqueness is the very essence of modernity. "Look at the chief figures of to-day," he went on. "Take the Kaiser and Charlie Chaplin. Both are grotesque." The reader, if he is in a thoughtful mood, must admit that there is much truth in

THE DRAWINGS OF JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE



"JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE"
WATER-COLOUR BY
EDMUND DULAC

M. Massine's remark, which might, indeed, have been carried much farther. Take, for instance, the whole subject of the Great War—was it not grotesque, this spectacle of millions of lives lost, endless talent wasted, boundless resources exhausted, to put a stop to the mad whims of a few autocratic rulers? How can the war be rendered, as a subject for art, if not in the spirit of Goya, who has given us some of the most convincing pictures of war ever done, and who himself was a great artist of the grotesque? ■ ■ ■

And yet, among modern artists, very few have ventured to make use of the practically inexhaustible resources of cari-

cature, of grotesque invention; despite the fact that this particular branch of art has attracted, at various times, many of the great masters, for example, Giotto, Leonardo da Vinci, Dürer, Holbein, Breughel, Callot, Hokusai, and others. The reason why the grotesque is unpopular is that most artists of to-day are content to draw and paint according to some too readily accepted formula, whether they call themselves Royal Academicians or Members of the New English Art Club; whether they rank as Impressionists, Cubists, Futurists, Vorticists, or any other kind of *ists*, they are easily classifiable by their adherence to one manner. In short, they

THE DRAWINGS OF JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE



"THE TWO SHIPS." BY JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE
(From the Russian edition of his collected works
published by L. A. Stolyar, Moscow, 1940)

draw and paint as they were taught, but wholly without imagination. ♦ ♦

Jean de Bosschère is not one of those who draw and paint without imagination. His drawing, like his writing, is merely another means of expressing what he has to say about the world. He uses the art of draughtsmanship along with the art of literature, to provide an imaginative commentary on men and affairs. Sometimes the story that he illustrates is not of his own invention, but is drawn from that inexhaustible mine of homely wisdom known as folklore, or is provided for him by some masterpiece of the world's litera-

ture. But always it is a story with which he is in sympathy, and always his illustration of it is in the nature of a running commentary upon it from his own peculiar angle of vision. And Jean de Bosschère's peculiar angle of vision is, if you will, grotesque, even satiric. ♦ ♦ ♦

This last statement must not be taken to indicate that Bosschère displayed, from the beginning, the same mature tendency to satire which fills the pages of "Christmas Tales of Flanders," "Beasts and Men," and "The Closed Door."* From

* "The Closed Door." Poems and illustrations by Jean de Bosschère. (John Lane.)

THE DRAWINGS OF JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE



"THE BIRDS WORE HATS AND SPURS," BY JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE
[(From "The City Curious")]

the fragile lyrical Beardsleyism of "Beâle-Gryne" (1908) to these recent works, there is to be recorded a perpetual advance, a constant development. In this connexion it is worth while quoting a passage from his own essay on Design :

"Colour has a logic separable from the appearance; design, on the contrary, is tightly bound by links that attach it to the object. This does not in any way prohibit the search for new expression, which is the goal of both artist, poet, and prose-writer. In the general evolution of art, as in the development of the single individual, the sole serious struggle is this perpetual attempt to recreate. Assyrianism, Hellenism, Byzantinism, the Renaissance, Rococo, Romanticism, Realism in its various branches, Impressionism, the school of Tolstoy, of Ruskin, or of the Pre-Raphaelites, Idealism, Symbolism, are links to which others will always be attached. To place oneself deliberately

under any of these banners is to shut out the future, to leave to one side the evolutionary scale of art and of race" (1905). ▀

This remark is worth pondering over by those who are eager to acclaim each new *ism* in art as the final goal of perfection. Here is an artist who refuses to be bound by the formulæ either of yesterday or of to-day. Any artist who is bound by these is either ignorant of the development of art or incapable of making use of all its resources. Bosschère is neither. ▀

In his earliest books he reveals the sole artistic aim to which he has been faithful : to be a master of illustrative design, and above all of design in black and white. In the essay already quoted from he attempts to prove that black-and-white design is the only possible form of modern illustration. Colour illustration, he declares, demands that the pages of text should be equally framed in colour; a rule which the mediæval illuminators



"THE BIRD AND THE CARDBOARD DOLL." BY JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE
(From "The City Curious")

perfectly understood and followed. The only form of illustrated book, he declares, is that in which the text and the illustrations form a complete whole, one being complementary to the other; and this can only be achieved by the use of line-blocks or woodcuts. To these aims, as set forth in his essay, he has been faithful; and the concessions to popular taste in the matter of colour illustration, which he has made in some of his recent books, only prove how great an artistic self-sacrifice he has imposed upon himself in order to keep each of his books a single and separate unity. ♣ ♣

His artistic history begins, as I have stated, with "Beåle-Gryne" and "Dolorine et les Ombres." In the illustrations to these two books he is still a follower of the black-and-white tradition founded by Beardsley. But these illustrations reveal a technique which, though founded upon Beardsley, displays a more delicate, morbid beauty, a more classic, I might say Gallic, grace. The strain of coarse Anglo-

Saxonism that pervades much of Beardsley's later work is replaced by a frail melancholy symbolism, somewhat akin to the better work of Khnopff. If there is one Beardsley drawing more than any other which these early works recall, it is the picture illustrating Chopin, showing a lady on a prancing horse; the one experiment, be it remembered, of Beardsley with colour.* And it is precisely in this direction of the union of black and white with harmonious colour that Bosschère's technique has developed from "Beåle-Gryne" and Beardsley. ♣ ♣

It would exhaust too much space, and would be interesting only to a limited number of readers, to follow the successive stages in this development, through "Métiers divins" and "Twelve Occupations," to its final solution in "The Closed Door," "Beasts and Men," and "The City Curious."†

* Reproduced in *THE STUDIO*, May 1898.†

† "The City Curious." Written and illustrated by Jean de Bosschère. (In preparation, Heinemann.)

THE DRAWINGS OF JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE

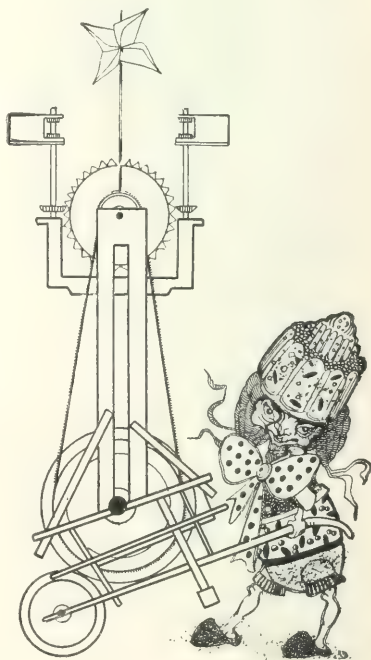
Suffice it to say that at some time or another Bosschère hit upon the idea that line and colour are really one and the same. It matters not whether a line be a black line or a grey line, thick or thin, or brown or red or green, so long as it is a line. This method of using calligraphic design to express both form and colour is almost unknown outside the work of the great Chinese and Japanese masters; and Jean de Bosschère, working perhaps from the slight hint dropped by Beardsley, was the first artist in Western Europe, so far as I know, to make deliberate use of it. ▀ ▀

Take, for example, such an illustration as *His Memories are gathered together in Six Notebooks* from "The Closed Door." At first sight it may appear to be simply a man of remarkable beetle-like appearance walking along a road. But taken as a series of lines and spots of black and white, it shows a skill in gradation of tone and spacing of mass not inferior, I think, to the work of the finest Chinese masters. Kept in the bounds of the most conventional calligraphy, it yet perfectly renders an idea, the spirit, if you will, of a man in perpetual movement. ▀ ▀ ▀

In "Christmas Tales of Flanders" and in "Beasts and Men" there are certain illustrations which are printed on the same paper as the text, and which are yet colour illustrations, as they are composed of black, white, and a pale wash of red-brown. These illustrations, which are all of full-page dimensions, not only convey to our eyes a richer decorative feeling than the simple black and white, but they also afford a valuable link between the small black-and-white cuts and the full colour-blocks, which the artist, for once relaxing his austere self-denial, has permitted himself to make use of in these volumes. ▀

And, indeed, it is fortunate that Jean de Bosschère has produced these two books, for without them we would never have known what rich gifts, what a bewildering range and variety of artistic effect, he was capable of achieving. To children of all ages between six and seventy, it must be these same colour illustrations that attract them most to "Christmas Tales" and "Beasts and Men." Here the artist gives us a picture recalling the Flanders plain and Breughel's scenes of snow and hunting,

such as *The Rich Woman and the Poor Woman on Christmas Eve*, or *The Three Farmers* with its superb fox in the foreground. Again he is pure Persian, as in *The Quarrel* (frontispiece to "Beasts and Men") or in *Birds going to the Races*. Now he transmutes Beardsley into an exquisite colour miniature, as in *The Satyr's Village* or *The Procession*, and now he combines Persia, Flanders, and mediæval illumination into a magnificent whole, as in the case of *Jan and Jannette on the Wonderful Bridge*. But always he has in him the spirit that is Jean de Bosschère. In "The Closed Door" it is a spirit cold, austere, aristocratic, and aloof. In the illustrations to these folk-tales it is at once more human and more openly droll. It is a spirit that is as fine as "Tyl Eulenspiegel"



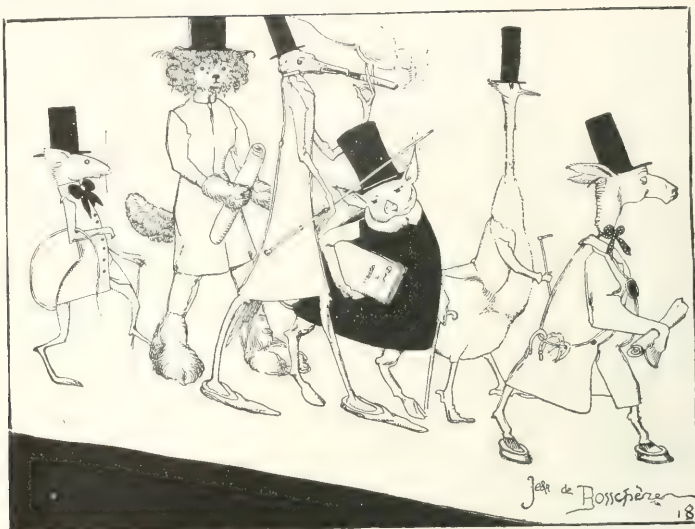
"THE RATTLES ON A WHEELBARROW," BY JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE
(From "The City Curious")



"THE QUARREL." BY
JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE
(From "Beasts and Men")

in its love of the grotesque, its humanity. And its western ancestry is amply proven by such pictures as the *Sea-Monsters and the Fisherman*, which is a wild blend of Hieronymus Bosch, Callot, Breughel, Khnopff, a suggestion almost of Rops, and perhaps the slightest dig at Meunier.

Especially rich in their satiric power are the drawings in "Beasts and Men." Here, on page after page, we are given a series of beasts, or semi-bestial figures, like *Sponsken and the Giant*, who are more human than the people one meets every day in the street. What more pathetic



"THE LION'S COUNSELLORS"
BY JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE
(From "Beasts and Men")

picture could there be than *They walked in Silence*, which represents only a goat, a hare, and a fox? What greater satire on official pomposity could there be than *The Lion's Counsellors*, a procession of frock-coated, top-hatted figures, consisting of one or two queer birds, a bored-looking pig, a lion, a donkey, and a mouse? And what finally could be both more laughable and more pathetic than the unforgettable *Chicken's Funeral*, with its pall, its candles, and its veiled mourners shedding huge tears. All of these qualities, as well as others, are brought out in the ferocious pictures illustrating "The Battle of the Birds and Beasts," which I am almost tempted to say are the best war pictures ever done, and in the "Trial of Reynard the Fox," where every individual in the audience is a separate study of some trait only too common to our miserable humanity. Only the satire is somehow veiled by being presented to us in animal guise, and we are able to swallow it more comfortably, unaware of how Jean de Bosschère is watching and mocking us.

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STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—Our frontispiece this month is a reproduction of an interesting still-life study by Miss A. K. Browning which figured in the exhibition of the Society of Women Artists a year ago. In the fresh, vigorous painting of the flowers especially this work forms a contrast to the general run of flower-pieces, which often suffer from a dullness out of keeping with the subject-matter.

The Society just mentioned is holding its next exhibition at the R.B.A. Galleries, in Suffolk Street, from February 23 till March 20.

At a meeting of the Council of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers last month Sir Aston Webb, P.R.A., Mr. Campbell Dodgson, and M. Steinlen were elected Honorary Fellows. Among eight new associates elected at the same time were two who qualified as wood-engravers exclusively, the Society having obtained the sanction of the Privy Council, necessary under its



THE
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"THE BEAR AND THE SOLDIER"
BY JEAN DE BOSSCHERE
ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. BOSSCHERE
A HUSTON, TEXAS



BOOK ILLUSTRATION
BY HENRY THURBURN

charter, to enable these elections to be made. This recognition of wood-engraving marks an important stage in the Society's history, and is especially opportune just now when the wood-block as a vehicle of original expression is coming to the fore.

On these pages we give reproductions of some designs by Captain Thurburn, an artist who evinces a decided feeling for decoration expressed in a manner that is by no means commonplace. Colour treatment is also a strong point in many of his designs, and in this respect again he exhibits considerable originality. ■ ■

The New English Art Club has of late been hard pressed to find quarters for its exhibitions, but for the present year at all events it has been fortunate enough to secure the Old Water-Colour Society's large well-lighted gallery in Pall Mall East, where its sixty-first exhibition has just been held and the sixty-second will be held during the coming summer. Excellent as it is, however, this gallery is less suited to the displays of the Club than to the far more homogeneous shows of its host and the Painter-Etchers. ■ ■

This was especially evident in the recent



DECORATIVE PANEL
BY HENRY THURBURN

exhibition, in which most of the space was monopolized by the paintings, while the drawings and prints, always an interesting feature of these shows, were relegated to one end of the room. Prominent among the paintings were two religious subjects by two young recruits, Gilbert and Stanley

Spencer—one *The Sacrifice of Zacharias* by the former, and the other *The Crucifixion* by the latter, whose unconventional treatment of this solemn theme savoured too much of an affected archaism to excite any profound emotion. Apart, however, from these and other examples of up-to-date modernism, the exhibition contained abundance of good work by longer-standing supporters of the Club, which made the display interesting, such as the landscapes of Mr. C. J. Holmes, Mr. Lucien Pissarro, Mr. Collins Baker, Prof. Fred Brown, and Mr. Elliott Seabrooke; the *Iris* of Mr. Augustus John, also represented by two characteristic drawings; Mr. Maresco Pearce's animated *Cattle Market, Kingston*, Mr. F. H. S. Shepherd's *La Poveretta*, and Mrs. Raverat's *Pièta*, to which should certainly be added a clever study of a group of seated figures, called *Lunch*, by Miss Therese Lessore; and among the drawings Mr. Gaskin's *Gipsies*, Mr. Francis Unwin's *Stirling*, the wood-block prints of Mr. Ludovic Rodo and Mr. Noel Rooke, the etched portrait of *Ans. Williams*, *New Englander*, by Bradford Perin, and the etchings of Mr. Job Nixon, Mr. George Soper, and Mr. W. P. Robins. ♠

Members of the St. Martin's Sketch Club at one of their recent monthly meetings had the benefit of a "straight talk" from Mr. George Clausen, R.A. Criticizing their work as being weak in design and stronger on the imitative side, he pointed to the difficulty of design, and especially design in the sense of putting a number of figures together. "The Life school," he told them, "is absolutely different from life itself; everything there is nicely coddled up. . . . Models are never properly alive. . . . As they sit they are only wondering when their job will be over. You can see them in all the exhibitions—thousands of them—and you can tell them all." He counselled students to cultivate the faculty of observation, and especially commended the mnemonic methods of Lecoq de Boisbaudran, who trained his pupils to look at a thing and afterwards draw it from memory. And the list of men who were his pupils is, as Mr. Clausen remarked, practically a list of all the most brilliant men in French art during the last fifty years. ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠

Addressing the students of the St. John's Wood Art Schools at the prize distribution in December, Professor Selwyn Image said that the distinction drawn between Art and Fine Art was fallacious and harmful. "For many a long year," he said, "I have been doing my poor best to cry out against it, and on more than one occasion did so plainly at Oxford, although the Chair I had the honour of holding was officially called the Chair of Fine Art." He ventured a definition of Art that would perhaps cover every aspect of the subject, and embrace music, literature, dancing, poetry, and the drama, as well as so-called Fine Art and Applied Art. "Art," according to this definition, "is human thought and emotion, imaginatively expressed through sensuous appeal." In paying a tribute to the work of the St. John's Wood Schools he applauded the efforts of the principal to extend the scope of training so as to fit the students to follow, if need be, any applied art. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

We referred recently to the opening of galleries in parts of London at a distance from the centre traditionally associated with art. The latest enterprise in this direction is that which was inaugurated at the close of last year by the Chelsea Book Club at 65 Cheyne Walk, close by Chelsea's famous old church overlooking the river. The chief purpose of the Club is to sell English and foreign literature, and to afford facilities to members for the perusal of Continental periodicals; but art also figures in its programme of operations, and already it has had an exhibition of pictures and drawings by modern French artists—Derain, Picasso, Signac, Seurat, and others—and of Eric Gill's woodcuts. The principal item in the French collection was a characteristic portrait of a woman by Cézanne, whose work is rarely seen in London, though many of our young artists profess to follow his precepts. There was also a drawing by Degas, *Femme à la baignoire*, but it was not a very important example. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

PHILADELPHIA.—The annual show of water-colours, pastels, black-and-whites, and miniatures was recently held at the Pennsylvania Academy. The modern influence was very much to the fore in the



DECORATIVE PANEL
BY HENRY THURNBURN

water-colour collection, particularly in a group of works by Mr. Alexander Robinson, treating of glimpses of life in Bagdad, Damascus, and Persia, mosaics of the sumptuous colour of the Orient, highly decorative and expressive of artistic emotion aroused by such scenes. One remarkably



"MIGRATIVE COOT." WATER-COLOUR BY FRANK W. BENSON

fine example was a design in rose and gold, *Daughter of the Kaliph*. Miss Mary Cassatt sent three charming pastels, and a group by Mr. Childe Hassam, styled by him "The Rockport Quarry Series," vibrating with light and harmonious in colour, may be described as the last word in modern art. Pure aquarelle was the medium of a group of impressionistic sketches of Californian beach scenes and Spanish Missions by Miss Alice Schille, and excellent gouache drawings were shown by Miss Jane Peterson, Miss Felicie Waldo Howell, Miss Catherine Wharton Morris, and Mr. Wilmot E. Heitland. Mr. Roy Brown's water-colour, *Grey Fronts*, an atmospheric symphony, was awarded the "Isidor Prize" at the Salmagundi Club's show. There was a very good little view of *Old New York* by Mr. William Jean Beauley, deserving of a better place on the walls, and a group of

admirable water-colours of the California coast by Mr. Paul Dougherty. The water-colour drawings of American birds, made for reproduction by Mr. Carroll Tyson, jun., are works of art as well as accurate studies in ornithology. Dr. M. W. Zimmerman showed a group of works strongly suggestive of Japanese influence. ♡ ♡

Works in black and white occupied a great deal of space in the exhibition, and quite justly, for they were representative of the best in American illustration. There was a fine group of lithographs by Mr. Joseph Pennell, authorized by the Government Railway Direction, of scenes along some of our great lines of communication. Mr. Thornton Oakley exhibited an equally good group of lithographs of shipbuilding activities at Hog Island, near Philadelphia; Mr. F. Walter Taylor some effective crayon drawings of docks and shipping, and Mr.

Frank W. Benson a group of realistic motion studies of water-fowl. Nothing, however, in the show was quite as effective as a group of ten etchings and lithographs, views in Cambrai, Ypres, Dixmude, and other places in the war zone, the work of Mr. Frank Brangwyn. Studies for mural decorations, one of them for the State Capitol of Pennsylvania, were exhibited by Miss Violet Oakley, and Miss Edith Emerson showed a study in colour for the Roosevelt Memorial Window in Keneseth Israel Temple.

The display of miniatures seemed to be rather more numerous than at the last show, but it could not be said to be better. Among the 112 little portraits, that of *Elizabeth Rutter*, by Miss Laura Coombs Hills, was undoubtedly the chief. E. C.

PARIS.—Of all the applied arts, that of the worker in the precious metals—and pre-eminently that of the silversmith has perhaps shown the greatest resistance to the action of the modern spirit—has



BOTTLE-STAND
BY GEORG JENSEN

most successfully evaded the influence of the new ideas which for thirty years past have modified so intimately the aspect of our social life. The manufacture of glass-ware, pottery and porcelain, and textiles, the leather, paper, metal, and other industries, have brought forth day by day, and in great variety and number, productions which bear the impress of the epoch in which we live, but when we come to the art of the goldsmith and silversmith, whether in England, France, Italy, Belgium, or elsewhere, the list of new creations to which this art has given birth is soon exhausted.

It is for this reason that one cannot attach enough importance to the admirable efforts made by that excellent Danish artist, Georg Jensen, to stimulate in this branch of decorative art, which in times gone by was so fecund and rich in bloom of perfect beauty, a fresh flow of sap. Indeed, I am not aware of any one who, at this moment, might be compared with him—no one who in regard either to form or to technique has perhaps achieved results so thorough, so harmonious, and so original, in the best sense of the word, as those which M. Jensen has arrived at.

In the first place, as regards form, the preconceptions which he adopts are never of a linear or graphic order—never those of the draughtsman or designer who is content to conceive in an abstract way, if one may so say, a work of applied art, without taking thought of the possibilities of carrying out his ideas. M. Jensen knows thoroughly all the resources of his *métier*;



KETTLE AND SPIRIT-STOVE
BY GEORG JENSEN

REVIEWS

he is himself a practical craftsman to whom long experience has brought complete mastery of the material in which he works ; he decides on such and such forms only because he knows that they suitably correspond to the conditions and limitations of this material, and it is because he is ever ready to submit to these conditions and limitations that his works always communicate such a strong impression of rationality and harmony. ♪ ♪ ♪

And his forms are always simple and clear ; he has a horror, one feels, of those linear contortions, those incongruous, intricate shapes which too many people still delight in under the alleged pretext of originality, and which have deprived modern decorative art of a good deal of sympathy. M. Jensen has, it is evident, a particular liking for broad, uniform surfaces, and is content to let the hammer effect such nuances and such modifications of shape as shall allow the light to play to advantage, investing them, as it were, with a life of their own. ♪ ♪ ♪

From the technical point of view one can imagine nothing more loyal, more wholesome, more exquisite, than the pieces of metal-work executed by M. Jensen himself, or by the artists associated with him and working in his atelier under his supervision. That, in truth, "leaps to the eyes." There is here nothing suggestive of the impersonal work of the machine, of the cold, monotonous process of stamping ; everything, on the contrary, down to the smallest detail, reveals the labour of the human hand, everything bears the vital impress of the living instrument, so that when passing one's hand over these beautiful surfaces of silver one experiences the same joy that one feels when caressing with the fingers and the palms a fine piece of porcelain. ♪ ♪ ♪

I admire also the way in which M. Jensen disposes of ornament in his compositions—the judgment, the proportion, the perfect taste with which he plans it at the outset, then executes it, and finally assigns it its proper place so as to give it its full value. In his productions ornament nearly always plays a useful part, and consequently justifies itself, forming an integral part of the whole. ♪ ♪ ♪

Such are the merits of this rare artist,
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who is assuredly one of the best and most perfect craftsmen, not of Denmark only, but of Europe. ♪ GABRIEL MOUREY

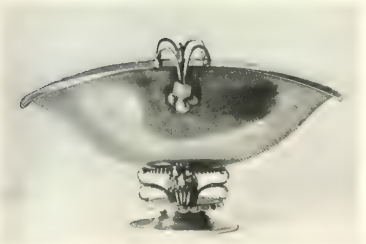
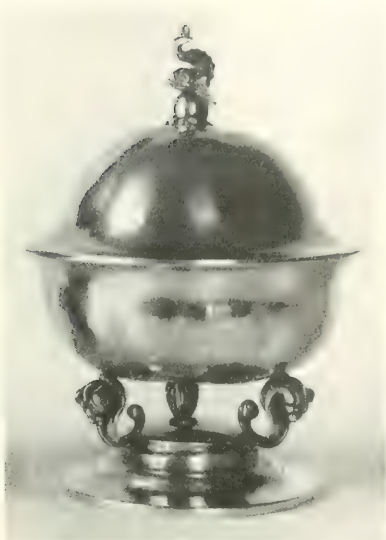
The Cluny Museum has again opened its doors, and further accommodation has been found for displaying the rich collection of textiles and needlework which hitherto has suffered from overcrowding. A new catalogue is in preparation, the existing one being nearly forty years old.

REVIEWS.

Assisi. By SIR WILLIAM B. RICHMOND, K.C.B., R.A. (London : Macmillan and Co.) 42s. net.—In 1868, when Sir William Richmond first set foot in Assisi, for ever associated with the life of St. Francis, the "little city of the soul," scarcely changed in the course of the intervening centuries, was only very rarely visited by foreigners. Ruskin, as he remarks, had not yet been there, nor had any one of note studied the art to which the saint's life gave birth. This first visit was the forerunner of many



COOLING-BOWL
BY GEORG JENSEN



- 1, 2. VEGETABLE DISHES. BY JOHAN ROHDE
- 3, 4. SAUCEBOAT AND BONBONNIERE. BY JOHAN ROHDE
5. SAUCEBOAT. BY GEORG JENSEN

All executed in Georg Jensen's workshops, Copenhagen

REVIEWS

others down to the year 1913, and in these impressions of half a century we learn how great a fascination the Umbrian city and its surroundings have always exercised upon the distinguished Academician, and how profound, too, is his admiration for the primitive masters whose works still testify to the veneration in which St. Francis was held—Giotto, Cimabue, Puccio Capanna, Simone Gaddi, and others. "The Italian primitives were searchers for truth, their modern mimics are snatchers for any falsehood to justify an ephemeral existence. They laboured in tradition, they brought forth through tradition, they grew out of tradition, but each one of them tried to make his work as like nature as he could." Only in one man of a later generation does he find any real affinity with these Italian primitives—his own namesake, William Blake, "the spiritual brother of Giotto and the rest of the great Umbrians and Tuscans." It is interesting to compare Sir William Richmond's impression of the early Italians with that of another distinguished modern artist of a different school—Auguste Renoir, the great French impressionist, who passed away a few weeks ago. "J'ai une passion pour ces maîtres d'aujourd'hui," he told Ambroise Vollard; "j'aime la vie qu'ils menaient dans leur petites villes. Ils ne gagnaient pas d'argent et ne s'en souciaient guère. . . . Ah! ils n'étaient point révolutionnaires, ce qui ne les empêchait pas d'être pleins de génie. Aujourd'hui . . . nous ne savons plus dessiner une main et nous ignorons tout de notre métier" ("La Revue," September 29, 1915). Sir William Richmond's entertaining volume contains numerous illustrations, nearly all of them reproductions of pictures and drawings of interesting places in and around Assisi made by himself, but there is also among them a reproduction in colour of a copy made by Signor Falcinelli of Puccio Capanna's *Deposition from the Cross*, for which students of early Italian art will feel grateful. ■ ■ ■

L'Estampe française : Graveurs et Marchands. Essais par FRANÇOIS COURBOIN. (Bruxelles et Paris : G. van Oest et Cie.)—This excellently printed volume of essays from the pen of the Keeper of the Print Cabinet at the Bibliothèque Nationale, one of a series devoted to art of the eighteenth

century, makes its appearance more than five years after issuing from the press in Brussels, the date on the title page being 1914. It is a very interesting addition to the literature of the graphic arts, and especially so as it contains a compact mass of information, alike instructive and entertaining, which will not be found in any other single work—information concerning noted families of engravers, the system of training in vogue amongst them, the various technical methods they practised, such as line and stipple engraving, etching, mezzotint, wood-engraving, etc., the principles and traditions which they observed and followed, the prices they received for their work, the laws and usages which regulated their relations with the plate printers, the dealers, the powerful booksellers' corporation, the Academy, and the State. The author has drawn largely upon the writings of the engravers themselves for his material, and the illustrations include, besides reproductions of numerous prints, a number of plates showing the implements used in the different species of engraving practised by them. In connexion with the public sales of prints, which became very frequent during the latter half of the century, it is curious to learn that the "knock-out" was practised among dealers more than one hundred and forty years ago. It was called *Révision*, and the business was transacted in a tavern. Appended to the work are classified lists of engravers and merchants, bibliographies, etc., which should prove useful to the collector and student. ■

The Water Babies. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Illustrated by JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH. (London : Hodder and Stoughton.) 20s. net.—In this very attractive edition of what is by common consent regarded as a classic of juvenile literature, we commend especially the clear, bold type used for the text. Publishers generally have in the past not been sufficiently mindful of the importance of legibility, and now that the production of books is much more costly than formerly there may be a temptation to make sacrifices on the score of economy, but such a policy is to be deprecated. The illustrations in this volume comprise twelve plates in colour, and numerous drawings printed in a grey tint with the letterpress, and they are admirably in keeping with the story.

THE STUDIO

THE BIRMINGHAM GROUP:
ARTHUR J. GASKIN AND JOSEPH
SOUTHALL. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

THE development of the Birmingham group of artists has been so linked with the Birmingham School of Art that it is impossible to dissociate them. Southall is the only one of the group who was not directly under the school's influence: but his long friendship with Gaskin brought him into the same circle. ♪ ♪ ♪

It is more than thirty years since the appointment of Mr. Taylor as head master inaugurated a new chapter in the school's history. The result was a break with the traditions of South Kensington, and a degree of initiative which brought the

school into the front rank. Gaskin was the leader of the innovators. First as a brilliant student, then as teacher, then as organizer of the classes which were to develop into the Jewellers' School, of which he is the head: his personality was a dominant factor in the school's progress. ♪ ♪

At this time Birmingham was strongly influenced by the work of its famous townsman, Burne-Jones, who found time to visit the School of Art fairly frequently, and was personally known to the senior students and the staff. He emphasized the teaching of Ruskin and Morris; and it was in such an atmosphere that Gaskin developed. ♪

Alongside his work of teaching, the impulse to create was always active in Gaskin. He won his first considerable recognition



"BURFORD." FROM A PASTEL
BY ARTHUR J. GASKIN

THE BIRMINGHAM GROUP



PORTRAIT. FROM A TINTED DRAW-
ING BY ARTHUR J. GASKIN

by decorative book illustrations. The best of these were twelve designs for the "Shepherd's Calendar," printed at the Kelmscott Press; but Morris's death checked this work at a critical point. He worked hard at oil-painting and reached a standard of skill in colour and design, and revealed a capacity for patient, persevering work, which promised great things. His picture *The Annunciation*, painted in 1898, is a notable achievement. ❖ ❖ ❖

At this point the difficulty arose of finding work well enough paid to promise a secure and reasonable living. There was no living wage for such black-and-white work as the "Shepherd's Calendar" drawings; with Morris's death the demand be-

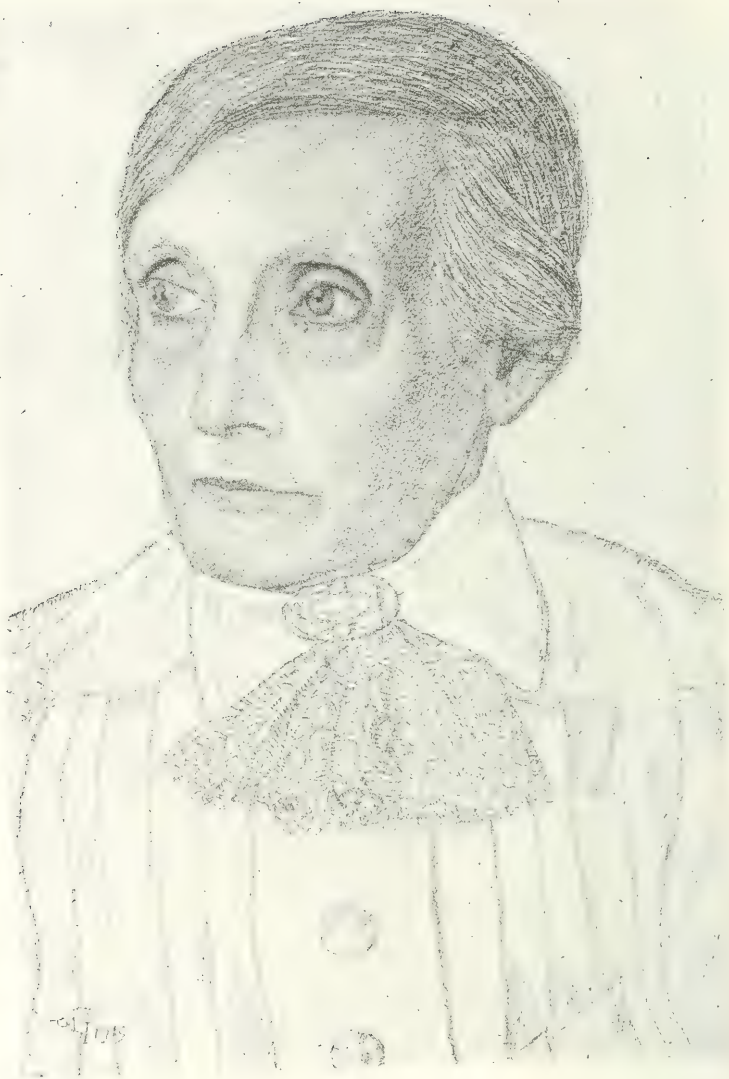
came even more precarious and was almost exclusively for less carefully studied work, done quickly, at a competitive price. Oil-painting on the lines of *The Annunciation* was even more precarious. Such work must be produced slowly, and must command a high price if it is to be the basis of a living; and if one or two such pictures should fail to sell promptly there is trouble. ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

So that when the offer came of the Head Mastership of the fully constituted Jewelers' School, it was accepted, and its work became a first call on Gaskin's energy and enthusiasm, leaving only fairly ample leisure for definitely creative work. ❖

But if this curtailing of production is,



"JANET." TINTED DRAWING
BY ARTHUR J. GASKIN



PORTRAIT. FROM A DRAW-
ING BY ARTHUR J. GASKIN



"THE FOOD QUEUE." WATER-COLOUR BY JOSEPH SOUTHALL

on some grounds, to be regretted, it has had its compensations. Discipline had been submitted to, and considerable mastery secured, and if the later work is somewhat of a relaxation from school routine, it has all the holiday mood of a boy let out of school. It has been done with such zest and freshness that it radiates an atmosphere of youth which is stimulating and fascinating. The portraits reproduced are typical of a large number done in recent years, varied in treatment and mood, and distinguished by a mastery of pure rhythmic line and scholarly draughtsmanship, which is never absent from even his slightest work. They reveal a serenity of mind and an integrity of craftsmanship which have been an entirely wholesome and stimulating influence throughout the school.

If the division of Gaskin's energies between school and studio has limited the quantity of his creative work, his income as a teacher has saved him from the temptation to paint and draw with his finger on the pulse of the market, as so many have to whose bread and butter entirely depend on popularity and sales.

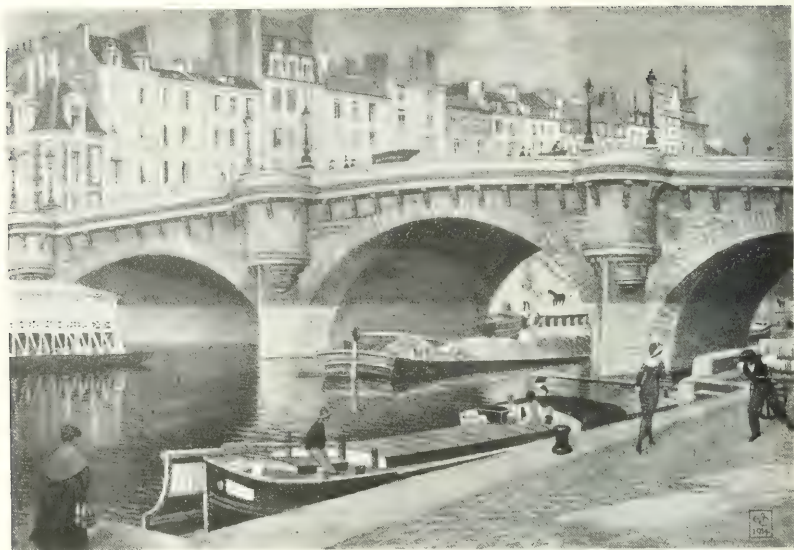
Southall's career has been a single-minded pursuit of a clearly defined aim: an ideal kept steadily in view, in spite of difficulties, too little sympathy, and mani-

fold temptations to do easier things which he had no heart for.

Through some Arundel prints he came under the spell of the Italian primitives before he was twenty, and this influence was strengthened by a visit to Italy a few years later, when he became interested in tempera painting. Ruskin's influence was already strong, and he went to Italy to see the works of the early painters, with the writings of Ruskin as his guide, and on his return painted a very satisfactory panel in tempera, dated 1884. Soon after this he came under Ruskin's personal influence, which encouraged him, and established him in his principles.

Because of the technical difficulties of tempera it was set aside for awhile, but thanks to help from Sir William Richmond, and the encouragement of a few friends, it was again taken up in 1892, and has never since been abandoned.

The Italian primitives, Ruskin, and tempera were the chief formative influences in Southall's art, but his own very strong personality absorbed these influences, and produced an artistic point of view which is unique and very interesting. Southall belongs to no school and is nobody's imitator. Seeing his work in Paris, it is difficult to "place" it, or to be sure of its country, century, or school, unless some



"PONT NEUF, PARIS." WATER-COLOUR BY JOSEPH SOUTHALL

ultra-modern pair of boots gives the show away. ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻

A second visit to Italy with Gaskin in 1897 served to confirm him in his sympathies and to extend his knowledge. ◻

Southall is essentially a designer in colour, and, as mere colour pattern, a collection of his pictures has a character which stands alone in modern art. One of his typical pictures depends hardly at all on shading or blending of one colour into another, but on the juxtaposition of pieces of pure colour, each with a definite quality, each occupying its allotted space, and making its contribution to the harmony of the whole. ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻

General unfamiliarity with the particular quality of tempera colour, and an ignorance of its special merits of purity and brilliance, have prevented Southall's pictures being popular, and have often subjected him to the most pathetic appeals to abandon qualities for which he had striven, as for pearls of great price, and to strive for a sort of

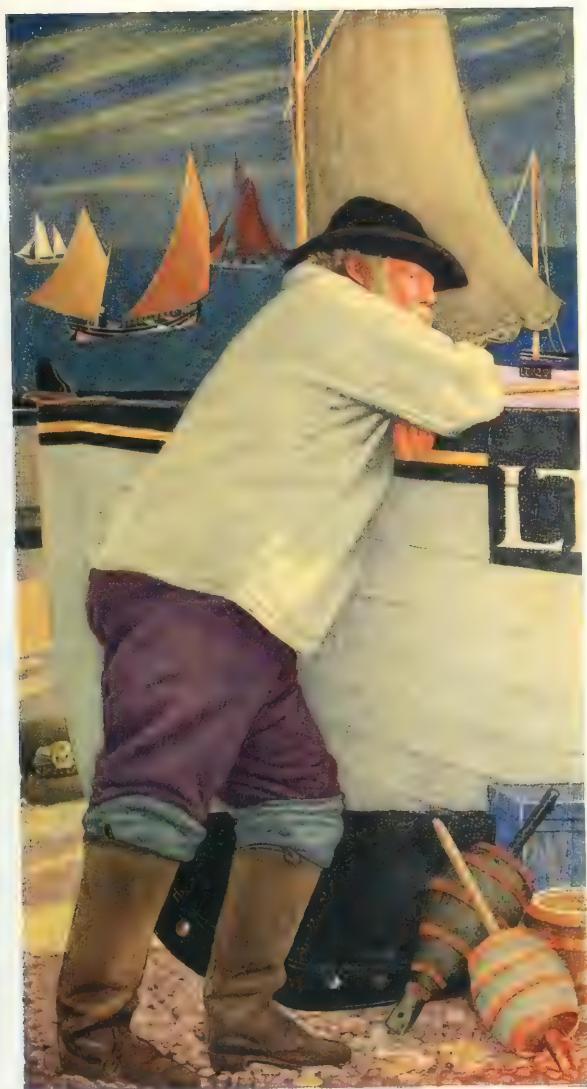
popular prettiness he would be ashamed to have achieved. Through it all he has serenely held his own course, doing the things he likes doing, in the way he likes doing them. ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻

Like many another artist with a sense for decoration Southall has fretted under the lack of scope for larger work. A panel in true fresco on the staircase of the Birmingham Art Gallery shows the scale on which he would like to work, but such work is not possible without commissions, and they are not forthcoming. ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻

A very gratifying success was a one-man show of his work in Paris in 1910, which was a very welcome piece of encouragement. ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻

The Old Fisherman, reproduced here, gives as good an idea of the quality of tempera colour as can be attained in the medium of colour-printing, but it does not show the influence of the Italian primitives clearly enough to be typical. ◻

LAURENCE W. HODSON



THE
STU-
DIO

"THE OLD FISHERMAN,"
FROM THE TEMPERA PAINT-
ING BY JOSEPH SOUTHALL.



"THE SISTERS." FROM
THE TEMPERA PAINTING
BY JOSEPH SOUTHALL



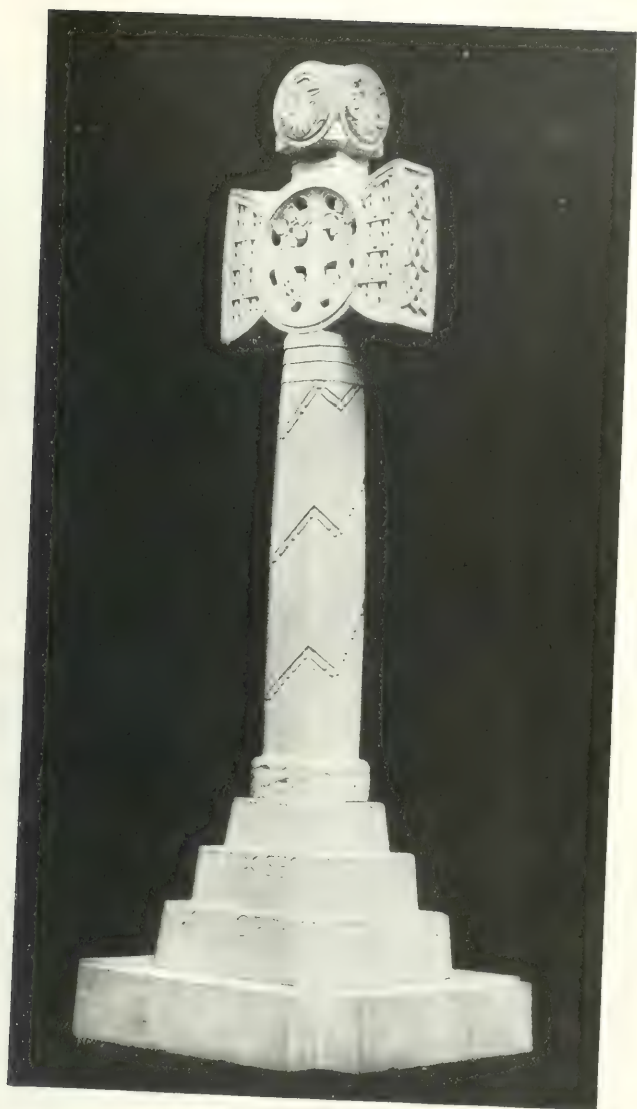
CARVED, PAINTED, AND GILT EBONY
ROOD BEAM IN ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH,
ALDERSHOT. BY J. H. BONNOR

JOHN HOUGHTON BONNOR: AN APPRECIATION. BY A. ROMNEY GREEN

IT was only very shortly before his death that the late Mr. John Houghton Bonnor began to receive anything like the recognition that his genius and achievements deserve. For this, besides the usual apathy of the public, there were, as I think, three principal reasons all highly significant of his character as a man and a craftsman. The first was his extraordinary versatility, which he must often have found a heavy handicap in an age of such high specialization—and must we also say of such low vitality?—that it is too often taken for granted that the man is merely a dabbler who practises more arts than one. The second was a passionate absorption in his work which led him often to neglect, even when they stared him in the face, the more usual and less laborious

routes to success and reputation. Let me illustrate these two traits, so delightfully typical of the man, before passing to the third which was even more characteristic of the craftsman.

An architect first, and then—having rebelled, like other eminent craftsmen from William Morris onwards, against the modern conception of the architect as a designer merely—a jeweller and metal-worker on his own account, he added in fairly rapid succession the crafts of the worker in stained glass, the sculptor and the wood-worker to that in which he had first distinguished himself. Entirely without other training in this art, he prepared himself for the production of his first beautiful window in Turnham Green Church merely by the study of Mr. Christopher Whall's well-known book on the subject; and this window not only won Mr. Whall's high admiration, but he generously admitted to Mrs. Bonnor that



CARVED GRANITE CROSS IN
LLANGEDWYN CHURCHYARD
BY J. H. BONNOR



EMBOSSED STEEL FIRE-SCREEN WITH
GILT FITTINGS AND ENAMELLED
SHIELD. BY J. H. BONNOR

he had himself learned something from her husband's work. This window also attracted the attention of the Bishop of Rockhampton, then in England mainly for the purpose, I believe, of ordering windows for his own Cathedral. Even so, he found it, of course, by sheer accident ; and he, at all events, vindicated the strength of his independent judgment by discovering the artist's name, writing to say that it was " the most beautiful little window he had seen in Europe," and asking him to undertake his work at Rockhampton. " But my husband," says Mrs. Bonnor, " was then engaged on some other piece of work, and was so absolutely absorbed that he did not reply to the Bishop's letter ; and in another week the Bishop wrote again—sending an express messenger to wait for an answer."

More recently, through the same absolute preoccupation with the work in hand, Mr. Bonnor neglected to send three finished works to the Paris Exhibition, though those works had been chosen by the Committee. He always, indeed, disliked exhibitions, or any other thrusting of himself into the public view ; and though he was for some time a member of the Junior Art Workers' Guild, he never, through some strange oversight of his or theirs, became a member of the Senior Guild. ❧

No wonder that he had an uphill fight until he inherited a small estate. Though this would have enabled him to live in comfort and to take the holiday which he had so long deserved and probably needed—he was always of delicate health—Mr. Bonnor remained as wholly absorbed in

JOHN HOUGHTON BONNOR: AN APPRECIATION

his work as ever ; and it was then, I think, that he engaged a clever professional cabinet-maker and took up woodwork. Of course, he taught the cabinet-maker a great deal more than he learned from him ; and—after giving me all the orders I was able to execute—he proceeded from sheer joy in the new material to turn out furniture and fitments for the house into which he had moved on Chiswick Mall, and other woodwork, such as sculptured figures of a character more truly mediæval than that of any modern craftsman known to me. ▯

But—before leaving the character of the man for that of the craftsman—I should also notice in connexion with this change in his fortunes, that he even continued his work as a teacher at the Camberwell School of Art which, at all events, most outsiders would have been disposed to imagine had been undertaken from financial considerations merely. Mr. Bonnor, however, apparently agreed with Thoreau that "to have done anything by which you earned money merely is to have been idle, or worse." At all events, he was one of those few men who unite a strong and original genius with a real faculty for teaching, with that endless patience, especially rare in such men, which is so especially necessary to the teacher. Just as he worked for the sheer love of his work so he taught for the sheer joy of teaching ; and he inspired both his pupils and his fellow-teachers with a love and admiration to which Mrs. Bonnor has had many testimonies. As for the money, Mrs. Bonnor tells me that even in the days of their greatest poverty he would often need to receive more notices than one asking him to fill up and send in his formal application for salary—"he simply forgot all about it." Equally characteristic was his remark, "I'm d—d if I can understand a word the chap says," of a business man's conversation. On our first acquaintance, Mr. Bonnor's personal appearance, his tall, rather gaunt and slightly stooping figure, his soft dark eyes, high forehead, and curling chestnut hair and beard, certainly gave me at once that impression of his character, which was confirmed by my subsequent knowledge of him ; especially of the utter unworldliness I have already insisted on, and of that highly absorbed contemplative



WINDOW IN ST. BEDE'S
COLLEGE CHAPEL IN
MEMORY OF COLONEL
FOX. BY J. H. BONNOR

JOHN HOUGHTON BONNOR: AN APPRECIATION



CARVED AND GILT OAK ALTAR
RAIL FOR LINCOLN CHURCH,
CEYLON. BY J. H. BONNOR

nature which is so clearly expressed in all his handiwork. ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

Besides his extreme unworldliness and his great versatility, I am inclined to attribute the slow growth of his reputation to his remarkable sanity as a craftsman. I am quite unqualified myself to write about the examples of his work here illustrated in the language of the professional art critic; but I can well imagine that some art critics, after a very casual inspection of his work or of these illustrations, would turn away with the remark that this sort of thing may be very nice but that it has so very often been done before. They will say, perhaps, that it is "reminiscent" rather than "original" or "distinctive," but let us consider this objection. ♣

If there is any absolute standard of excellence in a particular art, that standard will presumably have been approached by every great master of that art, each from his particular angle. His angle, his starting-point, what "originality" he has, will be more apparent in his earlier experimental work than in his mature achievements; unless, like so many great artists, he has relied from the outset less on his own originality than on the strength of a really living tradition. In the more communal and so often anonymous arts of the past much of the finest work was certainly produced in the strength of such a tradition by men who either had no very striking originality or did not think it worth while to express it. And not only



MURAL TABLET IN MARBLE, WITH
ENAMEL INLAY, FOR CHURCH,
WARWICK. BY J. H. BONNOR



THE
STUDIO

"THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN."
SCHEME FOR DECORATION IN
MOSAIC OR TEMPERA. BY J. H. M.
BONNORS.



WROUGHT IRON GATE WITH BRASS
ENRICHMENTS. BY J. H. BONNOR

these lesser arts but the works even of great individual artists at their greatest do seem to converge upon an absolute standard. The mannerisms of a Milton or a Meredith may be characteristic and loveable; but these mannerisms disappear, the distinctions between Milton and Shakespeare quite disappear, the distinctions between mediæval and classic or mediæval and Renaissance, the distinctions even

between East and West, will almost disappear, when we behold the highest flights of either. ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠

Though it may be, therefore, only because he is a clever copyist, it may be, on the other hand, because he is a great artist approximating to the absolute standard of excellence by a traditional route that a man's work appears to be reminiscent on a first inspection. And whilst the least

JOHN HOUGHTON BONNOR: AN APPRECIATION

competent critic can easily learn to distinguish between the mannerisms of various schools or individual artists, and thus to recognize a new mannerism on its first appearance, it is often difficult for the ablest critic, especially if he has no personal knowledge of the artist, to distinguish at once between the work of the mere copyist and that of the man who, because he really has his "eye on the object," and on an absolute standard of excellence rather than on his audience and the work of his predecessors, has to that extent a real kinship with the great masters, and has not troubled to conceal it by manufacturing some new and probably quite unnatural technique or mannerism. It is often, as an intelligent amateur once said to me, only "the little bit extra" in this latter case which yet makes the immense difference between them; and it is often not for many years that either the critics or the general public are able to recognize this "little bit extra." Consider how much more rapidly some of the Futurists or of the Georgian poets have leapt into notoriety, if not into fame, than did, for instance, Blake or Milton.

Now though I do not profess to be an able critic, I do think that even without my personal knowledge of him, I should have recognized this "little bit extra" in the work here illustrated and in almost everything that Mr. Bonnor produced.

He was never misled by the crazy, modern demand for originality at all costs. Though it could never be said that he was the disciple of any one particular master, he had a great respect for all great traditions; and he had the courage to enter the arena in which the great artists compete and which cranks and eccentrics so wisely shun. He continued to aim at that absolute standard of excellence on which the historic traditions all converge. Like the old masters he remained true to the human—or divine—centre of things, regardless of the fact that his light might so for a long time remain indiscernible, overpowered by theirs; whilst others, prudently avoiding disastrous comparisons, or even seeking to establish their own reputations by discrediting those of their predecessors, achieve a brief notoriety by striking attitudes in the wilderness on their

way to the outer darkness of the remote circumstance.

But in spite of all these handicaps, Mr. Bonnor had won a considerable reputation some time before his early death. "Work," says Mrs. Bonnor, "poured in upon him." His designs and models for Lord Kitchener's Fountain and "War Babies" doubtless did much to increase his reputation; and his work on the new Parliament buildings at Ottawa, where he had a free hand and immense opportunities, would probably have brought him world-wide fame. He has left materials behind him which might well inspire any capable and sympathetic craftsman for the work of a lifetime; and it is the great hope and consolation of Mrs. Bonnor, who is herself an accomplished jeweller, and has already very successfully executed a window to his recent designs, that she, perhaps later with the help of her children, may be able to work up some of this material into further durable testimonies of her husband's genius.



NECKLACE, "THE ROSE GARDEN" (RUBIES, EMERALDS, WHITE ENAMEL, AND PEARLS). BY J. H. BONNOR



WOODEN HOUSE DESIGNED AND
CONSTRUCTED FOR PERSONAL
OCCUPATION BY PAUL RICHARDT

THE REVIVAL OF THE WOODEN HOUSE. BY GEORG BRÖCHNER

THE modern, or as I would rather term it the modified, timbered house has within a comparatively short span of years made for itself a host of friends. And no wonder. It is quaint and picturesque, lends itself to arrangements more or less unconventional and incompatible with the ordinary brick house; it possesses, besides, some solid practical advantages. Timbered houses, for instance, are cool in the summer and warm in winter as compared with houses built of stone or brick; the air in them keeps fresher, the wood absorbing the smoke of tobacco; and they are very dry, even if left unoccupied and in consequence fireless for lengthy periods. This is a very desirable quality where it is a question of a week-end house or one intended only for occasional use. Let me, however, emphasize at once that the timbered house is absolutely suitable also for residence in winter, although most of them may not be intended for permanent residence. Further, it is relatively cheap to construct, and costs but little to keep in repair, a very occasional tarring being all that is needed. The matter of first cost

is more elastic with a timbered than with a brick house, and as for durability, when properly built it will last for centuries. In Norway there are extant timbered buildings that have stood for eight or nine hundred years, even in localities where the climate must be denounced as extremely unfavourable for wooden structures.

Norway and Sweden, more especially the former country, are the home of the proper timbered house; you will come upon them when touring in these northern latitudes, and you will find them, and more easily so, in the various Open-air Museums, upon which the present writer has more than once had occasion to enlarge in the pages of *THE STUDIO*. The ancient dwellings preserved in these museums are the prototypes of the present-day timbered house, and the old principles of construction have on the whole been observed and adopted by our modern architects. A pioneer in this connexion is Mr. Paul Richardt, B.A., of Copenhagen, who, from the days of his youth, has been interested in all kinds of *slöjd*, and has made a most thorough study of this ancient craft, if one may so call it, by repeated travels, especially in Norwegian mountain valleys, where he has had opportunities of becom-



INTERIOR OF MR. PAUL
RICHARDT'S HOUSE

ing fully acquainted with the old traditional methods. He has also visited the different Open-air Museums and studied all the available literature on the subject. Mr. Richardt began by building his own timbered house (illustrated), aided by his wife, and he has since designed and built some ninety timbered houses in Denmark and Sweden, houses varying greatly in size and style, from small cabins to what might almost be called mansions. One of these will be found amongst the accompanying illustrations, while others will appear in a subsequent article; and the writer is also indebted to Mr. Richardt for some of the information and directions here given, which it is hoped will prove of use to those interested in the subject. ❖ ❖

The position of a house is always a point of paramount importance, though not infrequently treated as a more or less negligible quantity. In this respect, however, due consideration must be extended to a timbered house, which on the face of it requires fairly picturesque surroundings. An undulating ground, an elevated position, and clusters of trees are highly desirable and will greatly enhance the charm of the

house, and where such conditions prevail, the timbered house and its environment will be found to suit each other in the most pleasing manner. A towny or even an ordinary suburban neighbourhood will detract from its picturesque virtue; it requires more elbow room than a brick house, but given a suitable site the timbered house will be found extremely attractive and possessed of a peculiar beauty, with which a brick house of similar dimensions will find it difficult to vie. ❖ ❖

The vicinity of a pine forest, apart from its æsthetic value, will be found a practical advantage, inasmuch as it can supply the building material, good straight tree-stems, with a diameter of 7 or 8 inches at about 6 feet height, although the dimensions will vary somewhat according to the size of the house. Bigger stems, however, are not only more expensive in themselves, but their handling and transport will also entail increased cost. ❖ ❖ ❖

A suitable site secured, the first labour to be considered is the foundation; and in this respect the timbered house is easily satisfied. The weight of the house itself is so evenly distributed, also during the



EAST AND SOUTH ELEVATION
OF A HOUSE AT NÆRUM, DEN-
MARK. DESIGNED FOR ADVOCATE
MIKKELSEN BY PAUL RICHARDT

THE REVIVAL OF THE WOODEN HOUSE

building, that in reality it requires a minimum of foundation; concrete or brick, stone or wooden piles, can be chosen according to circumstances, but perhaps a foundation of fairly roughly hewn or natural stones is most in keeping with the appearance of the house.

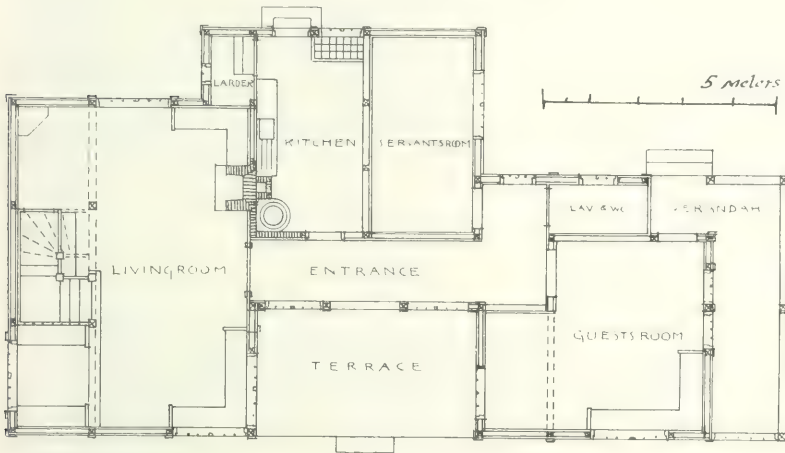
The wall of the timbered house, the *hafteværk* (bond work), to give it the old Norse name, consists of round logs, stripped of their bark; each log is made to lie firmly on the one below by means of a groove, rounded so as to make it fit closely and tightly, and a tightening layer is inserted between each two logs, the best material for this being a vegetable wadding, made in Norway, and probably elsewhere (moss was used formerly, but it requires to be perfectly dry). These walls shrink in the course of time, about half an inch per foot in a hundred years—most, naturally, during the first year or two; and this fact must be reckoned with in the construction of windows and doors, also of chimneys, so that the shrinking process is not impeded and does not bring about any undesirable effects. This problem does not present any difficulties to the experienced builder, but it would carry us too far to deal with the details of the question. ♣ ♣

The *hafteværk* wall cannot be connected with brickwork in a fashion excluding draughts, so the chimney should not be placed in the outer wall, but say a couple of feet inside it; this arrangement will be found in old Norwegian timbered houses, and it leaves a space between the fireplace and the outer wall which is often used for drying wood or clothes. The Norwegian *Pejs*—a wide, plain, open fireplace, with nothing of the drawing-room hearth about it—is quite suitable for a timbered house, and is agreeable from an æsthetic point of view; when properly constructed it will never smoke. One chimney will in many cases suffice also for pipes from kitcheners, etc. The roof consists of planed boards, covered with roofing felt, on the top of which is placed a layer of sward, which makes a picturesque roof, in keeping with the house itself and rural surroundings, and on which different flowering herbs by degrees take root—one may even see small shrubs nestling there. The sward makes a cool roof in summer and a warm one during the winter, presenting far less risk of fire than a thatched roof. In Sweden and Norway use is often made of the bark of the birch, generally plentiful in those



LIVING-ROOM OF DR. EJNAR
SCHÄFFER'S SUMMER-HOUSE AT
HOLTE. FURNITURE DESIGNED BY
THE ARCHITECT, C. BRÆSTRUP

THE REVIVAL OF THE WOODEN HOUSE



ELEVATION AND GROUND PLAN
OF DR. EJNAR SCHÄFFER'S
HOUSE, HOLTE, DENMARK. COS-
MUS BRÆSTRUP, ARCHITECT

regions, *never* they call it, and it is quite serviceable, but comes more expensive. In German mountain districts tarred paper, a kind of home-made roofing felt, has been used for centuries and found quite efficient. The sward, however, requires a certain somewhat shallow slope, not too flat and certainly not too steep. Consequently there is not much room for first-floor accommodation; and where such is required, the walls must be made higher.

The plans and drawings reproduced will

demonstrate the wide scope in a timbered house as regards size and lines, but some fundamental principles will be found to prevail in most of them. The roof, it must be remembered, serves as ceiling in the one-storied houses, and with its gentle slope the outer wall need barely be 6 feet high. There are two distinct advantages in having all the rooms on the ground floor: it is cheaper and one avoids the noise and footfall of people overhead, for these timbered houses convey sound in a

THE REVIVAL OF THE WOODEN HOUSE

somewhat marked degree, especially from a higher floor downward. Where two-storied houses are chosen, this drawback, however, can be counteracted by the insertion of a suitable insulating layer. In higher houses it is recommended to place the hall in the one end of the house and let it extend to the roof, whereby a very lofty room is obtained, which lends itself to arrangements of varied decorative effects. It may be advisable to place the floor of such a lofty hall at a somewhat higher level than the rest of the ground-floor rooms, and to have at its back a staircase leading both up and down. The ceilings of the lower rooms, with rooms above them, look well when made of similar timber to that of the walls. A timbered house, altogether, offers a number of possibilities to an able architect, both on a modest and a more ambitious scale, and the last few years have witnessed the realization of several fairly important schemes, though, be it understood, not always in the happiest manner. The architect should be fully conversant with the traditions and true principles of the timbered house proper, and embark upon his task with sincere admiration for what

has been handed down. A timbered house may very well be modernized in some or most of its interior arrangements, but its true spirit, its old-time dignity or simplicity in design should not be interfered with.

The accompanying reproductions of drawings and photographs will give an idea of the variety which can be attained within the restricting considerations touched upon above.

M. Paul Richardt's house at Tibirke, *Tibirkestuen*, is in more than one respect an interesting structure. It became the forerunner of a large number of timbered houses, it possesses distinct and varied merits, and, lastly, M. Richardt, aided by his wife, has built the house himself, done all the work of designing, carpentering, carving, painting, thatching, the only aid being two carpenters during four weeks for the roughest preparatory work. In consequence this really charming house only cost its owner a mere song; so as not to call forth the sceptic I shall forgo mentioning the actual figure. It contains a large hall or living room, with a delightful, old-time stove, and, further, on the ground floor a dining-room, two bedrooms, and



LIVING-ROOM OF MR. EJNAR
SCHÄFFER'S SUMMER-HOUSE,
HOLTE. C. BRÆSTRUP,
ARCHITECT



HUT ON THE EDGE OF A LAKE
DESIGNED, BUILT AND DECORATED
BY THE OWNER, KAJ BOJESEN

kitchen. On the first floor, which only extends over part of the house, and to which leads a picturesque inner staircase at one end of the hall, are two more bedrooms. The interior is in many places ornamented by means of carving, painted in transparent oil-colours, the furniture, specially designed and also made by M. Richardt has been treated in the same manner.

M. Mikkelsen's house at Nærum has also been very happily placed, in charming environs. It has all the dignified simplicity and other characteristics of the old Norse timbered houses, and is, to boot, both roomy and very cosy.

Dr. E. Schäffer's house at Holte, Denmark, like most of the timbered houses only used as a summer residence, is built by M. C. Bræstrup, the architect. It enjoys an excellent position in a very pretty neighbourhood, well wooded, amongst hills and lakes. It was originally only a small house, but has been materially enlarged, the additions being effected

in an able and happy manner, resulting in picturesque corners and much increased accommodation.

M. Kaj Bojesen, the well-known Danish craftsman in silver, has built himself a charming timbered toy house, for it really is not much more, though very ingeniously arranged. It stands on the border of a lake, in the midst of luxurious vegetation. This clever little cabin is decorated, both inside and out, with quaint carvings, though of distinct artistic merit, and other amusing devices, and is entirely an individual Bojesen creation. Next to this, a friend, M. Bregnö, the sculptor, has built his little shanty, which also bears testimony of an artist's handiwork.

The last two of the present series of illustrations (p. 28) show a wooden house of a different type, the summer residence of M. Ove Rohde, Danish Minister of the Interior, of which M. Baumann is the architect. It will be noticed that the outer walls are covered with boards, no logs being visible.



SUMMER RESIDENCE OF MR.
OVE ROHDE, DANISH MINISTER
OF THE INTERIOR
DESIGNED BY M. BAUMANN
(See preceding article)

IN MEMORIAM: EVELYN DE MORGAN

WITH the passing of Evelyn De Morgan, the last of an eclectic little group of rare Victorian painters has ceased.

She was one who, shunning notoriety, and indifferent to the praise or censure of the hurrying multitude, worked faithfully for art's sake; drawing her inspiration from the same source as the Early Italians, with whom she was curiously in sympathy.

By nature retiring, she formed friendship at an early age with those artists who were imbued with the same aims and lofty ideals as herself. They had reached the height of their fame, they belonged to an older generation; hence she outlived them by many years. The modern school of realism made no appeal to her.

The cult to which she gravitated instinctively worshipped beauty, sought it everywhere, and eschewed the bizarre and superficial. In a word, the unseen realms of imagination were more real to these artists than material things. They expressed their message through symbolism: Evelyn De

Morgan's work was permeated with this precious quality.

The distinguishing features of her art were her fine spiritual vision, strong imagination, good composition, and a delight in sumptuous colour, rich textures and draperies. The classical rendering was present in much of her work, with something of the Botticelli influence. I have often thought how entirely she would have harmonized with the period of the Early Italian masters. She owed much to her early study of their methods at the National Gallery, and another influence which helped in shaping her mentality were those youthful days coloured and tinged with the warmth, light and beauty of scenes viewed under Italian skies.

Evelyn De Morgan, whose maiden name was Pickering, was descended from a highly intellectual family. Her uncle, Mr. Roddam Spencer-Stanhope, with whom she spent a good deal of her time in Italy, was a distinguished artist. She studied for a time at the Slade School, winning a scholarship, which she discarded in favour of studying in Rome. Though she ex-



THE
STU-
DIO

"SLEEPING EARTH AND WAKENING
MOON." FROM THE OIL PAINTING
BY EVELYN DE MORGAN.
IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. SHEPHERD.

hibited at the Grosvenor and New Gallery annually when young, in common with many of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, she never sent to the Academy. Her pictures were best seen by themselves; the varying scales and colours of surrounding pictures were at war with such individual work as she produced.

It would be beyond the scope of this article to mention more than a few of her pictures. The four illustrations, however, give an idea of her versatility.

Sleeping Earth and Wakening Moon is a fanciful poem in terms of paint. The sleeping figure of Earth resting in shadow is the embodiment of repose, while set in a sphere of tempered light the exquisite little Wakening Moon's golden locks trail away into light clouds. The shadow of the earth is faintly seen through the moon. The whole picture is full of luminosity.

Cassandra shows another phase of her art. It was Cassandra, daughter of Priam, and high priestess of Apollo, who foretold the destruction of Troy to unheeding citizens. She is represented in the act of rending her hair, as she stands in her sorrow with her back to the burning city of Troy, and the red roses lie scattered at her feet. The colour scheme is of soft shades of blue, orange and brown, and the blue robe is very decorative.

Venus and Cupid was executed when the artist was twenty-three. The calm, sweet majesty of Venus and the radiant youth of Cupid illuminate the canvas. The colour is particularly charming, and the low horizon gives a feeling of restfulness to the composition.

Evelyn De Morgan did not confine her art to one medium: she has left many drawings in crayon and pencil, and she also excelled as a sculptor. The monument to her husband was her design, carried out by Sir George Frampton. The figure on the left symbolizes grief, in the act of quenching the torch she carries. Psyche, on the right, is inciting her to fairer thoughts. It is interesting to note that the mourner bears a strong likeness to Evelyn De Morgan. The inscription was her own wording: "Sorrow is of the earth. The life of the spirit is joy." When Mrs. De Morgan lost her husband the mainspring of her life was broken. The time of probation was brief,

she passed away last year after a short illness. Those who cared for her felt that this was just as she wished.

The pictures now reproduced are the property of Mrs. De Morgan's sister, Mrs. Stirling, who has made a collection for some years with a view to forming a gallery for the nation to contain some of the finest specimens of both Mr. and Mrs. De Morgan's art. Other examples are at Leighton House, belonging to Mr. Spencer Pickering's collection.

The present age is not in sympathy with symbolism and the things dealing with eternal truths. A future generation will doubtless turn to them again, and it is safe to prophesy that Evelyn De Morgan's works will be as eagerly sought after as some of the Old Masters are to-day.

ISABEL MCALLISTER



MEMORIAL TO WILLIAM DE MORGAN, BROOKWOOD CEMETERY
DESIGNED BY EVELYN DE MORGAN



"CASSANDRA." FROM
THE PAINTING BY
EVELYN DE MORGAN
(In the possession of Mrs. Stirling)



"VENUS AND CUPID"
FROM THE PAINTING
BY EVELYN DE MORGAN
(In the possession of Mrs. Stirling)

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—At a General Assembly of the Royal Academy on January 21, Mr. George Henry and Mr. D. Y. Cameron were elected Royal Academicians. Mr. Henry became an Associate in 1907, and Mr. Cameron as recently as 1916. Both are Scotsmen and members of the Royal Scottish Academy, and the art of both has been the subject of articles in this magazine at various times. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Almost simultaneously with these elections came the announcement of the death of Mr. Alfred Parsons, R.A., at the age of 72. Mr. Parsons, who was a native of Somerset and was a clerk in the General Post Office before he took to painting as a profession, began to exhibit at the Royal Academy in 1871, but his election as Associate did not take place till more than twenty years later; he was made a full member in 1911, just forty years after his *début* as an exhibitor. He succeeded his fellow-Academician, the late Sir Ernest Waterlow, as President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours in 1914. He was famous as a painter of gardens and flowers, and besides being an ardent horticulturist was noted as a mountain climber and as a waterman. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The Academy has suffered a further loss this year by the death of Mr. Andrew Carrick Gow, R.A., who died on February 1, at Burlington House, his official residence as Keeper of the Royal Academy, which office he held since the death of Mr. Ernest Crofts in 1911. Mr. Gow was a Scotsman born in London, and was a few months younger than Mr. Parsons; his first appearance at Burlington House as an exhibitor was, however, a year earlier—1870. Showing at the outset of his career a special predilection for the "subject" picture, he especially distinguished himself in the rôle of historic painter, his most notable work being the picture of *Cromwell at Dunbar*, painted while he was an Associate and acquired for the nation under the Chantry Bequest. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Many who practise the craft of wood-carving in this country will learn with regret of the death of Miss Eleanor Rowe, for many years in charge of the School of

Wood Carving, which was organized on a sound footing mainly through her instrumentality. Miss Rowe was the author of a manual of wood-carving which has had a considerable vogue among students of the craft. She was herself an earnest student of architecture, and it was due to her initiative that women were admitted to the course of training in that faculty at University College. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

One by one the art societies which have been in a state of suspended animation since 1914 are resuming their pre-war activities. The Pencil Society is one of these and its first post-war show was held at the exhibition gallery of Messrs. Derry and Toms at Kensington at the end of January. Some fifteen artists were represented by drawings revealing a very considerable diversity in the use of the medium employed—charcoal or pencil in most cases—as well as in the subject-matter. Among them were drawings of the Western Front by Mr. Gilbert Holiday, figure studies by Mr. Joseph Simpson, Mr. Ross Burnett, and others, animal and bird drawings by Mr. Warwick Reynolds and Mr. J. A. Shepherd, maritime and land drawings by Mr. Cecil King, impressions of prominent personalities by Mr. Bert Thomas, architecture by Mr. Hanslip Fletcher, and a set of "Masks" and other drawings by Mr. Vernon Hill. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The recent acquisition of the business of Messrs. Derry and Toms by the firm of John Barker and Co. has, we regret to learn, put an end to the excellent exhibition gallery at the top of the former firm's premises, which during the past two or three years has been devoted to various manifestations of modern art. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The Modern Society of Portrait Painters is another society which has this year resumed its exhibitions after an interval of several years, owing, in this case, to many of the members being on active service. Though the display presented by the society at the Institute Galleries in Piccadilly last month contained little that could be described as of unusual significance, the average quality of the work was far from mediocre. Most of the Society's twenty-five members were ably represented, notably Mr. Glyn Philpot, Mr. Fiddes Watt, Mr. Eric George, Mr. F. H. S.



"LA SÉPARATION." FROM THE
PAINTING BY WILLIAM LAPARRA
(See Paris Studio-Talk, next page)

Shepherd, Mr. Gerald Kelly, Mr. Oswald Birley; and the interest of the show was strengthened by the work of non-members such as Mr. Howard Somerville, Mrs. Filson Young, and Señor Guevara.

Under the presidency of Sir Frank Short, R.A., the policy of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers has of late years been to encourage young artists of promise by electing them Associates of the Society. This policy has much to commend it, and the work shown at the thirty-eighth exhibition, held last month in the "Old" Water Colour Society's Galleries, by those who have been elected during the past two or three years afforded ample justification for it. One of the results of this infusion of new blood is a greater diversity of method and

subject, and even if the efforts of the newer recruits may not stand comparison from the point of view of technique with those of their seniors, they are welcome as evidence of vitality and as a relief to the monotony which often ensues from exclusiveness. The exhibition was also notable for the representation given for the first time to wood engraving. Mr. Noel Rooke and Mrs. Raverat, the two Associates recently elected under the Society's enlarged sphere of activity, contributed to the display, and Mr. Sydney Lee and Mr. William Robins were also represented by wood-block prints; while an additional feature of interest was a series of war prints by Mons. Steinlen, who has become an Honorary Fellow of the Society.

The Painter-Etchers have so far ab-

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stained from admitting colour prints to their exhibitions, but now that they have recognized the wood-block print it would be worth their while to consider a further extension in this direction. Certainly the colour print, whether from metal plates or from wood blocks, would be no more incongruous in their displays than in those of the Senefelder Club, to which the presence of prints in varying ranges of colour imparts an agreeable note of animation. The annual exhibition of this Club at the Leicester Galleries last month was an eloquent testimony to the manifold resources at the disposal of the artist who expresses his pictorial ideas by means of lithography. The collection of prints there assembled was exceptionally interesting, all the great masters from Senefelder onwards to our own day being represented.

A collection of recent sculpture by Mr. Jacob Epstein exhibited concurrently in the same galleries has attracted much public attention. In addition to a number of portrait busts and heads, it comprised as its principal feature a more than life-sized figure of *Christ* just risen from the sepulchre and standing erect with head slightly tilted back and hands held out showing the wounds. To those who cherish the traditional conception of *Christ*, perpetuated in those elaborately illustrated Bibles which were so popular with past generations, Mr. Epstein's interpretation must appear almost blasphemous, but those not so hampered cannot but accept it as a remarkable interpretation, full of pathos and without any symptom of irreverence.

Other notable exhibitions last month included a display at Messrs. Colnaghi and Co.'s gallery of original drawings and studies by Mr. Charles Shannon, A.R.A.; a group of water-colours of Isle of Wight and other scenery by Professor Frederick Brown at the Goupil Gallery—chiefly remarkable for the variety of atmospheric conditions recorded by the artist; and at the same gallery the first exhibition of a new Anglo-French group of Impressionists who designate themselves the "Monarro" group—a name apparently compounded from those of the two leaders of the school, M. Claude Monet, honorary president of the group, and M. Pissarro. This inaugural exhibition consisted largely of

landscapes, but there were also some excellent studies in portraiture and other figure subjects—as, for instance, M. Lucien Pissarro's *Portrait*, M. Rodo's *The Green Jumper*, Mr. J. B. Manson's *Portrait of Mary*, Mr. Van Rysselberghe's *Etude de Nu*.

The two last-named artists act for the group as honorary secretaries for London and Paris respectively.

PARIS.—To obey the sensations he experiences and to translate them with all the art of which he is capable, with due regard to the teachings of the past, such is the proper function of the artist who pursues his destiny while



"LA LEÇON DE PIANO"
FROM THE PAINTING
BY WILLIAM LAPARRA



"LE BENEDICITE." FROM THE
PAINTING BY WILLIAM LAPARRA

preserving his individuality intact. That is the case with William Laparra, and it accords with the impression created by the recent exhibition of his works at the Georges Petit Galleries. For all who follow the development of art in France this manifestation of a talent, at once wholesome and forceful, justifies the highest hopes. ❧

Winner of the Grand Prix de Rome in 1898, *hors-concours* at the salon of the Artistes Français, William Laparra profited during his sojourn at the Villa Medici by the opportunities it afforded him for studying the works of the Masters of the Italian School at the chief museums. These made a deep impression on his imagination already awakened by the multitudinous aspects of beauty which confronted and delighted him wherever he went. Besides Italy and Sicily, he visited Greece, Tunis, and even Egypt. ❧ ❧

But great as was the impression which

Italy made on the young artist, it was even exceeded when he made his first visit to Spain, the country of Velasquez, of Goya, and of Ribera. From his successive journeys beyond the Pyrenees his vigorous talent has derived an increasing impetus.

"Spain with its character at once wild and sombre," he remarked to the writer one day, referring to the two Castiles, "Spain with its uncouth-looking monasteries and sleepy pueblos, its ancestral aspects unchanged, its rugged, gloomy, windswept plains; Spain with its odour of dust and death, and which, in its popular ballads or *coplas*, can sing only of love and the tomb—this is the Spain which I desire to express." It is this Spain that gave the artist his *Coplas* of the Luxembourg Museum; *El Silencio de la Séo*; *Sur la Route*, an impression from Toledo; *Les Chanteurs Mendians*, of the City of Paris Museum; numerous austere interiors and

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typical scenes of the strongly marked character of *Le Benedicite*, bought by the State at the Salon of 1914 and here reproduced with two other important canvases.

In addition to the works inspired by his visits to Spain, mention may be made of several choice examples emanating from Italy, such as *Le Réfectoire de San Damiano*, *L'Eglise inférieure de St. Francesco*, *Le Cloître de San Lorenzo*, and other souvenirs of Assisi and Carrara. Among other works of his which may be cited are a large triptych for a glass works at Albi; *Le Piédestal*, a very imposing picture to which the events of these last years have given a singular and prophetic character; *Le Regard en Arrière*, a touching souvenir of the war, executed while the artist was on active service; *Une Chambre d'Enfant sous les Obus*; *La Marchande de Simples* (Bordeaux Museum); and *La Vieille Madrilène* of the Musée Decaen at the Institute. To this recital should be added numerous studies of the nude, distinguished by excellent modeling, and also some quite remarkable portraits, among which may be specially named that of the artist's brother, like himself a winner of the Grand Prix de Rome, but in music, and those of Professor Metchnikoff (Pasteur Institute), Cardinal Merry del Val, and Maître B. L. This side of his work was well represented in the exhibition at Georges Petit's, and contributed much to its success. ■ ■

A sound and able painter, William Laparra has a great respect for the traditions of pictorial art, and holds that so far from ignoring them, they should be studied and followed; at the same time, that one must take care not to linger in the past—must not become inert. Of the painter himself it may be said that he is moving forward, but without haste or precipitation; he puts on record his impressions and sensations with all the energy and talent with which he is endowed.

L. HONORÉ

The year's salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, to be opened at the Grand Palais on April 14, will have, in addition to the usual sections of painting, sculpture and medals, engravings, architecture and applied arts, a special section for ecclesiastical

art; the object of which, according to the *règlement*, is to promote the renaissance of religious art and to provide new churches, and particularly those in the regions devastated by the war, with fittings and decorations of an esthetic and modern character. Original designs only will be accepted, and the works submitted will be judged by a special commission. ■

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A Record of European Armour and Arms through Seven Centuries. By SIR GUY FRANCIS LAKING, Bart., C.B., etc., Keeper of the King's Armoury. With an Introduction by the BARON DE COSSON, F.S.A. (London: G. Bell and Sons.) To be completed in 5 vols., price £15 15s. net complete. Vol. I.—The subject of which this work treats has never claimed a more enthusiastic, more painstaking student than



CREST OF AN ITALIAN BASCINET, FOURTEENTH CENTURY, MOUNTED ON HELMET OF MUCH LATER DATE (From "European Armour and Arms")



AQUAMANILE (MIDDLE THIRTEENTH CENTURY), IN BARGELLO MUSEUM, FLORENCE (From "European Armour and Arms," by Sir Guy Laking)

Sir Guy Laking, and though death, abruptly intervening ere his signature to the preface was scarcely dry, has robbed him of the gratification of seeing the first instalment launched, his memory will long be kept

alive by the fruits of his labours as embodied in this monument of his unremitting industry and encyclopædic knowledge. We gather from the publishers' announcement that it was practically completed at

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the time of the author's death, and that its publication in instalments has been rendered necessary by the vast amount of material accumulated by him for the purpose of illustration, consisting not only of photographs of actual examples of armour and arms, but of a large number of drawings made by the author from other sources of information, such as paintings, engravings, illuminated manuscripts, tombs, brasses, etc. Although in the very prime of life when he died he had spent many years in this accumulation, for it was while a mere boy that his enthusiasm was aroused. The fact that the complete work will contain something like 2000 illustrations is sufficient evidence in itself of his zeal, but what is even more important than the mere number of illustrations is the guarantee he is able to give of the genuine antiquity of every piece of armour illustrated. The first volume of the work is devoted mainly to a general history of arms and armour in successive periods from pre-Norman days to the end of the fifteenth century, while in the remainder certain specific aspects of the subjects are dealt with—the bascinet head-piece and the early helm. It is from these chapters that our two illustrations are taken, one being an exceptionally fine crest in gilded copper, now preserved in the Bargello Museum, Florence—a unique example of late fourteenth-century metal craft—and the other a thirteenth-century *aquamanile*, formerly in the collection of M. Louis Carrand, and now in the museum just named. These *aquamanili* were water-vessels intended to hold the scented water poured over the hands of favoured guests at the banquets of the nobility. They were often modelled in detail to represent mounted and fully armed knights of the period, and some of them have survived to afford important evidence as to the kind of armour worn in those far-off days of perpetual conflict, while only scanty remains have come down to us of the armour itself; in fact, as Baron de Cosson remarks in his interesting introduction, not a single complete suit dating from before the middle of the fifteenth century is now extant. The subsequent volumes will likewise deal with the subject chiefly under specific aspects, but in the final volumes the general aspects of the

period of decadence will be dealt with and the question of forgeries will be discussed.

Catalogue of Modern Wood-Engravings (Department of Engraving, Illustration, and Design, Victoria and Albert Museum). By MARTIN HARDIE, A.R.E. 15s. 6d. net. —This carefully compiled catalogue of more than 400 pages comprises all the monochrome wood-engravings in the Museum collection from the time of Bewick down to the present day. Of the many thousands of prints entered in it the great mass belong to the category of engravings executed by professional wood-engravers like the Brothers Dalziel, J. Swain, W. J. Linton, after drawings made for the purpose of illustration by the leading illustrators of the Victorian era, especially F. Barnard, R. Caldecott, Gilbert, Leech, Millais, Pinwell, Tenniel, and F. Walker, who between them take up nearly half the catalogue. The wood-engraving or wood-cut as a modern medium of original expression figures very sparsely in the collection, Mr. Sturge Moore being the only artist who is at all adequately represented. No doubt the Museum authorities have taken note of the revival that is taking place in this branch of art, of which some evidence was given by one of our recent Special Numbers, and will rectify the omission so far as it is in their power. The director, in presenting the "Review of the Principal Acquisitions during the year 1916," just issued, appeals to the public to help in making good the deficiencies in various sections, and it is to be hoped that this assistance will be forthcoming to make the collection of wood-block prints truly representative of every phase. ■ ■ ■

In his prefatory note to the Report just referred to, Sir Cecil Harcourt Smith, alluding to the presentations made to the Museum in memory of those who have fallen in the war, points out that in many cases it would be difficult to find a more appropriate memorial than a fine work of art in the national collections. Since the publication of the Report several gifts of this nature have been announced. Notable among them is that of Sir Frank Short, R.A., P.R.E., who has presented 160 of his mezzotints, aquatints, and etchings, in memory of his son, Captain Leslie Short, who died on active service in 1916. ■



"PORTRAIT OF A BOY"
BY AUGUSTUS E. JOHN
(Purchased for the National Gallery of Victoria, Australia)

MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN AS PORTRAIT PAINTER. ♪ ♪ ♪

ONE good effect of the progress of photography has been to clear up our ideas about portrait painting. For a time there was confusion between the two arts, with excited arguments as to which was the "truer." The answer is quite simple. Each is true in its own way, and the two ways are perfectly distinct. If you want a likeness to the eye, no painter that ever lived could beat a good photograph. If, on the other hand, you want a likeness to the mind, the best photograph is beaten by the most elementary scribble of a child on a slate. Or, to put it another way, the photograph is addressed to the eye as a critic of reality; the painted portrait is addressed to the eye as a channel of perception. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

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Portrait painting, in fact, is a branch of painting and not a form of imitation. The mirror that the portrait painter holds up to nature is not his canvas but his art. It may seem a back-handed compliment to pay, but the great advantage of Mr. Augustus John as a portrait painter is that he is not a specialist. He approaches the subject not so much as a student of faces as a painter in the broader sense of the word. At a time when the young student is being pressed, with the promise of immediate gain, to take up "special" forms of art without general training, this is a useful thing to bear in mind. The War, Peace Conference, and other portraits at the Alpine Club Gallery are the work of a man who is, before everything, grounded in the general principles of his art. ♪

The first result is that Mr. John has created a gallery of living persons. Each

MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN AS PORTRAIT PAINTER



LORD FISHER OF KILVERSTONE, O.M., G.C.V.O.
BY AUGUSTUS E. JOHN

has a strongly marked individuality, but they all hang together in the world of painting as the characters of a good novelist hang together in his pages. They have an independent existence but, at the same time, they are true to the context. Paradoxical as it may sound, the question of likeness to life, as it strikes the eye, is comparatively irrelevant. The important thing is that you should believe in the painted people themselves. There can be no question that you believe in the painted people of Mr. John. They so convince you of their independent existence that you take their likeness to the originals on

trust. Here and there your acquaintance with one of the originals persuades you that your confidence is not mistaken. ▯

The question of likeness to life is comparatively irrelevant because it cannot really be decided by the appeal to the eye. Off-hand you might say that you know people in life by how they look. As a matter of fact you don't. Your impressions of them are made up of a host of things into which the eye does not enter at all. Whether you are conscious of it or not, your impression of a man is a mental conception to which the eye is only a partial contributor. Painting is an



PRINCESS ANTOINE BIBESCO
BY AUGUSTUS E. JOHN

MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN AS PORTRAIT PAINTER



"A CANADIAN SOLDIER"
BY AUGUSTUS E. JOHN

art of expression; it records not only what the painter sees with his eyes but what he takes in with his other senses. The success of a portrait painter depends, finally, on his including what psychologists would call his total reaction to the subject before him; and, in the long run, this depends upon his mastery of his craft. In proportion as he is a good draughtsman and painter his hand will respond automatically to the combined gleanings of all his faculties. ■ ■ ■ ■

That is where, it seems to me, Mr. John scores over most contemporary portrait painters. He is more consistently a painter; a man trained to expression with his brush.

That he happens to be an acute observer and a man of remarkable sensibility would be little to the purpose if his hand were not so perfectly responsive to what he sees and feels. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

To turn to the portraits in detail is to be aware of a dozen felicities not only of drawing and painting, but of interpretation—if the word must be used. Almost necessarily one reads into portraits of eminent men what one has heard about them. Mr. Hughes, for example, is generally described as a "live wire." The report by Mr. John certainly tallies, but it tallies in a way that does not suggest hearsay. The nervous vibration of the man



H.R.H. EMIR FEISUL
BY AUGUSTUS E. JOHN
(Purchased for the Birmingham Art Gallery)

MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN AS PORTRAIT PAINTER



THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM HUGHES,
P.C., PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA
BY AUGUSTUS E. JOHN

is conveyed, not in any action or gesture, but by sheer quality of painting. It is a "simmering" portrait. *Sir Robert Borden, G.C.M.G., P.C., Prime Minister of Canada*, compels attention by weight of personality. One would expect him to be a scant speaker, long in deliberation, and firm and rather abrupt in utterance. In *H.R.H. Emir Feisul* one is aware of the painter's enjoyment of his task in the suave relation of tones, but the character is not missed. The picture could never be mistaken for a study of the costume model; it is obviously a portrait. From a purely psychological

point of view *The Right Hon. Lord Robert Cecil, P.C., M.P.*, is the most remarkable portrait in the room. It is impossible, of course, to forget hearsay in looking at this picture; but, even assuming that Mr. John was affected by what he had heard about Lord Robert, it would still be an extraordinary piece of shorthand interpretation. *Portrait of a Boy* reminds us that, with all his modernity, Mr. John is a traditional painter. Nothing, to my mind, is more significant of his personal security than the candid way in which he will refer to this or that painter of the past. Painting is, after

MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN AS PORTRAIT PAINTER



THE RIGHT HON. LORD
ROBERT CECIL, P.C., M.P.
BY AUGUSTUS E. JOHN

all, a traditional art, with standards of its own drawn from the deep experience of the race. By long and continuous experiment it has found out what will and what will not "work" as a means of communication between one human being and another. Mr. John is not only grounded in painting as a craft, but in painting as a tradition; and in the long run that serves a man better than a great deal of assorted information about the facts of nature. ▀

Lord Fisher of Kilverstone, O.M., G.C.V.O., is almost too good to be true in its confirmation of popular belief. At the same time, it is all done by and through

painting, so that you are forced to conclude that the popular belief is founded in fact. Finally, we come to the portraits of women. It is quite obvious that they are done in a different faith, so to speak, than those of men. They are much more subjective. The impression they give me is that in painting them Mr. John depends even less exclusively upon his eyes than at other times; that he allows his brush to be guided less by the looks than by the temperament of the sitter. But in *Princess Antoine Bibesco*, at any rate, the bidding of temperament has produced a definite personality.

CHARLES MARRIOTT



SIR ROBERT BORDEN, G.C.M.G.,
P.C., PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA
BY AUGUSTUS E. JOHN



"THE WOODMAN," BY
LEON LHERMITTE

MODERN MASTERS AT BARBIZON HOUSE.

PEOPLE who buy pictures to live with often find it difficult to imagine how those works which they see and like in public galleries would look if they were hung in their own houses. Indeed, many pictures which look well when seen in a gallery with a top light produce a disappointing effect in the light of an ordinary living-room, while others which "go" admirably in a private apartment seem to lose a great deal of their attractiveness when displayed in a public gallery. The works of the Barbizon painters are generally of the latter kind. Their modest proportions, their subdued and delicate schemes of colour, and, above all, their intimacy of feeling make them delightful to live with, but disqualify them for asserting themselves

in the glare and distraction of a public exhibition. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The recognition of such facts may have induced Mr. Croal Thomson to choose a private house instead of the regulation gallery with sky-lights for his new place of business. At Barbizon House, in Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, the pictures and drawings which pass through his hands can be displayed under the conditions of an ordinary collector's house. The new gallery is simply a tastefully furnished home. The surroundings create the proper atmosphere for their enjoyment, and enable collectors to estimate the effects which the objects they admire will produce in their own homes. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

During the past two seasons Mr. Thomson has filled his house with a succession of fine paintings, drawings, and statuettes. In June last he delighted his friends with a pri-

MODERN MASTERS AT BARBIZON HOUSE

vate view of the best things in the collection of the late Sir George Drummond of Montreal, a collection which, sold under his direction, afterwards realized such amazing prices at Christie's. Among them were two of the most wonderful water-colours which Turner produced. *Zurich* was one of the last drawings Turner made—he was nearly seventy when he did it. It is unlike anything on earth, but it has something of the glamour, the splendour, the terror, and the transitoriness of the sights one sees in the skies sometimes as the days draw to a close. It is a work of genius, vast, unfathomable, disturbing, awe-producing, and overpowering. No man but Turner could have painted it, and I should imagine that no one could look at it without admiring it and without trembling before the almost superhuman powers displayed in its production. The drawing must have stirred many memories in Mr. Thomson's mind. It was once in the possession of the late Mr. Irvine Smith, an Edinburgh collector who lived sparingly to devote all his savings to the purchase of Turner drawings.

Towards the end of his life failure of eyesight led him to sell some of his cherished possessions, and it was Mr. Thomson's lot to go to Edinburgh to arrange for their purchase. The price he paid for this drawing appeared large at that time, but Mr. Thomson's courage was justified. The drawing realized £6510 in the Drummond sale, the highest price that has yet been paid at auction for a Turner drawing.

But remarkable as the *Zurich* drawing is, it is yet the work of an old man. It is garrulous, wilful, and fitful. It has something of the incoherence and impatience of an old man's talk. The other Turner drawing to which I have referred—the *Dudley Castle*—was evidently the work of a younger man. It is just as incommensurable as the *Zurich*, but all the artist's marvellous powers were more firmly under control when it was painted. The play of light from the burning furnaces, from the dying sun and the rising moon, on the muddy water of the canal, the smoke of a manufacturing town, the wooded hill-side and the ruins of the ancient castle, is



"RIDEAU D'ARBRES, SOLEIL COU-
CHANT." BY J. B. C. COROT



"GOING TO WORK"
FROM THE DRAWING
BY J. F. MILLET



"THE CANAL, DORDRECHT"
BY JACOB MARIS

vigorously observed, and the whole is firmly knitted into a design of uncommon beauty and poignant imaginings. All Turner's works are original, but the *Dudley Castle* is perhaps one of the most original of his drawings. It seems to have foretold and summed up all that the more enterprising and experimental artists of Europe have been trying to do since Turner died. ▀

In a brief notice it is obviously impossible to refer to a tithe of the numerous things Mr. Thomson has displayed at Barbizon House for the enjoyment of his friends and patrons. Last July he delighted them with the sight of a number of Jean-François Millet's drawings in chalk, among them *The Woodchoppers*, *The Shepherdess and her Flock*, *The Sick Child*, and *The Knitting Lesson*. We had

seen several of these drawings before, as they formed part of the Staats Forbes collection, but who was not glad to see them again? Lhermitte's crayon drawings, *The Woodman*, *The Market Place*, *Bethune*, *A Street in St. Malo*, and others which Mr. Thomson was showing at the same time are more academic in style than Millet's synthetic designs, but they possess a quiet charm and compel respect and admiration. Among the paintings which I have seen recently in this gallery are Corot's *Rideau d'Arbres*, James Maris's *The Canal, Dordrecht*, some pieces by Matthew Maris and D. Y. Cameron, an exquisite village-street scene, *At Barbizon*, by Millet, and a characteristic little study, *Green and Grey*, by Whistler. ▀ ▀

A. J. FINBERG



THE
STU-
DIO

W. P. M. N.



"GREEN AND GREY"
BY JAMES MCNEILL
WHISTLER



"BETHUNE." BY LEON
LHERMITTE



"A STREET IN ST. MALO"
BY LEON LHERMITTE

A RUSSIAN PAINTER: N. K. ROERICH. BY N. JARINTZOV

IN our days the struggle between "mechanical civilization" and "the culture of spirit" (to use Mr. Roerich's own expressions) is reaching a decisive point. When an artist to whom it is given to reflect the colours, the sounds, and the thoughts engendered in Infinity remains whole-heartedly within the vibrations linking him with it, he makes them tangible to all; but it must be a whole-hearted, spontaneous attitude on the part of the artist; only then does he stand as one of the leaders clearly outlined on the summit of the mountain where the battle is raging.

One of such leaders is the Russian Academician, N. K. Roerich. "Man cannot be the king of Nature; he is her pupil. I have never felt inclined to paint mere portraits. Man's place in the universe—that is what is important," Mr. Roerich said to me the other day. This oneness of mind and heart with the artistic gift is the key to the convincingness of

his creations. They fill you with the desire of hearkening, expectant, to the whispers of Eternity. The silence of Roerich's northern waterways speaks. The weight of his rocks and ancient walls breathes life. ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

"Wonderful landscapes?" No, it is not the landscape itself. Nearly always there is somewhere, often most unobtrusive, a human figure, or figures, doing something full of meaning. And yet their action is not the main thing either; it is not underlined by the artist, there is no finesse, no intended subtlety; it is simply "Man's place in the Universe." In other words, the only thing that matters. ♣

Everything in Roerich's works, viewed from the ordinary standpoint, looks fantastic; yet all meets the eye of the onlooker as if it has always existed in the hidden depths of his own vision. Therein, in spite of the essentially Russian forms, Roerich is not only Russian, but human in the broadest sense. He is above theory, above tendency, even above style as such. He is not a follower of any other artist,



"THE CALL OF THE BELLS"
(FROM THE "OLD PSKOV" SERIES)
BY NICOLAS ROERICH



THE
ART
DIO

"ST. TIRON DISCOVERING THE SWORD
SENT TO HIM FROM HEAVEN" FROM
THE PAINTING BY N. K. ROERICH

A RUSSIAN PAINTER : N. K. ROERICH

or school, although some compare him to Gauguin, Blake, or Vroubel, others see the spirit of the Far East and Byzantium in his mural decorations and ikons. But he devotedly follows his own path, linking up for him humanity with the spirit of the Cosmos. One without the other is impossible to him. ♪ ♪ ♪

A profound study of the Stone Age and his own excavations in Russia, have given Roerich a complete grasp of the inner spirit of ancient life. The old Russian churches, cities, and homesteads on his canvases breathe of their intimacy with their mother-soil. Russia has lived through so many turmoils that people who have had to defend themselves have held on to that soil fast and firm. Outside, there unfolded itself the vast beloved land, to grow corn on it, or to fight for it, or to gaze at the passing foreign caravans. Inside, within

the thick walls beset with the turrets and porches of the younger generations, there lurked the naïve life where the seclusion of women, the wise old men's predominant place, the ideals of hermit life, the hiding of treasures, and the fascinations of the Byzantine church nestled side by side. Roerich loves the simple atmosphere of that life and its legends : it forms a natural setting for the truth-throbbing vision which inflames his art. "Inspiration is absolutely real. All art creations exist before we sense and materialize them," says he.

N. K. Roerich is descended from a Scandinavian family that came over and settled in Russia in Peter the Great's time. Now, no one could be more Russian—in the knowledge of, and love for, all essentially Russian conceptions of Spirit, Art, and Beauty. Roerich is a writer and a poet too. The titles of his



"WELCOME TO THE SUN"
BY NICOLAS ROERICH
Skudelski Collection



"THE IDOLS" ("PAGAN RUSSIA"
SERIES). BY NICOLAS ROERICH

paintings are stately, sonorous, unhurried—untranslatable in their ancient poesy. His essays on ancient Russia unfold a panorama that makes you hold your breath. If Russia herself (instead of the Bolsheviks) offered him all the opportunities for the application of his gifts—he might rejuvenate the exhausted country by reimbuing her with the charms of her own youth! ❖

Russia has absorbed the elements of beauty from all who ever crossed her land, not only from the hired Scandinavian princes and warriors, from their reckless highwaymen and merchants, from the Byzantine missionaries and the Asiatic caravans, but even from her oppressors the Tartars. All these elements became

blended in the mind of the unsophisticated Russian with the clarity of his primitive conceptions, i.e. with that clarity which is the more striking the more mystical the object of the idea would seem to be. It is this very clarity, this simplicity of greatness, that is reflected in Roerich's works. ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

Roerich was born in 1874. From 1893 to 1897 he was student at the Petrograd University, and at the same time at the Academy, in Professor Kuindji's class. In 1915 Russia celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Academician's artistic activity. Long before that time he was the first President of the society or group called "The World of Art," amongst the



THE
STU-
DIO

"THE ENCHANTED CITY"
FROM THE PAINTING
BY NICOLAS K. ROERICH.

A RUSSIAN PAINTER : N. K. ROERICH

leaders of which were Sierov, Vroubel, Somov, Bakst, Benois, and other artists well known in Europe ; Director of The Society for the Encouragement of Arts ; Member of the Paris "Salon d'Automne" and the Rheims Academy ; also of the Vienna Secession, his connexion with which he severed in 1914. ▢ ▢ ▢

In 1907 Roerich was first inspired to compose scenery for an opera (Wagner's "Valkyries"), not to order, but "for himself"; very soon he became a past-master in that branch of art, wonderfully harmonizing his creations with the music of the operas and the spirit of the dramas. His were the sceneries for several operas in Sergey Diaghilev's productions, and for plays at the Moscow Art Theatre and the Ancient Theatre. He has recently completed the scenery for Rimsky Korsakov's "Tsar Saltan" (Pushkin's fairy tale), in pursuance of a commission given by Sir Thomas Beecham. ▢ ▢ ▢

The Pochayev Cathedral and two or

three private chapels are adorned with numerous mural paintings, done with Roerich's ever-present inspiration and love both for the subject and the technique suitable for it. He also worked enthusiastically for two years at Talashkino, the famous estate of Princess M. Tenisheva, where Ruskin and William Morris would have found all their ideals carried out by a group of inspired and inspiring people.

There is no museum or art gallery in Russia that does not own Roerich's canvases and designs for decorative art. In all, his creations number now over seven hundred. A good many of them have been acquired by the National Gallery in Rome, the Louvre (Pavillon Marsan) and the Luxembourg museums in Paris, and public art galleries in Vienna, Prague, Venice, Milan, Malmö, Brussels, Chicago, Stockholm, San Francisco, and Copenhagen. London saw some of Roerich's works at the Exhibition of Post-Impressionists in 1911. ▢ ▢ ▢ ▢



"ST. PROCOPIUS THE RIGHTEOUS
BLESSING THE UNKNOWN TRA-
VELLERS." BY NICOLAS ROERICH
(Sileptsov Collection)



"THE SACRED LAKE"
BY NICOLAS ROERICH

Besides being a connoisseur, Roerich has also been an ardent collector of old paintings. He possessed a valuable collection of these in Petrograd, the fate of which is unknown, because he would not accept the high post offered to him by the Bolsheviks. His collections also included 75,000 objects illustrating the Stone Age.

He does not claim to be the founder of a school : ever discovering new harmonies between colour, line, and spirit, he thinks that every one should work out for himself his own conceptions and technique.

The main series that can be traced in Roerich's paintings (leaving aside his church frescoes and decorative productions) are as follow :

(1) *The Saints and Legends. Procopius the Righteous Blessing the Unknown Travelers ; St. Tiron discovering the Sword sent to him from Heaven, etc.* All these paint-

ings breathe of the power of spiritual calm, although the heavenly word is nowhere enforced upon the onlooker : it is only a characteristic tone in the general harmony of the composition.

(2) *The Fascinations of the Stone Age.* To this category belongs the canvas depicting the aborigines in some arctic region invoking the sun which is a living entity to them, as well as the one called *The Idols*—a shrine the like of which must have existed in ancient Russia on the top of many a hill overlooking open vistas. Another version of this painting contains a figure of an old initiate shielding his eyes from the sun and absorbed in the speaking silence of the distance. This work was completed in Paris, where Roerich worked for a year (1900) under Cormon. Cormon fully realized the untrammelled bent of Roerich's genius ; encouraging it,

he said: "We shall learn from you. *Nous sommes trop raffinés.*"

(3) Landscape, and Old Russian Architecture. *The Call of the Bells* shows a nook in Old Pskov, where the figure of the angel on the church wall is part and parcel of the responsive atmosphere.

(4) The Spells of Russia. Wizards, enchanted places, hidden treasures, spirits of eternal fairy tales, maleficent animals, a beautiful horseman ever guarding a city from evil powers (*The Enchanted City*), a little aboriginal creature furtively hiding his treasures. . . . It seems to be the fate of Russians to hide their treasures! Numbers of them are being hidden now, just as they had to be hidden in the tumultuous times of yore. No wonder that whole codes of magic rules have come into being, teaching how to handle treasure both in hiding them and in searching for them. A hidden treasure is almost a living creature; it has its own whims and moods, it can choose to be benevolent or mischievous.

(5) In 1913-1914 another order of creations came into existence through the intuition of the master: it may be designated "The Prophetic Paintings." To this group belong: *The Lurid Glare*, which later on appeared to be the symbol of Belgium; *The Doomed City*, a lifeless city encircled by an enormous serpent; *The Messenger*, a phantom boat standing motionless before unapproachable cliffs; *Human Deeds*, wise men contemplating a heap of ruins; *The Cry of a Serpent*, since the creation of which Roerich learned of an Eastern legend that a serpent utters a cry when it apprehends the approach of peril to its country.

The overwhelming majority of Roerich's works are in Russia; and a chronological list giving the titles and ownership of most of them appeared in the Russian magazine "Apollon" for April-May 1915; but between thirty and forty remained after the exhibition in Malmo, and are to be exhibited, together with his recent paintings, in May at the Goupil Gallery.



"THE TREASURE." BY
NICOLAS ROERICH
(Skjelderski Collection)



"SUNDAY AT COPENHAGEN (H.M.S.S. 'CONCORD' AND 'CARDIFF')"
WATER-COLOUR BY CECIL KING
(The property of the Imperial War Museum)

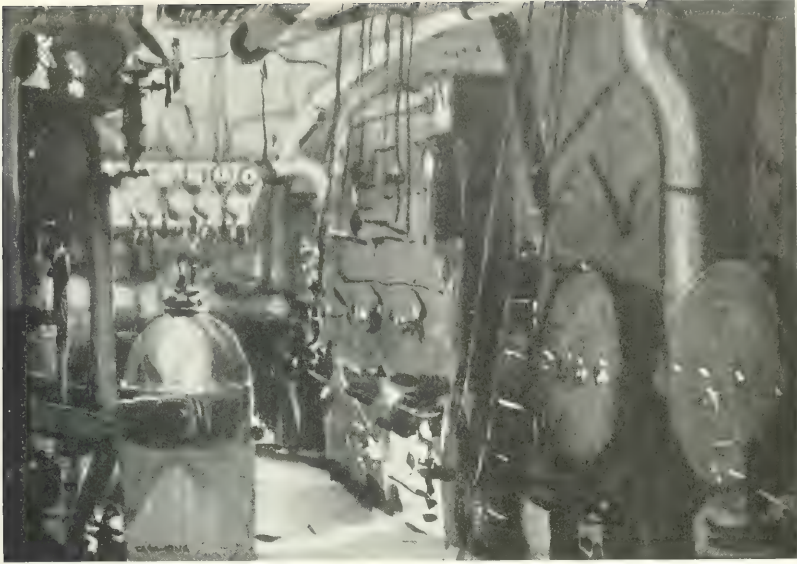
STUDIO-TALK

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—A very charming example of needlecraft is given in the coloured reproduction of Miss Ruth Rayner's panel, *A Vase of Marigolds*, which forms the frontispiece to this number of *THE STUDIO*. Miss Rayner possesses an instinctive feeling for decorative fitness, and in dealing with floral motives such as those upon which she has here exercised her dainty skill, she invariably avoids results which are incongruous with the means employed, at the same time that she succeeds admirably in portraying the natural characteristics of her models. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Mr. Cecil King's work as a marine painter was exemplified by two reproductions in our recent Special Number on "British Marine Painting," and some further examples are here given from the

important collection of drawings executed by him in the winter of 1918-1919, during a mission to the Baltic at the instance of the Imperial War Museum. It is unfortunate that a painter of his capacity should not have been selected as one of the Official War Artists, and should indeed have had to wait until after the Armistice before having an opportunity of contributing to the national records. An enthusiastic Territorial for years before the war, he joined his unit for active service in August 1914, and for a year commanded a company on coast defence. Drafted to France in 1916, he served with a cyclist company in the Arras sector, and was subsequently transferred to the Map Service of the Sixth Corps, many of the maps used in the Battle of Arras in 1917 being made under his supervision. Later he was selected to assist Mr. Norman Wilkinson in developing the system of "dazzle" painting which in



"BOILER-ROOM, H.M.S. 'CURLEW'"
WATER-COLOUR BY CECIL KING

the last year or two of the war helped materially to thwart the enemy's submarine activities. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Since its inauguration in 1915 the British Industries Fair, instituted to provide an annual rendezvous for wholesale producers and retailers such as that afforded by the Lenten fair at Leipzig, has with each succeeding year assumed larger and larger proportions. This year's fair, held at the Crystal Palace early last month, was from all accounts, a remarkable success from a commercial point of view, but we are afraid it cannot be said that in regard to design as distinguished from purely technical qualities, the goods displayed showed any marked improvement. With the exception of a small minority our manufacturers as represented at this fair would still seem to lack a proper appreciation of the commercial value of good design, and to harbour the fallacy that because the public buy what is offered they would not buy something better if it were available.

We look forward with more hope in this respect to the exhibition which is being organized by the British Institute of Industrial Art. This exhibition, to be held at the Institute's spacious building in Knightsbridge early in June, will comprise furniture, textiles, pottery, porcelain, earthenware, glass (including stained glass) of British production, and its aim will be to demonstrate that success in competition in the world's markets can be ensured by *quality* of production as well as quantity. The Director of the Institute appeals for the co-operation of all manufacturers and others interested in this aim by participating in the exhibition. The latest date for receiving work is May 8. ♦ ♦ ♦

The Society of Women Artists has just held its annual exhibition at the R.B.A. Galleries in Suffolk Street, and it was, on the whole, distinctly more interesting than any of the Society's shows of recent years. Partly, no doubt, as a result of their training, there is still, perhaps, a little too much



"H.M.S. 'CALEDON' IN THE ICE
OFF LIBAU, JANUARY 1919."
WATER-COLOUR BY CECIL KING
(The property of the Imperial War
Museum)

effort on the part of these women painters to simulate qualities appropriate to the work of men and to repress any manifestation of feminine feeling and outlook, though the charm and grace begotten thereby would in their case be preferable to a display of affected virility. ♡ ♡

Turner was again the glory of Messrs. Agnew and Sons' annual exhibition of selected water-colour drawings by artists of the early English School, the collection displayed containing more than thirty examples of his work, ranging in date from 1796 to 1843, and comprising some of the finest productions of his magic brush. De Wint, Copley Fielding, David Cox, Girtin, Gainsborough, J. R. Cozens, and, among artists of a later date, R. W. Hunt, E. M. Wimperis, D. G. Rossetti, and Sir John Millais were represented in the exhibition. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

At the Goupil Gallery a miscellaneous

group of pictures comprised some recent work by Mr. William Nicholson, including some of those essays in still-life painting for which he is famous, and two or three landscapes; and in another room were assembled a large and interesting collection of paintings and drawings of Egypt, Palestine, Mesopotamia, Persia, and India made by Sidney and Richard Carline for the Imperial War Museum. At the Fine Art Society's there was an exhibition of landscape paintings by the Hon. Walter James, nearly all of them low-toned vistas of those broad stretches of country for which this artist evinces a decided partiality. The water-colour landscapes of Mr. Reginald Smith, A.R.W.S., in an adjacent room, though a little insipid in colour, showed an excellent appreciation of atmospheric subtleties. An interesting exhibition of pastels at the Eldar Gallery (Great Marlborough Street) comprised

examples of work in this medium by Brabazon, Cender, Mr. Augustus John, Mr. Brangwyn, Mr. Clausen, and Albert Moore, as well as a series of landscape impressions of the Malvern district by Mr. Leonard Richmond, whose pastel work shows, we think, that this medium is the one that suits him best. ■ ■ ■

The people of Brighton owe much to Mr. H. D. Roberts, the enterprising Director of the Public Art Gallery, where since he took charge, some fourteen years ago, many exhibitions of more than ordinary interest have been held, culminating in the very fine collection of paintings and drawings by Richard Wilson, R.A., belonging to Captain Ford, which have been on view during the past few weeks. What, however, has distinguished Mr. Roberts's tenure of the directorship has been his broad-minded eclecticism; rightly believing that a change of artistic pabulum is as necessary for our emotional natures as a variation of diet is for our physical well-being, he has on several occasions looked beyond the shores of this country for work to exhibit in the galleries under

his control, and his latest venture in this direction is an exhibition of modern Dutch paintings to be opened shortly. It will, it is said, be the first exhibition of the kind to be held in this country, and if, as we presume will be the case, the paintings to be shown are those of living artists, this statement must be accepted as true. It is usual, of course, when speaking of the Modern Dutch School, to think of the stalwarts like Israels, the Maris Brothers, Mauve, Mesdag, Bosboom and their contemporaries, whose work the London public, at any rate, have had fairly ample opportunities of seeing; but, apart from such names as those of Marius Bauer and Louis Raemaekers, next to nothing is known at first hand about the generation that has succeeded them, although it comprises a number of painters whose work certainly deserves to be known in England. The contemporary Dutch School is, perhaps, chiefly notable in the domain of landscape-painting, but the great traditions of portraiture and figure-painting are also loyally upheld, and the school is not lacking in capable marine painters. ■



"BEYOND." BY JONAS LIE
Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts
1922



"THE GATE OF THE HIGHLANDS," BY GIFFORD BEAL
(Pennsylvania Academy)

PHILADELPHIA.—Comparisons are sometimes invidious, but one is obliged to observe that the One Hundred and Fifteenth Annual Exhibition, held in the galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts during February and March, did not seem to be quite up to the standard of last year's show. There were many good pictures, it is true, in the collection of three hundred and sixty oil paintings, and many attractive small bronzes and portrait busts among the one hundred and fifty-eight pieces of sculpture on view, but there was also quite a number of works of only mediocre merit, surprising to find in a show that has hitherto kept up the level of achievement in American contemporary art. The hanging was particularly bad. To find, for instance, the late J. Alden Weir's delicate and refined double portrait, *The Sisters*, hung in the place of honour in Gallery F., flanked on one side by Mr. Gifford Beal's strong green landscape, *The Gate of the Highlands*, and on the other by Mr. Jonas Lie's

sunlit harbour scene *Beyond*, gave a decidedly incongruous air to the group.

A notable exhibit was Mr. Leopold Seyffert's portrait of Colonel Richard H. Harte, C.M.G., as also his bold and vigorous painting of *The Hunter*. The same gallery contained Mr. Eugene Speicher's *Portrait of a Russian Woman*, awarded the Carol H. Beck Gold Medal; *The Red Kimono*, by Mr. Joseph De Gamp, awarded the Walter Lippincott Prize; and Mr. Hugh H. Breckenridge's *Edge of the Woods*, awarded the Jennie Sesnan Medal. Mr. Ernest Laws received the Temple Gold Medal for his landscape *Ice Bound Falls*, Miss Mildred B. Miller the Mary Smith Prize for *In the Window*, and Miss Malvina Hoffmann the Widener Gold Medal for her bronze group, *The Offering*.

There were well executed portraits of *Benjamin Rush, Esq.*, by Mr. Edward C. Tarbell; of *Wm. P. Gest, Esq.*, by Mr. Wm. M. Paxton; of *Dr Morris Jastrow, Jr.*, Professor of Semitics in the University of Pennsylvania, by Mr. Wayman Adams; of



"VILLAGE AND HILLS
IN MANTLE OF SNOW"
BY GARDNER SYMONS
(Pennsylvania Academy)

STUDIO-TALK

Walter MacEwen, the painter, by himself; of little *Mary Shippen Schenck*, by Miss Adelaide Cole Chase; of a boy, *Sport*, by Miss Camelia Whitehurst; of a *Boy in Blue*, by Miss Alice Kent Stoddard; of *Captain Dan Stevens*, *Lighthouse Keeper*, by Mr. Randall Davey; a *Portrait Study*, of fine character, by Mr. S. G. Phillips; and a portrait of a local artist, *Mr. Haward*, by Mr. Fred Wagner. Mr. Childe Hassam exhibited a delightfully illuminated figure subject entitled *New York Winter Window*; Mr. Robert Vonnoh a good colour scheme in his *Fantasy—Blue and Yellow*; Mr. Juliet White Gross sent a well-drawn nude, *Morning*; and Mr. Phillip L. Hale a work, including a nude figure, entitled *Day and her Sister, Night*, having a considerable feeling of the Pre-Raphaelite art. Mr.

George De Forest Brush illustrated the unity of the arts in exhibiting both painting and sculpture—the former represented by *A Family Group* painted on a circular canvas, and the latter by a statuette of a *Mother and Child*. ■ ■ ■

Mr. Paul King's *Lime Quarry*; Mr. Charles Morris Young's *Enchanted Island*; Mr. Gardner Symons' *Village and Hills in Mantle of Snow*; Mr. Elmer Schofield's *November Frost*; Mr. Charles Rosen's *Sunny Morning*; and Mr. Edward W. Redfield's *Day before Christmas* were good examples of American landscape. *The Murder of Edith Cavell*, by Mr. George Bellows, was an interesting echo of the Great War. Life in the Far West was depicted in Mr. Carl Rungius's *On the Trail*. Mr. Hayley Lever was at his best



"NEW YORK WINTER WINDOW." BY CHILDE HASSAM
(Pennsylvania Academy)



"THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS"
BY EDWARD W. REDFIELD
Pennsylvania Academy

in the canvas *Drying Sails*; Mr. Everett Warner took us in the aeroplane, *Above the Clouds*; and Mr. Frank W. Benson proved a startling realist in *Flying Merganser*. ❖

The offering of sculpture was unusually numerous, and some of it was very good. There were fine portrait busts of *Lieut.-Col. Phillippe B. Varilla*, by Miss Malvina Hoffmann; of *General George W. Goethals*, by Mr. Sigurd Neandross; and of *Mrs. Nicholas Biddle*, by Dr. R. Tait McKenzie; good nudes in Miss Nancy Coonsman's fountain group, *Frogs and Girls*, and *The Pigeon Girl*, by Mr. Brenda Putnam; and a capital bit of animal work in Miss Laura Gardin Fraser's *Snuff*. ❖ ❖ ❖

EUGÈNE CASTELLO

TORONTO.—The forty-first exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy at the Art Gallery was distinctly richer than its predecessor here some two years ago. It contained four large canvases painted for the Canadian War Memorials, and had also a greater variety of portrait and figure work than usual. The work of younger contributors was fairly progressive in character, and held its own well with the older and more conventional pictures. ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

The four war canvases are by J. W. Beatty, Maurice Cullen, A. Y. Jackson, and F. H. Varley. In his *Huy, on the Meuse, Belgium*, Maurice Cullen has frankly abandoned the strict theme of war



"FROGS AND GIRLS"
(FOUNTAIN GROUP)
BY NANCY COONSMAN
(Pennybama Academy)

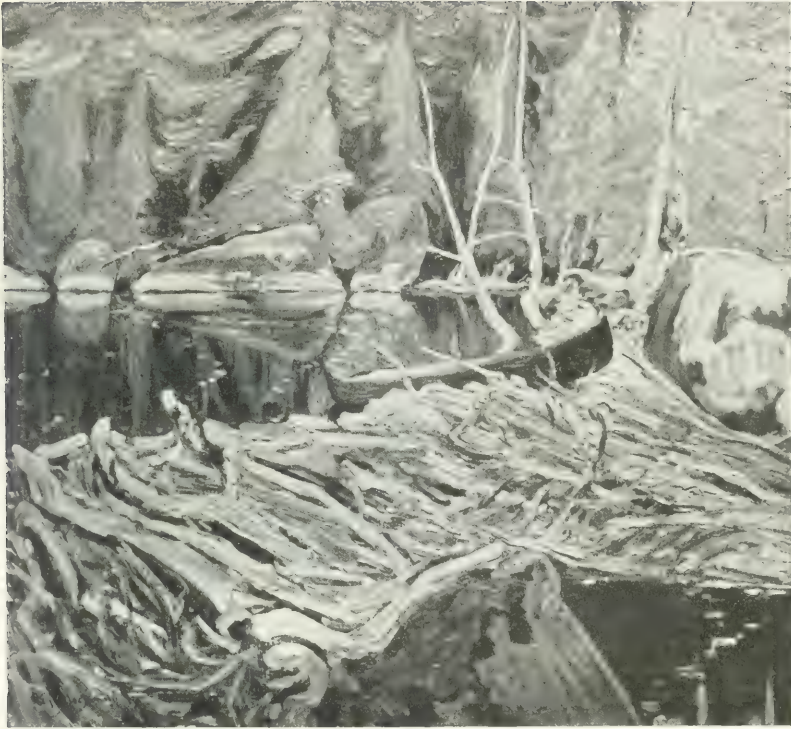
for a spacious wintry perspective of sun and snow across leagues of air; A. Y. Jackson's "*Olympic*" in *Halifax Harbour* is an interesting experiment in explicit design and detail on the part of one who has

wellnigh perfected himself in the art of reticent interpretation, as in his deeply satisfying *Ships entering Halifax Harbour*; here is shown a day of thawing snow among mean shacks by the waterside with the quiet procession of ships beyond, the real Jackson. F. H. Varley's *Prisoners* is quite worthy of being ranked with the two great war pictures that he has already painted. The bedraggled prisoners are seen stumbling listlessly past a row of broken and rotting tree-stumps; one cannot but think it unlikely that the tragic, mutilated trees of the Flanders front have been turned to such account by any other artist. Varley's extraordinary gain in power is the most striking single fact in Canadian art at the present moment. ■ ■ ■

Portraiture was represented by E. Wylie Grier, who has recently invaded Nova Scotia with his palette, by H. Harris Brown with studies of two Toronto celebrities, and by Curtis Williamson, who has not exhibited in Toronto for several years. The two Williamsons were much less fluent but incomparably more penetrating; Williamson is a unique and isolated figure in Canada, sardonic and unsparing in a country which knows little of such qualities. ■ ■ ■

There were several figure studies that deserve mention, M. A. Suzor-Côté's *Vieux paysan canadien-français* taking first place among them with its luminous colour and its beautiful sympathy, and after him the work of Regina Seiden and Emily Coonan. Nor must a smaller picture of E. H. Holgate's, *Amiens Station*, be overlooked, in which a soldier with wife and child is splendidly interpreted by the simplest means. ■ ■ ■

There was less notable landscape than usual, though much repetitive or derivative work, reasonably well done but without particular meaning. The only work that carried one forward was that of J. E. H. Macdonald, whose tousled *Beaver Dam* breathes of the Algoma district which local artists have recently begun to tap, and of Manly Macdonald, a younger artist of considerable promise. Arthur Lismer was a little sketchy this time, but spirited as always, and Mabel May's outdoor studies showed her usual admirable characteristics. ■ ■ ■ B. F.



"BEAVER DAM." BY
J. E. H. MACDONALD
(Royal Canadian Academy)

REVIEWS.

John Thomson of Duddingston, Landscape Painter. His Life and Work, with some Remarks on the Practice, Purpose, and Philosophy of Art. By ROBERT W. NAPIER, F.R.S.A. (Oliver and Boyd.) £1 11s. 6d. net. Edition de Luxe, £3 3s. net.—This exhaustive account of the life and work of Thomson of Duddingston will be welcomed by the admirers of this early Scottish landscape-painter. His position in the art of his country has not up till now been definitely assured; but as a result of this instructive and sympathetic mono-

graph it should be more secure. No one is better equipped than the author to undertake such a volume, for he has obviously made a deep study of his subject and has accumulated and marshalled a mass of information, thereby presenting to the student a comprehensive and valuable contribution to the history of Scottish art. It is impossible to peruse the 568 pages of this admirable volume, with its numerous illustrations, without acquiring some of the author's enthusiasm for his subject. His admiration is unbounded; and so zealous is he of Thomson's artistic reputation, more especially in relation to the charge of



"PRISONERS." BY F. H. VARLEY
(Royal Canadian Academy; see p. 78)

amateurishness which has so often been levelled against the parson-painter by certain critics, that he almost spoils his case by overstating it. We owe a debt to Mr. Napier for such a scholarly and sincere appreciation of an interesting and distinguished artist of whom little has hitherto been written. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

En Avion ; Vols et Combats. Estampes et récits de la Grande Guerre, 1914-1918, par Maurice Busset, Peintre-militaire du Musée de l'Aéronautique. (Paris: Librairie Delagrave.) 18 francs.—This folio album contains twenty-four large woodcuts, each accompanied by a page of letterpress descriptive of the subject-matter of the print. The work is the tribute of a fighting airman to the memory of his intrepid comrades of the French Flying Corps who fell in the war, and his prints recording some of their daring exploits bear the unmistakable impress of actuality. Among the incidents figured by M. Busset, in that bold style which distinguishes his

woodcuts, are some of the most thrilling episodes of the war in the air—as, for instance, Guynemer's triumphant fight with six enemy machines, and the duel in which his death was avenged by Fonck, the "ace of aces," at a height of four miles or so. As impressions of an artist who has had personal experience of aerial warfare these vigorous realizations possess a unique interest. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Sketching without a Master. By J. HULLAH BROWN. (London: T. C. and E. C. Jack.) 6s. net.—The subject-matter of this handbook relates wholly to pen-and-ink work, a fact which might with advantage have been indicated in the title, and it is also chiefly concerned with landscape-sketching, including architectural motives. The various aspects of the subject are handled with admirable conciseness, and numerous illustrations are given from drawings by the author elucidating the principles set forth. The book will undoubtedly prove of great assistance to students. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

CAMILLE PISSARRO was the greatest of the French Impressionist painters, even if he were not, as some painters have held, the most artistic. He was so much more than a painter; he was a great man. His art was the expression of his greatness as a man, which is why, to those who really know it and who have lived with it, his work is so satisfying and so inexhaustible. It conveys something of the elusive feeling of the infinity of life itself.

He was a pagan in his worship of nature, and keenly sympathetic in his love of humanity and his interest in any form of human activity. Even in his youthful days he had what amounted to a passion for expression, and in his endeavour to realize the utmost he went further and deeper than most artists, and, in some directions, further than any other artist. He may at times have strained his means in the attempt to give all that was in him to give; but no form of plastic art could adequately express the depth of his personality. He gave so much, and yet one is always conscious in his work that there was still so much in reserve. He never, as is the habit of modern painters, cultivated the means for its own sake, it was useful to him only so far as it achieved his end. Thus his technique, especially in his later work, is original because it is so intimately personal. His work is never marked by that facile brilliancy of handling which so takes the eye and gains the price. He made no compromise, and cared nothing for the ready applause given to mere cleverness and charm of paint. That is why it has been said, and wrongly said, that his work is less artistic than that of some of his confrères, Monet for example. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

He was supremely an artist, for his technique was always the most fitting method of expressing his intuition; it was inseparable from it, and there was, consequently, versatility in his method, for each mood, each vision was expressed in its own way. He was fortunate in having had no academic training; from the moment he first started to draw he went direct to nature and learnt for himself how to express what he felt. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

Camille Pissarro was born at St. Thomas, in the Danish West Indies, in 1830. His father was a merchant who regarded an artistic career for his son with disfavour. After a general education in Paris, Camille, much against his inclination, was put into the office at St. Thomas. However, he followed the advice given him by his schoolmaster in Paris, and drew cocoanut-trees and anything else that was handy. As luck would have it, Fritz Melbye, a Danish painter, called at St. Thomas in 1852 while on his way to Venezuela to make studies of the flora there for the Danish Government. He met the young Pissarro, encouraged his aspirations, and finally suggested that he should accompany him to Venezuela as assistant. Leaving a note for his family, Pissarro eloped with his new friend, and some of the studies of South American plants now in the National Museum in Denmark are the work of Pissarro. In 1855 the family proceeded to Paris, where Camille joined them. Artistic matters were then, as probably they always are, somewhat lively in the French capital, for, in reply to a letter from Pissarro describing his experiences, Melbye wrote (in English) to him from Caracas in 1856: "I am very glad to know that you are in Paris . . . the romantic, moderate, and realistic or idealistic parties that you mention are fighting for the septe[r] [sic] and disputing their rights, must give a most animating impulse to the artists when it does not corrupt or make them lose the peculiar primitive instinct that each has got from nature."

The most real painters in Paris at that time were Corot and Courbet, and Pissarro came, to some extent, under the influence of both. They appealed to two sides of his nature—his realism, his intense love of the thing for its own sake, and his sense of gracefulness and of the lyrical in landscape.

About 1866 he met Manet, Monet, Renoir, Sisley and Guillaumin—a group of ardent students who were all working more or less under the influence of Courbet. They studied nature and painted the life around them. Working in a spirit of simple sincerity, with the purpose of arriving at the ultimate truth, they could not fail to realize the inadequacy of the conventional brown palette to express the brilliancy of effects of light and atmosphere.



"PONT NEUF EFFET DE PLUIE"
BY CAMILLE PISSARRO

They experimented and made important discoveries in regard to colour values as distinct from chiaroscuro. Their work in this direction led to what became known as the Impressionist Movement which has had such far-reaching influence on the development of modern art. ■ ■

From 1868 to 1871 Pissarro lived at Louveciennes, which was on the line of the Prussian advance on Paris. His work at this time was remarkably solid, and showed the combined influence of Corot and Courbet modified by some subtle personal quality of its own. In colour it was still somewhat brown, but there was also a luminous pearly quality, particularly in the skies, and the greys were becoming more delicate and varied. ■ ■ ■

He came over to London, and lived at

Sydenham. In the meantime the Prussians occupied his house and characteristically destroyed all his pictures, so that his early work, up to that period, is very scarce. He painted several pictures in the neighbourhood of Sydenham—the painting, *Lower Norwood*, reproduced here, belongs to that period—and during his stay in London, both he and Claude Monet were invited to exhibit at the Royal Academy. There is no record of their having done so. This hospitality was extended to them as distinguished strangers while the Academy was treating the independent artists of England in precisely the same manner as Monet and Pissarro were being treated in Paris. Year after year, the Salon refused to exhibit their work, and with the other Impressionist painters they



"PORTAIL DE ST. JACQUES,
DIEPPE." BY CAMILLE
PISSARRO

CAMILLE PISSARRO

decided to form a group and hold their own exhibitions (1874-1886), the first of which was held in a well-situated empty flat. ▮

On his return to France, Pissarro had taken up his abode at Pontoise (1872-1882), where he painted the simple life of the countryside with increasing luminosity of colour. In 1883 he settled at Eragny, a village not many miles from Gisors, on a charming trout-stream, the Epte. Here he devoted himself to painting the wonderful series of pictures of rural life, which includes some of his finest work. At Eragny his art reached its highest development. There he found subjects which were peculiarly congenial to him. He was pre-eminently the painter of the life of the peasant; he had great sympathy with the simple lives of the workers of the soil. He had no need, like Millet, to make them heroic or tragic figures; it was sufficient

for him that they were human beings living under conditions in which they could be simply themselves. The dreamy valley of the Epte with its low hills and willow-trees, and the peaceful villages of Eragny and Bazincourt, suited his temperament. He painted them under every effect of sun and shadow, and some of his most delightful landscapes belong to this period. ▮

In 1896 an affection of the eyes prevented him from painting out-of-doors to any great extent, and he was compelled to paint interior subjects and street scenes from his window. He moved to Paris where he painted from morning to night, the streets, the quays, the Boulevards, the Seine, under fog, sun, rain, and snow. Then he sought fresh windows in Rouen, Dieppe, and Le Havre, where he painted the boats, the river, the life of the markets and the ports, and, above all, the atmosphere and light.





"LA PETITE BONNE DE CAMPAGNE"
BY CAMILLE PISSARRO

He seemed as much at home in the towns as he had been in his beloved Eragny. His pictures of streets form a remarkable collection. The pictures, *Mi-Carême* (1897) and *Pont Neuf*, reproduced here, are examples of his work at this period. But one misses his delicate and vibrating colour and the sense of light, atmosphere, and movement which he seemed able to express by the subtle variety of colour alone. ▯

Pissarro worked in other mediums than oil paint. In his use of all of them his methods were decidedly personal. He tried etching in 1865, and made a thorough study of it in 1879. In etching he did not confine himself to pure line, but by ways of

his own he obtained unusual effects of atmosphere and texture. For a time he worked at lithography in 1874, and more extensively in 1896. His lithographs are not numerous. He understood the breadth and luminosity of water-colour, which he used to perfection, getting a subtle delicacy and freshness of colour apparently with the greatest ease. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

The story of Pissarro's friendships with most of the great French artists of the latter half of the nineteenth century would make an interesting chapter. His influence was widespread, and sometimes deepest where it is least apparent. Van Gogh, Gauguin, and Cézanne were all at some



"OPEN AIR." WATER-COLOUR
BY JOHN R. BARCLAY

time pupils of his. He died on November 12, 1903, having devoted the whole of his life to work. For him work was the panacea for all ills. On one occasion he said to Octave Mirbeau, the French critic, "Le travail est un merveilleux régulateur de santé morale et physique. Toutes les tristesses, toutes les amertumes, toutes les douleurs, je les oublie, et même je les ignore, dans la joie de travailler. . . . La souffrance n'a de prise que sur les paresseux. . . ." ♦

[A memorial exhibition of the works of Camille Pissarro is being held at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, and will remain open till some time in June.—EDITOR.]

THE EDINBURGH GROUP. BY E. A. TAYLOR. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

A PROBLEM which often confronts the artist and causes him almost if not quite as much perplexity as that which he has to solve in dealing with some intricate composition, is the discovery of suitable means of exhibiting the results of his labour to the world, and young artists especially find themselves seriously handicapped at a critical stage in their careers by lack of facilities for showing their work to advantage. Co-operation seems to be the most effectual means of overcoming the difficulty, and it has certainly



"GRASS OF PARNASSUS" FROM
THE PAINTING BY CLIFTON WALTON.

THE EDINBURGH GROUP



"AND THESE ALSO"
BY CECILE WALTON

so far proved successful in the case of the nine Scottish artists of the younger generation, who have banded themselves together under the title of The Edinburgh Group, and held their first exhibition in Edinburgh last autumn. In their case, apart from considerations of publicity, there exists a common bond of union, since all with one exception have at some time or other been fellow-students of the same art classes, and though it cannot be said that their artistic aims are identical, they at least share the same sincerity in the pursuit of their ideals. ♦ ♦ ♦

Of the three women members of the group, the most widely known in Edinburgh are Miss Cecile Walton (Mrs. Eric Robertson) and Miss Dorothy Johnstone. From her very early days a distinguished future was predicted for Miss Walton. At the age of seven her uncanny imagination was expressed in drawings which were undoubtedly remarkable. Some five or six years ago the publication of Hans Andersen's fairy-tales, with her illustrations, evoked memories of her early sensitive line and thought, and in much of her present-day work there is a haunting

THE EDINBURGH GROUP



"WENHASTON IDYLL"
BY ERIC ROBERTSON

semblance of the same pure imagery grown more in touch with her impressions of modern life. Her *Grass of Parnassus*, for instance, is in reality a portrait group, in which she has endeavoured to represent the spiritual significance of her friends instead of merely copying their features. Technically she has no precisely conscious way of utilizing her medium, as only after the work is completed does she realize any unusual differences there may be. The idea of each subject often lies dormant for months until the opportunity to work at it arrives, and then it is painted very quickly. A unique and at the same time typical example of her personal procedure, is the picture entitled *And These Also?* here reproduced. ■ ■

In much of the work of her husband, Mr. Eric Robertson, there is a strong affinity, combined with a certain psychological similarity of outlook. His special aim is to give pictorial form to any thing or scene in life that invades his consciousness with its mood of beauty. His *Dance Rhythm* clearly demonstrates his regard for his subject as far as representative painting and the reality of the actual dancers are concerned. In his *Wenhaston Idyll*, the same thoughtful arrangement predominates, and a more certain reality of landscape is sympathetically painted and composed. ■ ■ ■ ■

The youngest of the group, Miss Dorothy Johnstone, is most remarkable as a skilful portrait and figure painter.



“DANCE RHYTHM,” FROM THE
PAINTING BY ERIC ROBERTSON.



"YOUTH'S HOLIDAY"
BY W. O. HUTCHISON

Technically she has little if anything to learn to equip herself further in that direction. Attracted by strong colour and contrast she favours large canvases to give delightful expression to her inspirations, most attractive being those outdoor figure compositions of hers, in which the broad simplicity of sea and rocks lends itself admirably to her personally constructive view-point, nor may one lightly pass over the delicate artistry in her elusive chalk drawings. The *Portrait of Mrs. Fred Turnbull*, reproduced with this article, though not one of her latest paintings, intimately suggests one of her favourite arrangements in portraiture. Many

such commissions have been executed by her within the last few years, her most recent ones of children being especially charming. One may also find her at stated intervals giving instruction in life-drawing and painting at the Edinburgh College of Art, where but a few years ago she was one of its most talented pupils. ❧

Another energetic member of the group is Mr. W. O. Hutchison. With him painting is a philosophy and a religion, in which he is constantly finding fresh colour harmonies intimately connected with all sides of mental activity and character, Nature's dramatic moments being those in which he is most widely interested, and



PORTRAIT OF MRS.
FRED TURNBULL. BY
DOROTHY JOHNSTONE



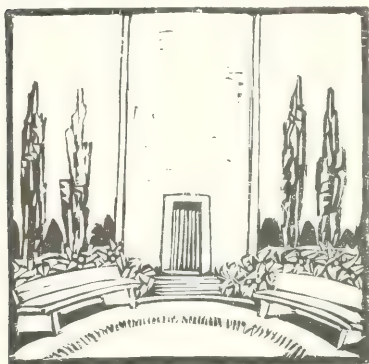
"OCTOBER SNOW"
BY A. R. STURROCK

which he oftentimes daringly personifies. Yet in his most extreme examples no affected under-current detracts from the joyous colour and dexterous refinement which characterize his work. ❖ ❖

Remarkable dexterity, too, is a quality personal to the outstanding water-colourist member, Mr. John R. Barclay—not that water-colour is the only medium by which he has already distinguished himself, but it is the one which seems to me to adapt itself most readily to his alert nature. Sketching grounds with their subject appeal as places or notable localities have no special attraction for him, as no matter where he is, it is the small and fleeting incidents in nature which call him; and the spirit of which he seldom fails to

attain with but a few delightfully spontaneous touches, gaining thereby the truer spirit of the open-air, which is generally lost by more laborious methods. In his figure subjects the same decorative characteristics are invariably to be noted. Young and no thoughtless idler on the artistic road, one may surely predict for him no uncommon future. ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

To find the same joys that Mr. A. R. Sturrock interprets, one must seek for them amongst the wide expanses of open country; for it is there on the great plains of moorland with their wind-swept skies that he finds his happiest inspirations. Simplicity and a charming colour harmony are perhaps his principal key-notes. An artist with a happy outlook, he is in sym-



"THE TOWER." WOODCUT
BY JAN POORTENAAR

pathy with all new movements, and one thing is certain about his work—there is no searching after popular insincerities. Nor could one find any trace of such amongst any of the exhibits in the group's first exhibition, in which some one hundred and twenty-five works were shown.

Though unillustrated in the present article, I must not omit to mention the portrait and refined landscape work of Mr. D. M. Sutherland, the cheerful outlook on nature expressed in the landscapes of Mr. J. G. Spence Smith, and the work of the one applied art member of the group—Miss Mary Newbery (Mrs. A. R. Sturrock). Though attached to the Edinburgh Group, Miss Newbery's art education belongs principally to the Glasgow School of Art, which was made famous under the energetic organization of her father, Mr. F. H. Newbery, and one may hope that the already enthusiastic nine will further add to their number a few more who will realize the artistic influence of the room and its fitments, combined with the picture as a decorative unit in it.

The National Portrait Gallery, after being wholly closed to the public since November 1915, has now been partially reopened, and as soon as the work of re-decoration and re-hanging is completed the remainder will be restored to its proper use.

THE GRAPHIC ART OF JAN POORTENAAR.

THE first thing that strikes you in looking at the work of Mr. Poortenaar is his versatility; the second, the technical sympathy with which he uses the particular medium concerned. On the whole the second virtue is rarer than the first; and it is one of the things that remind you that Mr. Poortenaar, though he has practised art in England for a good few years, is not an Englishman. We have many virtues in art but, speaking generally, we are apt to regard the medium as merely a means to an end instead of as a technical process with peculiarities of its own. As is not uncommon with energetic and practical people, expressing themselves mainly in action, we show in our artistic and intellectual pursuits some lack of the very virtue that we display so eminently in life; in our government of "native races," for example. The English artist who practises several forms of art—painting, etching, and lithography, for example—is often "artistic" in all of them as regards the subject and the expression of his ideas and feelings about it; and he is often in all of them a good craftsman in the general sense of the word. Where he generally



"THE FIRMAMENT"
WOODCUT BY
JAN POORTENAAR



"PICCADILLY CIRCUS IN WARTIME"
LITHOGRAPH BY JAN POORTENAAR

By courtesy of Mr. A. Grooten, publisher of the print



"THE FARMYARD." ETCH-
ING BY JAN POORTENAAR

leaves something to be desired is in the translation of the subject into terms of the particular medium he is using at the moment, and in the adaptation of his craftsmanship to its peculiar capacities and limitations. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

That is where Mr. Poortenaar excels. Practising a wide range of crafts, he seems to approach every subject and problem from the point of view of the craft he happens to be using at the moment. In his hands they might be compared to different musical instruments in the hands of a composer. He might apply the same subject or theme to several of them; but in each case he would adapt it to the instrument concerned. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Mr. Poortenaar is represented here in
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lithography, etching, and woodcut. All these arts, of course, are based on drawing, with modifications according to the resistance of the tools and materials employed in each case. The resistance is least in lithography, which is practically autographic, and greatest in woodcut. Now if you compare Mr. Poortenaar's practice of the three arts you cannot fail to be struck and pleased by his unusually nice recognition of the degree of resistance peculiar to each. Instead of trying to overcome it in the supposed interests of the subject or idea, he allows the resistance itself to become a part of the expression. Between his lithographs and his woodcuts there is an increasing scale of simplification and concentration. In the lithographs



"THE CHURCHYARD." LITHO-
GRAPH BY JAN POORTENAAR



"SHEDS, HOLLAND." LITHO-
GRAPH BY JAN POORTENAAR

the facility of the medium is expressed ; in the etching, the responsibility of the acid, which demands a more closely selective and slightly more formal style of drawing ; and in the woodcuts, the toughness of the material and consequent need for extreme economy of statement. ❧

This technical sympathy, though it enables an artist to express himself with point and propriety, is not the whole of art, and Mr. Poortenaar has other claims to our notice. In his general outlook he might be described as an imaginative naturalist with an instinct for decorative design. If you will look at his work you will see that both the imagination and the decoration are more evident in proportion as the qualities of the medium are more pronounced. He is more naturalistic in his lithographs. Even here both his vision and his drawing are controlled by design—as witness the slight emphasis upon the pattern made by the tree branches


and the arrangement of the paths in *The Churchyard*—and the conception of the subject may be called imaginative ; but the facility of the medium for the close representation of nature is given full play. In the etching the treatment is still comparatively naturalistic, but the trees are reduced to their typical character, and the brickwork is dwelt upon for its decorative value. In the woodcuts, the vision is purely imaginative and the treatment is strictly formal. It might be going too far to say that he is most personal in his woodcuts ; for one thing it is obvious that he is less practised in that medium than in etching ; but there are indications in his work that the more completely the facts of nature are digested the better he will display his ability as a designer. Those who have seen his paintings will recognize that it is the decorative aspect of colour that appeals to him. ❧ ❧

CHARLES MARRIOTT









SITTING-ROOM IN MR. H. ANDERSEN'S WOODEN HOUSE AT HORNBECK. PAUL RICHARDT, ARCHITECT

THE REVIVAL OF THE WOODEN HOUSE. BY GEORG BRÖCHNER. SECOND ARTICLE.

IN continuation of the article dealing with this subject which appeared in the March number of *THE STUDIO*, illustrations are now given of a few additional timbered houses, all designed and built by M. Paul Richardt, B.A., Copenhagen, who, as already mentioned, has designed a large number of such houses in recent years. 

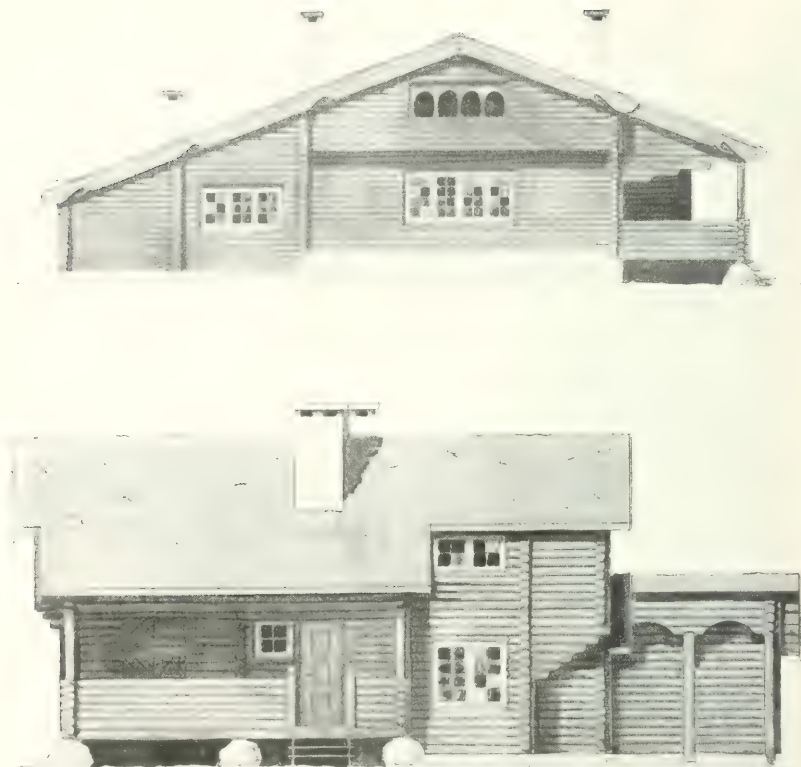
There is one point about these timbered houses which cannot help impressing an attentive and interested observer. They seem to grow from out of the soil in a direct, spontaneous manner, they appear to be part and portion of the land upon which they stand; they are, for choice, lowly structures which trustfully nestle on the broad back of mother earth. And living within them, somehow, brings their inmates in closer and more unceremonious contact with surrounding nature. The more or less hackneyed and trivial appurtenances of ordinary "civilized" towny existence, a possible surfeit of form, are forced more into the background, if at all

allowed to assert themselves; life involuntarily unbends a little, its trend is apt to move towards more simplicity, rather an advantage, perhaps, under present conditions.    

We must remember that the timbered house of yore, the prototype of our modern timbered houses, was the home of plain, hardy, and frugal people, that it belonged to an age, utterly alien to most if not all of the refinements and luxuries in which women of to-day, and men, too, for the matter of that, are wont to indulge, and these ancient houses preach, so to speak, their own useful sermon, not in stones, but in strong, sound timber. They are in their way perhaps even more Spartan than some of the work of a certain school of modern architects, but their apparent severity is more genial after all, though this may savour of the paradox.  

Of course there are means—and quite legitimate means—of beautifying the interior of a timbered house and which are in perfect keeping with its tradition and structure. The woodwork itself can be, and not infrequently is, adorned with carving which again may be treated with

THE REVIVAL OF THE WOODEN HOUSE



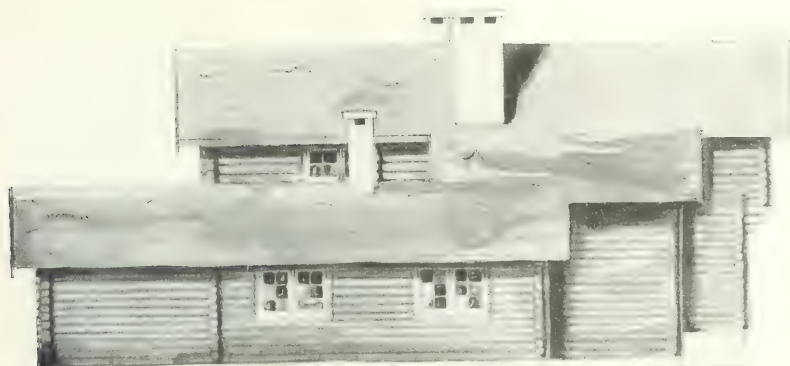
WEST AND SOUTH ELEVATIONS OF MR. H. ANDERSEN'S
WOODEN HOUSE AT HORNBEK
PAUL RICHARDT, ARCHITECT

crude suitable colours. Woven hangings of a kind are used with capital effect, as they were in olden times, nor are some good heavy rugs by any means out of place. Rustic pottery may be made to furnish many a cheerful spot of colour against the mellow brown tints of the wooden wall or the white *pejs*, and the furniture, in many cases specially designed, should not clash with or offend against the solid sombre scheme of the room. A

certain kind of simple but high-class English oak furniture, which the modern English designer and craftsman understands how to produce to perfection, is admirably suited for the interior of a timbered house. But anything flimsy, anything too elaborate, should be ruthlessly discarded. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

In the garden round the house, if any proper garden there be, I would have some of the dear old-fashioned English flowers,

THE REVIVAL OF THE WOODEN HOUSE



EAST AND NORTH ELEVATIONS OF MR. H. ANDERSEN'S HOUSE AT HORNBEK
PAUL RICHARDT, ARCHITECT

which one does not see too often nowadays (although I am glad to say that they are gaining new friends), sweet-scented homely flowers and herbs, such as Thomas Hill discoursed upon in his garden books more than three hundred and fifty years ago, and such as Shakespeare sung:

Hot lavender, mint, savory, marjoram,
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun,
And with him rises weeping—

And there might be thyme and ox-eyes

and "nodding violets," and the porch should be

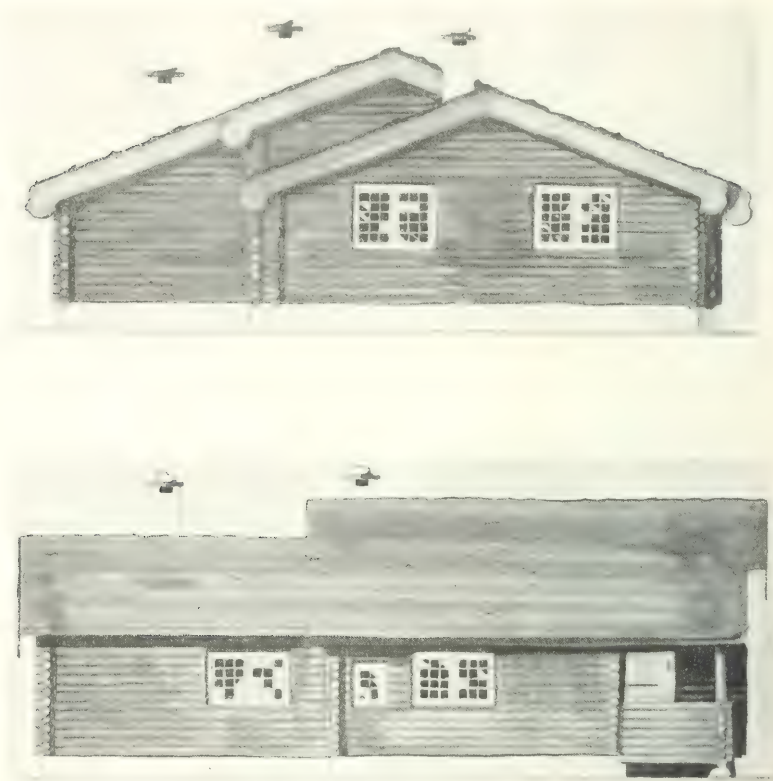
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine
and that little western flower,
Maidens call it "love-in-idleness."

Rosemary and rue should be there, and, perhaps,

lilies of all kinds,
The fleur-de-luce being one—

wallflowers and balsam and southernwood.

THE REVIVAL OF THE WOODEN HOUSE



SOUTH-WEST AND SOUTH-EAST ELEVATIONS OF MR. ERIK ANDERSEN'S TIMBER HOUSE NEAR HORNBÆK
PAUL RICHARDT, ARCHITECT

Under the beams I would place orphine, as maidens did of old on Midsummer's Eve to see whether they should be married soon, and on the roof the quaint and succulent aygreen (house-leek) which feels perfectly at home there. ❧ ❧ ❧

But I am afraid I am sadly digressing, through my love of old-time gardens; I only wish the excellent houses, here depicted, were shown in the midst of such gardens, and I must ask the reader to

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make allowances and to conjure up in imagination what a sweet picture they will make in such surroundings. ❧ ❧

It will be observed that the three timbered houses, of which illustrations are given here from the architect's drawings, though differing materially in design and dimensions, have some leading traits in common. In the first place they are all low, with all or in any case the bulk of their accommodation on the ground floor,

THE REVIVAL OF THE WOODEN HOUSE

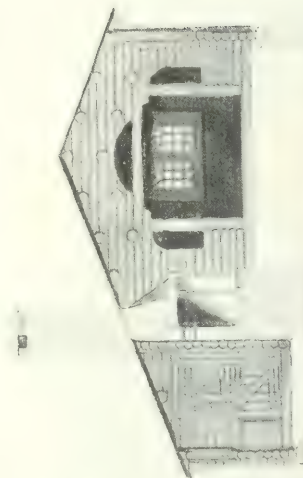
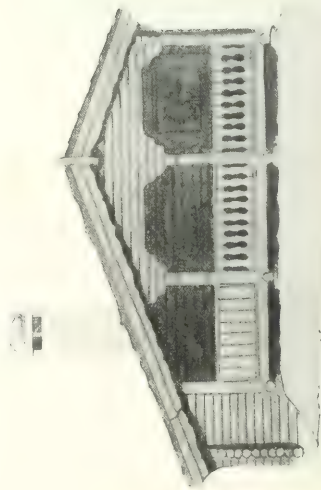
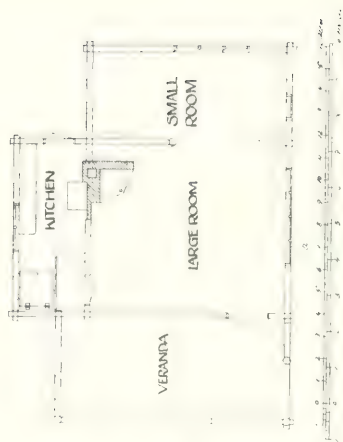
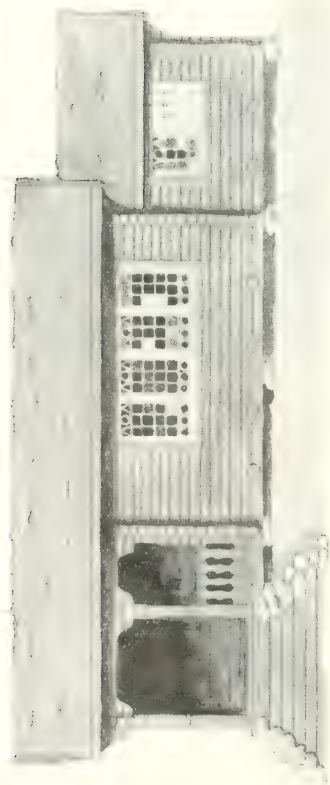


NORTH-EAST AND NORTH-WEST
ELEVATIONS OF MR. E. ANDERSEN'S HOUSE NEAR HORNØK
PAUL RICHARDT, ARCHITECT

in one story, and they are all comparatively broad, the veriest contrast in every sense to the new-world skyscraper. Further, they all have roomy, semi-open verandas, not as in most brick or stone buildings more or less loosely tacked on, a kind of haphazard addition or afterthought, but forming an integral architectural portion of the house. This, figuratively, raises the position of the veranda, and it becomes a decorative feature of the house itself,

instead of being the reverse, as is very often the case. ♢ ♢ ♢ ♢

Another and kindred characteristic feature is the open balcony, the *Svalegang* of the ancient northern timbered houses, and these are either placed on the level of the first floor or on the ground floor, slightly elevated—sometimes carried almost entirely round the house. A *Svalegang* is shown in the picture of Mr. H. Andersen's handsome house at Hornbæk, Denmark. ♢



ELEVATIONS,
SECTION, AND
PLAN OF A
SMALL WOOD-
EN BUNGALOW
IN DENMARK
DESIGNED BY
PAUL RICH-
ARDT



COLONEL F. R. DURHAM, O.B.E., M.C.,
LEGION OF HONOUR, R.E. FROM A
DRAWING BY FRANCIS E. HODGE, R.B.A.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The two gaps in the ranks of the Royal Academicians left by the death of Mr. A. C. Gow and Mr. Alfred Parsons were filled by the election of Sir Edwin Lutyens, architect, and Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton, painter. Both were elected Associates in 1913. Mr. Hughes-Stanton is Vice-President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, which has not yet elected a President in succession to Mr. Parsons. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The office of Keeper of the Royal Academy held by the late Mr. A. C. Gow,

R.A., has been allotted to Mr. Charles Sims, who became a Royal Academician in 1915. The appointment carries with it a residence at Burlington House, and the principal duty of the Keeper is the surveillance of the Schools of the Academy. ■

The Academy has had to endure a good many kicks of late years, and it cannot be denied that there has been some justification for many of the criticisms passed upon it, though it seems to be overlooked that, as evidenced by the elections to its ranks in the last ten years or so, it has been gradually assuming a more modern complexion than its assailants give it credit for. There is, however, further room for amendment in



MAJOR HUGH HOLLAND, D.S.O.,
R.A. FROM A DRAWING BY
FRANCIS E. HODGE, R.B.A.

this direction. Mr. Augustus John, whose resolution to allow his name to be put on the list of candidates has been much discussed in the Press recently, is not the only distinguished "outsider" whose election would enhance the prestige of the Academy, and in fact it would not be going too far to say that its roll of members and associates could be duplicated not only without damage to its dignity but quite the contrary. The constitution of the Academy, based upon an "instrument" framed more than one hundred and fifty years ago, when conditions were totally different from what they are to-day, requires recasting if this organization is to be adequately represen-

tative of all the best British art of the present time, but so long as its membership is restricted within the limits long ago imposed, its position as a national institution will be liable to assault. ♦ ♦

Mr. Francis Hodge, of whose work we give some examples in the accompanying reproductions, was for a short time a pupil of Mr. Augustus John and Sir William Orpen when they conducted a school in London some years ago, but his principal mentor was Professor Gerald Moira, under whom he studied for three years before going to Paris to complete his training. He has executed some decorative paintings, but his practice has been restricted chiefly to



"LHY" WATERCOLOUR BY
FRANCIS L. HODGE R.B.A.



"A REFUGEE, FRANCE, 1918"
FROM A DRAWING BY
FRANCIS E. HODGE, R.B.A.

STUDIO-TALK

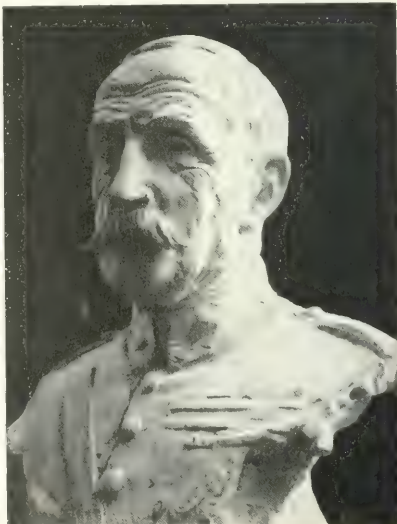
portraiture. During the war he served in the Royal Field Artillery, in which he held the rank of captain, and since its termination he has been occupied in making drawings for the histories of the Fourth Army and the Ninth Division. He is a member of the Royal Society of British Artists, and has exhibited at the Royal Academy, the International, the Goupil Gallery, and other leading shows. ■ ■ ■

New records were established for etchings by D. Y. Cameron, Muirhead Bone, and James McBey at a two-day sale at Christie's late in March. Mr. Cameron's *Ben Ledi* jumped from £189 to £294, and four other prints by him were sold at record prices averaging about £125 each. One impression of Mr. Bone's famous *Great Gantry* realized 165 guineas, and another ten guineas less, while several other examples of his work changed hands at over £100 each. Four of Mr. McBey's prints attained record prices, ranging from 44 to 60 guineas—*The Lion Brewery* and *Gamrie* both reaching the higher sum. For

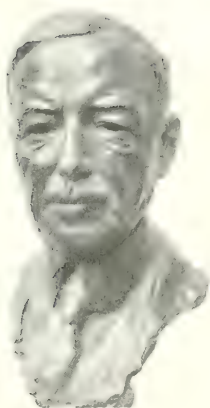
an artist who is still a good way off forty these figures are remarkable. The etchings of Anders Zorn are still much sought after, and several were sold at the same sale at good prices. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

PARIS.—Probably one of the most energetic, as well as one of the most prolific sculptors in Paris at the present time is Mr. Jo Davidson. For many years past his work has been well known in the various exhibitions in France and America. His thorough command of all mediums relative to the art of the sculptor, combined with his brilliant insight into character and his artistic creative ability, was during the war vigorously employed in executing busts of the most notable statesmen and commanders-in-chief of the Allied Armies, besides several of celebrated artists and literary men. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

In the summer of last year some fourteen of these busts were shown in the gallery of Messrs. Chaîne and Simonson, and the exhibition evoked no slight manifestation



PORTRAIT BUSTS OF GENERAL
PERSHING AND MARSHAL FOCH
BY JO DAVIDSON



PORTRAIT BUSTS OF GENERAL
DIAZ, MR. ROBERT LANSING,
AND MARSHAL JOFFRE. BY
JO DAVIDSON

STUDIO-TALK

of public appreciation. To have within but a short time carried to completion over a hundred life-sized busts was certainly no light task, and considering the circumstances under which the work was accomplished it must be regarded as a very remarkable achievement. In many cases it necessitated his travelling over various parts of the Continent, England, and America, working in the strongholds of his models, or the corner of some busy commander's study. Apart from being excellent portraits, these busts are all delightfully characteristic of the vision and distinct personality of the artist. Fortunately some few among his models found time while visiting Paris to give him sittings either in his own studio there or in their own homes.

Amongst some of the finest results of his work are the busts of the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, Marshal Foch, the Hon. E. M. House, Marshal Joffre, M. Clemenceau, General John J. Pershing, General A. Diaz, Hon. Robert Lansing, Mr. Paderewski, and Rabindranath Tagore the poet, and to this list should be added an extremely characteristic portrait of President Woodrow Wilson, which was executed at the White House in Washington.

Excellent, however, as Davidson is as a portraitist, he is nevertheless equally virile in that class of work which calls for the exercise of the more creative side of the imagination. His power in that direction will be immediately evident to any one who has seen his decorative panels in stone, his statuettes, or his large figure of *War*. And

it is again manifested by a work which he is now completing—a colossal figure for a cemetery in memory of the fallen soldiers of the American Expeditionary Force. It is, however, impossible in a short note such as this to do adequate justice to Davidson; his striking personality and his work require a little volume to themselves.

Paris, besides being the home, at least technically, of the painter, is also the home both technically and artistically of the sculptor. Near the corner of the Boulevard Montparnasse and the Boulevard Raspail, one will meet many artists and writers of all nations, and perhaps the little group most notable at the present time is that of the Jugo-Slavs, in whose number M. Branco Deshkovitch figures as a distinguished sculptor. Of a strongly marked poetical temperament combined with an equally pronounced patriotic fervour, one finds in him the complex character of a hard thinker and a dreamer. In his sculpture, strength is the predominating feature, displayed in conjunction with some mythological or very modern incentive. The very human side, too, of life attracts him, and not the least interesting of his work is the portrayal of animals in stone or wood, in which he always manages to capture the sadness or dignity connected with them. Some of his small "notes" in clay, as one might term them, which he did during the war are exceptionally expressive of the tragedies of which he had been a witness. Of the accompanying illustrations, *The Effort* is taken from the smaller sketch in



FRAGMENT FROM "THE EFFORT"
BY BRANCO DESHKOVITCH



"THE VICTORY OF LIBERTY"
BY BRANCO DESHKOVITCH
(National Museum, Washington)

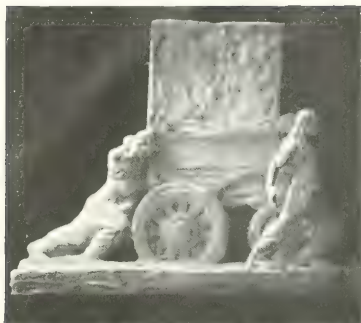
clay of one of his compositions on a large scale, as is also that of *The Victory of Liberty*. Conceived in a more symbolistic vein, his Jugo-Slav legendary hero, *Kraljevic Marko*, embodies in it the strength and the decidedly poetical outlook and temperament of the artist. E. A. T.

Arrangements are on foot for holding a representative exhibition of Czecho-Slovak art in Paris—probably at the Louvre—at a no distant date, and a committee has, it is reported, been formed in Prague under the presidency of General Pellé to forward the scheme. The exhibition is to embrace in addition to the pictorial art, sculpture, and applied art of Czecho-Slovakia a collection of the peasant art productions for which this branch of the Slav race is famous. The influence of this rich peasant art is seen in the work of some of the leading painters of the new republic—notably in that of Joza Uprka, of which examples have already appeared in the pages of this magazine. A Slovak by birth, this artist has elected to live and work among the peasants of Moravia, which like Slovakia proper has been far less subject to foreign (i.e. German) influences than the remainder of the national organism, so that, as a well-known Czech writer has said, it is from Moravia that "we Czechs expect the strengthening and rejuvenating of our

national spirit and the purification of our national ideals." ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Beginning with March 1, a new schedule of regulations, approved by the Minister of Public Instruction and the Director of Fine Arts, has come into operation in respect to the hours during which the national museums will be open to the public. Under these regulations, which are at present introduced as an experiment, all the museums, including, of course, the Louvre, will open their doors each day, except Monday, at ten o'clock, and close at noon for two hours. In the afternoon the hours of admission will vary according to the season; from February 15 to March 31 they will be from 2 to 5.30; April 1 to September 30, from 2 till 6; and October 1 to February 14, from 2 till 4. The Administration has under consideration arrangements for enabling students, artists and others, to pursue their studies during the intervals when the galleries are closed to the public. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.
—Though smaller than the National Galleries at Sydney and Melbourne, the Public Art Gallery at Adelaide, which now counts Mr. Frank Brangwyn's painting of *The Bridge at Avignon* among its possessions, can certainly claim to be the best



FRAGMENT FROM "THE EFFORT"
BY BRANCO DESHKOVITCH

selected collection. Prior to the acquisition of this work, Brangwyn was represented in the collection by a more modern and quite characteristic work, *Coal Heavers Going to Work on the Tyne*, which was presented by the proprietors of "The Graphic" through the late Sir R. Kyffin Thomas. ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻

Among other works by notable modern painters, the Gallery contains three by G. F. Watts—*Love and Death*, *A Nymph*, and a portrait of Tennyson in his peer's robes; a strong impression of a fisherman by Emile Claus, and some good examples of the work of Clausen, Mark Fisher, La Thangue, Waterhouse, and other Royal Academicians. E. A. Hornel, who was born in Australia, is also represented, and there are three works by Blamire Young. ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻

Though there is—or at all events was until recently—only one small work by George Lambert in the collection, Australian painters are generally well represented at Adelaide. South Australia has produced a number of able artists—such as Will Ashton, marine and landscape painter; Hans Heysen, landscape painter; Hayley Lever, who has made a reputation in America as a painter of sea and land; and H. Septimus Power, who was one of the Australian Official Artists on the Western Front and was formerly noted for his hunting pictures. These and others of South Australian origin are represented in the collection. ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ W. M.



"KRALJEVIC MARKO (LEGENDARY
HERO OF THE JUGO SLAVS)"
BY BRANCO DESHKOVITCH



"THE BRIDGE AT AVIGNON"
FROM THE PAINTING BY
FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A.
(Copyright of the Board of the Public Art Gallery,
Adelaide, South Australia)

REVIEWS.

John Zoffany, R.A. : His Life and Works, 1725-1810. By Lady VICTORIA MANNERS and Dr. G. C. WILLIAMSON. (London : John Lane.) £7 7s. net.—Of obscure beginnings—even the year of his birth seems to have been a matter of uncertainty until recently—John Zoffany, who is believed to have been of Czech origin, came to England when a young man, and in course of time became one of the fashionable portrait-painters of his day. He was one of the Foundation Members of the Royal Academy, and enjoyed the patronage of the Court of George III. It was, however, mainly to David Garrick, the great actor, that he was indebted for his advancement after leading a very precarious existence as assistant to a painter who was very much his inferior. Garrick discerned in him a talent above the ordinary in the painting of theatrical compositions, and it is upon pictures of this kind that Zoffany's title to fame rests. Such, indeed, seems to have been the opinion of his eminent contemporary, Horace Walpole, who found little to praise in his portraits. His portraits, whether of individuals or groups, have, however, most of them sufficient historical interest to justify their rescue from oblivion, and in a still greater degree is this the case with those large spectacular groups which he painted during a long stay in India—*Colonel Mordaunt's Cock Match at Lucknow*, *Colonel Martin's Cock Match*, *Tiger-hunting at Chandernagar*, and *The Embassy of Hyderbek to Calcutta*. These pictures, which are all reproduced—each with a key—among the very numerous reproductions in this biography, display remarkable ability in depicting with animation a large assemblage of people, and must rank with his theatrical pictures as the painter's most important contributions to art. The authors of this massive volume, containing a comprehensive record of his life and achievements, have evidently been very thorough in their researches, which have involved great labour. ■ ■

The Practical Book of Interior Decoration. By HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN, ABBOT MCCLURE, and EDWARD STRATTON HOLLOWAY. (Philadelphia and London : J. B. Lippincott Co.) 35s. net.—The

preliminary part of this elaborately illustrated volume is devoted to a survey of the art of interior decoration as practised in England, North America, Italy, Spain, and France down to the beginning of the nineteenth century. The authors have, in fact, little sympathy with any but the so-called "Period" styles, and record their conviction that "with the decadence of the Empire style the art of great furniture-design died and we still await its resurrection." They do not, it is true, ignore the modern school, and have included a few illustrations of interiors as representing it, but of the really important work of the past twenty or thirty years hardly a hint is given, and we look in vain for a bare mention of the name of Ernest Gimson, recently deceased, who deserves to be remembered as a great furniture-designer. It is, unfortunately, true that we have not turned our backs entirely upon that odious phase of decorative art known in England as "Mid-Victorian," with its "rosewood fantasticalities," its "black walnut perversions," its "golden oak brutalities," its stuffed birds, "what-nots," and many other "mobiliary imbecilities," but there is unquestionably a growing sense of the need for a style of domestic equipment which responds more intimately to the needs of the time than either the "Period" styles or styleless style of fifty or sixty years ago. While, however, this scanty attention to the best modern work is, in our opinion, a blemish, it cannot be denied that the three authors, in conjunction with their publishers, have produced a work of great interest. In that part of their book which is devoted to practical decoration and furnishing, much sound advice is given on a variety of topics, such as colour and colour-schemes, walls, floors, textiles, illuminants, picture frames, and so on, and the illustrations number fully three hundred.

Fénelon's famous classic *Les Aventures de Télémaque* has been added to the series of authoritative reprints of "Les Grands Écrivains de la France," published by Messrs. Hachette & Co. The work fills two stout volumes and is edited by M. Albert Cahen, Inspector-General of Public Instruction, who contributes a lengthy introduction and a vast number of notes. The price in wrappers is 40 francs. ■

THE INTERNATIONAL
STUDIO AN ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE OF FINE AND
APPLIED ART
VOLUME SEVENTY-ONE

COMPRISING JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER
AND OCTOBER, 1920

NUMBERS 280, 281, 282, 283

NEW YORK OFFICES
THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO
JOHN LANE COMPANY
786 SIXTH AVE. NEAR 45th ST.
MCMXX

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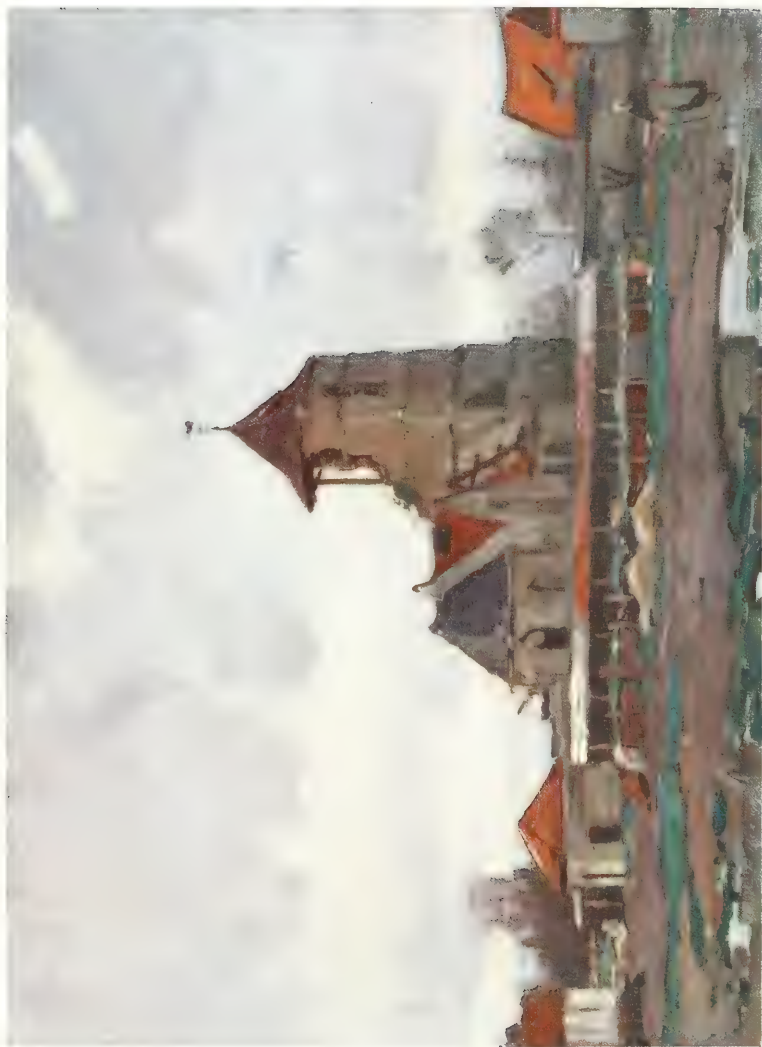
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THE
STUD
DIO

"VILLARS AU BOIS"
FROM THE PAINTING BY
RICHARD JACK, R.A. ELECT.

(SEE PAGE 38.)

The INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

VOL. LXXI. No. 280

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JULY, 1920

L ANDSCAPE PAINTING IN AMERICA BY AMEEN RIHANI *Part II. (See May Issue,)*

WITH the Oriental artist, the Hindu or the Japanese, a landscape is a state of the soul,—a manifestation, like the human embodiment, of the mind of the universe,—a token and an avowal of unity and oneness. Indeed, nature and humanity and the spirit of the divine that pervades them are one. The human figure in a landscape is not made the puppet of the artist's caprice; nor is a landscape decked to serve the human will. Neither is subservient to the other; both spring from the same source, metaphysical and terrene; both stand out in an embodiment that proclaims their common heritage; in both is an expression of the enduring, the eternal, whether it be a fluid beauty, an articulate terror, a grotesque incarnation, or a material token of the divine silences. The harmony is always supreme. And although the ensemble is sometimes vague, mystical, and, from an artistic point of view, inexpressive, the detail is always exquisite.

The Oriental conception of nature lends itself to allegory and symbol. But with the Oriental artists the symbol seldom changes its tenour; it has remained in the main religious and ethical. This limitation, on the other hand, has led them to develop an æstheticism, more in harmony with nature than our own, a multiple and exquisite beauty in the art of decoration, and a deep abiding sense of colour. If they fail sometimes in perspective, or in maintaining the centre of interest, or in organizing of the amorphous, the grotesque, the insignificant, a delicate form of beauty, they

never fail to fascinate us with their colour effects, their decorative ensemble, and, above all, their symbolic setting. They are interpreters of nature and super-nature: they are the artists of the human-divine.

The symbol in the art of the Western world, though not always evident, is not, as is generally supposed, a preciousness, a mode of expression seldom used. With us it is more malleable and less emphatic. It is not academic. It suggests rather than asserts itself. And it is more inclusive. The trend of events seems to dominate the choice of those artists who have a preference for it. With them the allegory or the symbol is made to reflect the spirit of a people, the temper of the times, as well as the elemental and eternal in life, in the universe. And it is to be found at times where it is least expected, as I shall show. For a few of the best living American artists are symbolists, though not, perhaps, from choice. The development of their art, if there be more than feeling in it, lends them necessarily to a form of symbolism.

For art by no means consists only in the manner of looking at a subject and the way of presenting it. What the artist puts into it for the benefit or the delectation of his fellow-men is equally essential. Indeed, the highest form of art is one in which the three conditions are religiously observed. An object of beauty, to take a simple example, always represents more than the visible form—it is symbolic objectively of a divine rapture in nature and subjectively of an æsthetic rapture in the heart of the artist. The Oriental would still go further and say, No beauty without such states of rapture can exist. To him, therefore, the highest, nay, the only

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form of art is symbolic. But this conception has led the Hindu artist particularly to an astigmatic precision in the treatment of symbols. Everywhere to him the idea of mystery prevails, and nothing seems so real as the illusion of reality. Form and matter only exist to express the soul of the universe.

In England William Blake subscribed wholly to this creed, made it exclusively his practice in art and poetry. And in this country the best of the work of one of the few living artists of genius is, as I conceive it, symbolical, although he himself may not admit it. It is symbolical in the occidental sense, the symbol, in other words, suggesting rather than asserting itself. But before I come to Childe Hassam, I wish to devote a few paragraphs in this article to the foremost American symbolist, an Oriental and visionary, a great artist withal, Albert Pinkham Ryder. He stands alone among American painters.

An original and unique character, Ryder maintained an aloofness akin to the Oriental ascetic's, consecrating himself wholly to the art-vision, which is the other side of the religious vision. His was a devotion supreme; and the controlling force of his art and his life was not strictly spiritual,—it was præterhuman. He is likened to Blake and Monticelli; but he is only like them in that he turned towards the East for inspiration. He has his own technique, which is as original as his manner and his vision. The canvases of Ryder seem to me a transcription of the deepest purposes, materialized—benign or otherwise—of an invisible power. We see through the stratas, rendered transparent by his technique and præterhuman vision, into a world of beauty and terror, and we catch an echo of the distant strains of a symphony that seems to be composed of the wailings and rejoicings of man—of human destinies, in a word, set to a weird, primitive, but fascinating music.

And how well does Ryder's technique serve his vision. His pearly mists, his dark amber tones, are the very stratas of mystery made fluid for the soul, made transparent to the eye. And in these glazed transparencies, violet greys seem to throb under a placid sur-

face of old ivory and burned lacquer, like a piece of porcelain turned in the fire or like the texture of Phoenician glass.

It is easy to criticise such a man,—to say that he is literary, obscure, a visionary,—that nature, as seen through his temperament, is distorted or, at least, much altered in the process. He is, of course, mystical. Symbolism connotes, more or less, a mysterious, a hidden meaning,—a something that the mystic, whether artist or poet or sufi, sees in the reflection as well as in the reality of things,—a truth underlying all the accepted truths,—a way embracing all the ways of man,—an answer to his soul-questionings,—a key to the riddle. And he gives us in his own manner, not the key itself, perhaps, but the direction of how to find it ourselves. And something of beauty to make the search attractive—sometimes, too, superfluous.

I have been so fascinated by the quaint beauty of some of Albert Ryder's canvases that I forgot for the moment that they embody also a message, that his mode of expression is not in itself both the means and the end. But it is difficult, as in his *Adrift*, a little gem of pearly tones, to get beyond this, that is to free oneself from the sensuous seductions to better appreciate the spiritual significance. But the most charming and most baffling in technique of the canvases I have seen is his *Forest of Arden*. The figures in it have a cameo-like exquisiteness, the trees seem to have grown in harmony with the figures, and in the whole we get, not only the effect of distance, but also the illusion of time. I mean, the canvas seems to be the work of nature herself, who had spent upon it, as on a precious stone, a thousand years or more.

The human interest too is always present in his work; but like the Oriental's, the landscape is not subordinated to it. While nature is always supreme, the universal note is never lost. Ryder is the exponent in American art of the Oriental conception of nature. He makes her speak in allegories; and with the Oriental artist he must have believed that imaginative mysticism is inseparable from any form of the best art, whether in nature to-day or in religion as in the past.



CONTRE-JOUR
BY CHILDE HASSAM

Landscape Painting in America

In modern European art Realism makes a fetish of fact, of form—its enemies to the contrary—and matter, while Impressionism is making a fetish of the phenomenon of light. The first ignores entirely the symbol, sweeps away the spiritualities; the second, while not concerned directly or consciously with religion, seeks to re-establish the spirit of the individual with nature and thereby give a kind of symbolic expression to the spiritual, the universal. Light, in truth, is the symbol of the age; and radiant colours are the attributes of its assertive, complex and highly sophisticated consciousness.

But an artist can lose the spirit of nature by too much analysis of colour and shade and the light that animates them. We lose the pleasant effect of contrast in trying to discover all there is of colour in a shadow or all there is of light in a colour. The great French apostle of light, who spent his whole life discovering it, amassing it, analyzing it, dissipating it, became in the end the victim of its own wizardry. Claude Monet apotheosized light, and the result was that light banished colour from his canvas, seldom sparing anything but its shadow. And a shadow is a fact or a fancy, but not truth. Nor is a blaze of light on a canvas. Monet chose a point of observation from which he could barely see the contrasts of life. He may have sought—and found—the absolute, which, after all, is not very satisfying on canvas. The ancient masters sought it, too, and found it in faith, and symbolized it in light.

But light with them was a foil to their sombre, lugubrious tones. It connoted the miraculous. It burst on their canvas from nowhere, miraculously; but while it served as a contrast, it did not always relieve the dark depressing spaces, the wailing depths. It was used for a specific purpose, conventionalized. It had nothing to do with the sun, whether it shone on the face of a saint or in a halo above his head. No more than the Jeremiads of the artist had anything to do with art. Some critics think that the reason why the ancient masters painted in what I would call Jeremiads of colour, is that glass in their time was not invented and their studios, therefore, like the dark aisles of cathedrals in

which they also painted, did not afford the proper lighting effects. This may be so. But there is another, and, to my mind, more important reason. The ancient masters were impressionists, but their impressionism only functioned through the medium of faith, of religion. And that religion is essentially one of sorrow. Their souls absorbed and reflected sadness; they painted in a Valley of Tears;—they cultivated, cherished, idealized sorrow,—painted it, chanted it, lived it. They were supremely religious, sincerely Christian. Hence their Jeremiads on canvas.

Now, the moderns—they were certainly modern then—of the Barbizon School changed their colour, their method, their technique, but not their point of view. They painted, to be sure, *en plein air*, in the open, but the atmosphere of the studio was still in their heart. The atmosphere of religion rather, the religion of sorrow. For the faith that was given a staggering blow by the French Revolution was still a controlling force in their life and art. It was their way of expressing the spiritual side of nature,—their revolt against the materialism, the literality, the realism of the period. They painted nature in all her moods, taking her at times too seriously, approaching her in a formal manner, without ever attempting consciously to unmask her or unveil. They waited for the thing to happen, while her evening shadows were gathering on their palettes. They did not trifle with her,—they would not make a sport of paint. Their deep sense of religion, in an age when the reaction against Voltairicism was setting in, would not permit of any levity. Rousseau, the author of "The Confession," was very evident in Rousseau, the painter.

Romanticism, sentimentality, a posture of exclamatory joy, somewhat forced, somewhat theatrical, these characterized more or less the work of Daubigny, of Diaz, of Rousseau, and even of Corot. They informed nature with a poetry, a spirituality to which still clung the cobwebs of the church aisles, in which still lingered the incense fumes of the altar, through which still echoed the solemn strains of the canticle of sorrow. They themselves worked, no doubt, in joy; but their canvases

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LANDSCAPE

BY CHILDE HASSAM

are more or less lugubrious. Which proves that their subconscious heritage could not be overcome in a generation

Take, for example, the *Sleep of Diana* of Corot. What is it but a pagan version of the Annunciation. The paganism of the artist is cloaked in a deep religious feeling, which shows itself, not only in the subject, but in the manner of treatment as well. Corot has painted this canvas in the sombre tones of the ancient masters, and, I dare say, in the same superstitious mood. A pagan subject done in a Christian-Italian technique. The masses of black in the picture are balanced by

a stream of dull amber light, which seems to filter through an unseen stained glass window. And how remarkable, how miraculous that not a ray of it gets into the foliage, but flows, as if through an insulated medium, down upon the two cupids who are lifting the veil of the sleeping goddess—quite like the light in the old masters illuminating the faces only of the saints. This, to my mind, is a Christian conception applied to a pagan theme. The Barbizons were still bound by certain traditions of the old masters, who painted in sombre tones for the better expression, they must have thought, of religious ecstasy and alle-

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gorical truth. The Oriental artists do not think so, considering their penchant for brilliant colours. Nor do the modern artists of Europe and America, who are, in this sense, intensely Oriental.

We are going back to religion, but not to the religion of sorrow. The radiance of the spiritual life are no longer confined to this or that hemisphere—they are becoming circumambient, circumvolant. And modern art, symbolising in high colours and lights the joys and the new aspirations of the world, is one of the most potent agencies in the development. Indeed, we are discovering that brilliant colours are the best vehicles for any shade of feeling, social, æsthetic, religious, for any thought, any rhapsody, any vision. Our visualization of nature and life is based on a rational conception, made more comprehensive, reinforced by the intuitive and synthetic method. We live more in the world, so to speak; our point of view is becoming more scientific, cosmic, and at the same time more religious. In consequence, we are more optimistic,—our sympathies radiate light and colour.

And our art, if nothing else, proves it. The passion of present-day artists for colour, their eagerness to achieve the highest chromatic expression, their search for effects of brilliant tones and lightings, these are but manifestations of the modern artistic consciousness, healthy, vigorous, frank, direct, unafraid, naïve and primitive, spiritual and optimistic. Even in their tonal repressions, as in their saturnalia of colour, there is sometimes an unreality, which, like that of the Hindu artist, conveys the impression, vivid and satisfying, that only in the illusion is the reality that endures. It drives home the symbol as well. For consciously or unconsciously the best of the art of to-day is rendered, at least, in a symbolic mood, or atmosphered, one would say, in the joy of living, which we no longer find in the morose romanticism, the bald realism or the morbid naturalism of other periods. There is more warmth and cheer and more poetic beauty in the autumn and winter scenes of a modern artist, for instance, than there is in the spring and summer scenes of his predecessors.

In other words, we no longer take our pleasures sadly.

A landscape by Monet or Renoir is neither idealism nor realism, but a modern mode of expressing the deep truths of nature, the eternal verities of existence. And it has in it a poetry as rich in beauty as the best of the masters of the past. It is different, of course, from that of Corot or Inness in that it has a greater and more enduring appeal. To be more specific, there is in the visible outlines of a Monet, vague but brilliant with the effect of distance at times, rugged and resonant at others, an intangible something, more pleasing to the eye and more suggestive of beauty to the mind than the visible finny, lace-like effects of Corot. But I must now confine myself to living artists and come closer to a few of the outstanding figures in America.

I do not quite agree with those who call Childe Hassam a hedonist. His appeal, *through the senses*, reaches for something higher in us, and more enduring. He gives us, to be sure, a rare pleasure; he is an eloquent and compelling apostle of beauty, a sincere and, may I say, religious exponent of the joy of life. His canvases, wherever one sees them, whether alone or in a joint exhibit or in a museum, always detain and seldom fail to charm.

I must confess, however, that when I first made his acquaintance in a gallery, I turned back with a fatuous comprehensiveness to Monet and Renoir. I seemed to recognize too that the Pointillists, those tattooers in paint, had arrived in America. For here was certainly a trick, an optical illusion. The little dabs of color, laid side by side, like a mosaic, but not as compact, produced a curious effect on the eye. The canvas seen closely is like a piece of loosely woven texture; the artist lays his colors on it, instead of mixing them on a palette, and depends on the observer for the rest. We stand at a proper distance and the blending is accomplished, the picture is complete. An ingenious, but not a fluid and potential technique. It does not lend itself to the deeper things in life and art.

Childe Hassam himself knows this, and having put the method to the test, I suppose, quickly abandoned it. Still, one would say

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that he is the principal exponent in this country of the impressionism that was fathered by Monet and made athletic, as it were, trained into an Apollonian beauty and power, by Manet.

The first impression I got when I first met Mr. Hassam at his studio was one of disappointment and surprise. I was disappointed with myself—how absurd it is to try to judge an artist by his work and I was surprised to find, instead of a lackadaisical dreamer, a rugged, solid, sturdy individual, whose poetry is imbedded deep,—does not spend itself, as in a Latin genius, in futile illuminations, in brilliancy of gesture and speech. What has this man to do with Monet or Manet or any other Latin? He is English in temperament, English in his air and manner, English in his misleading opacity, his lack of surface glow, English too in his atavism. For when an Englishman lets go, whether spiritually, poetically, or politically, he is determined to go the whole way. That is why I think Hassam's romanticism has a rational starting point and a mystical objective. And if his intensities, his rhapsodies, his refinements, which find adequate expression only in his art, suggest, on the one side, the poet Shelley, as far as I can see, and on the other, the artist Turner, they proclaim, too, not loudly, aggressively, but in a delicate and cultured manner, an individuality of our own age, a distinct individuality among contemporary artists.

I had Childe Hassam foremost in mind when, speaking of symbolism in art, I said that a few of our leading artists are symbolists, at least subconsciously, or they paint sometimes in a symbolic mood. For an artist of true idealistic fervour and refinement, a true romanticist, always sees in an object more than it actually represents; and his canvas, therefore, represents to the discerning more than a surface beauty and more meaning sometimes than he himself had encompassed. Hassam's work is a subtle harmonization of the Oriental and the European notions of beauty,—the Greek rhythm, one would say, and the Japanese composition. Sensuousness has indeed a fascination for him, a lure; but through the magic of his art, it is transformed into a majesty in which the

sensuous is lost. He has an idyllic grace and a lyric poise. His ecstasies transform themselves on canvas into a divine calm, a Nirvana, as it were, of everlasting loveliness and beauty. His luminosities are canticles to the Eternal.

I said that Hassam is an impressionist. But impressionism is only a starting point, which does not always lead to the truth. That is why his landscapes with figures seem neither impressionistic nor realistic. They are supremely natural. This Anglo-Saxon, who happens to be painting in America, is an Oriental in his understanding and portrayal of nature. He is symbolical. His *Dawn*, for instance, and his *June* (I mention but these now for lack of space) are expressive of a joy that is paradisaical in its innocence, its repose, its assurance,—a joy that, like the universe, connotes the absolute, is supreme and eternal in itself. And this joy is symbolized for us in the mountain laurels and the human figures blending with the flowers.

Childe Hassam's nudes are neither anasarcous nor anaphroditic,—they suffer not from the dropsy or the divine grace. They are natural, and as such symbolical;—as natural as the landscape itself, which to him is also human. His figures are laurels in bloom or poplars bathing in the sun; his laurel flowers have a human complexion of rare translucency and charm. They both seem to spring from the same soil, partake of the same heritage, share equally of the same lyric and everlasting beauty. The union intrigues the divine. And the point of supreme union is achieved. The new, which is immemorably old, and the old, which is eternally new, are brought together and made one in a living radiance, an ethereal glow, a rosy-violet mist, an iridescence that sings, a luminosity that baffles analysis. This is the Hassam atmosphere, which adumbrates his mystical objective;—the *cachet* that proclaims an artist of refinement and culture, a man of rhapsodies, a many-faceted genius, a stylist of rare charm. To me, he expresses, more than any living American artist, the spirit that abides in matter; he catches the note that pervades every aspect of nature, that echoes the unity of the universe.



Portrait of Sidney H. Dickinson, 1920.
PORTRAIT OF SIDNEY H. DICKINSON
BY ROYSTON NAVE



RUTH ST. DENIS

PORTRAIT OF RUTH ST. DENIS
BY MAX WIECZOREK

Mexico's Lost Murillo

MEXICO'S LOST MURILLO

BY I. J. DE BEKKER

THE Mexican Republic has lately had the misfortune to lose its greatest art treasure, a work comparable in reputation and value to the *Mona Lisa*, stolen from but afterwards recovered by the Louvre Gallery at Paris. The celebrated *Assumption of the Virgin*, which formerly hung in the Sacristy of the Cathedral of Guadalajara is there no longer, and neither the clergy nor the laity of that intensely Catholic community admit knowing anything of its whereabouts. A stolen Murillo is likely to be as difficult to dispose of as a stolen white elephant, however, so there is a possibility that the church will come into its own again, although copies and photographs of this particular masterpiece of the greatest of Spanish religious painters are by no means so well distributed as were those of Da Vinci's woman with the cryptic smile, and identification will not be so easy.

Visiting Guadalajara last April as one of President Carranza's guests, my first thought was to see this painting, which in a land rich in ecclesiastical art, has always held the first place. Going to the Cathedral in company with Don Oscar E. Dupla, secretary to the Mexican Embassy in Washington, we were told that the *Assumption* was no longer there.

Where could it be seen? No one knew. Had it been stolen? It was very likely. When? About the time of Villa's last appearance in Jalisco.

That, of course, would throw the date of the theft back some three years, for never, since the overwhelming defeat administered to Villa's army of 40,000 by 20,000 under General Obregon at Celava, has that notorious bandit ventured near Guadalajara.

And why should Villa have stolen a painting of which he could hardly know the value? It seemed incredible, except on the supposition that one of Villa's American advisers was an art connoisseur of more than common acuteness, and no one in the bandit's entourage seemed to merit this description.

Moreover, the *Assumption* hung over the entrance to the Sacristy, and so high and in-

accessible from the floor that the Sacristan was accustomed to lend the visitors an opera glass with which to view it. In looting churches, Mexican bandits, like the better educated German soldiers in Belgium and France, have usually confined their attention to plate, jewels, vestments and such things as are easily come by and portable. Thefts of valuable paintings were the privilege of princes and officers "higher up" in the late European war, men who had at least a smattering of art education, and sought to adorn their palaces, while the common soldiery was content to melt up the sacred vessels to be sold as bullion.

Inquiry among the higher Mexican officials who had accompanied the Presidential party to Guadalajara threw no light on the situation. There was no reason whatever for assuming that officials of the present government had taken possession of the picture, either with the intention of disposing of it, or of keeping it in a place of safety. No dangers threaten Guadalajara, Mexico's western metropolis and second city in wealth and size. The treasures of its cathedral are as safe as in the capitol itself.

To have secreted the Murillo would have been, in the case of the Carranza officials, to have reversed their action, taken prior to the departure of the First Chief to Vera Cruz, when a number of fine works were removed from the National Gallery in the capitol, but replaced again, as soon as the Carranza government had resumed control of the capitol.

The one theory remaining to account for the disappearance of the *Assumption* was the possibility that it might have been hidden or carried off by some of the Cathedral clergy, whose unfriendliness to President Carranza antedates the exile of the present Archbishop, now, as for some years past, a resident of Chicago. But His Grace of Guadalajara, despite earlier controversies with Mr. Carranza's officials, had petitioned the government for permission to return to Mexico, and it did not seem probable that, under the circumstances, a mystery would be made of the loss of so great a treasure.

These various theories were discussed at length among the Mexican officials then in

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Guadalajara, a majority of whom finally agreed that the Murillo had been stolen by some exceptionally clever thief who specialized in art matters, and that it might be expected to turn up later at some picture sale.

The extraordinary feature of the story is that such a loss could have been kept quiet for from two to three years, admitting the theory of theft as the true one.

"In point of colour and freshness," writes Terry, of the *Assumption*, "this picture is perhaps superior to any of the pictures by this master, in American collections, and it is the equal of many of those distributed throughout Europe. It is a beautiful example of Murillo's best manner, and the longer the enthusiast looks upon it, the stronger becomes its attractiveness. Even the ordinary superficial sightseer cannot fail to be impressed by the solemn beauty of this canvas. The tender loveliness of the Virgin's face and the wistfulness of the great eyes are very striking. Art lovers who have visited the paintings by this master in the Madrid Gallery have perchance been haunted by the absorbing charm of his Madonnas—paintings in which he excelled.

"Their faces wear an indefinable attraction which differentiates them from all others. The ineffable mystery of the liquid melancholy eyes, the tender, almost visibly trembling mouth, and the beauty of the general expression places them in a class apart.

"Murillo's women seem to belong more to the twentieth century than to that in which the great artist lived and painted and loved.

"The Murillo faces are so distinctive that a glimpse of one usually enables the art-lover to recognize, at a glance, all the others. The 'immortal ray of the soul' shines through the eyes of his Madonnas in a way that thrills the observer and impresses the picture on his mind.

"In art Velasquez is spoken of as an eagle, Murillo as an angel. The latter is thought to combine the truth of Velasquez with the vigorous effects of Ribera, the harmonious transparency of Titian, and the brilliant vivacity of Rubens. Spain gave him the name of 'Pintor de las Concepciones' because

he was insuperable in the art of representing the divine ideas."

Although mention of this particular *Assumption* is generally omitted by the biographers of Murillo, there is no doubt whatever regarding its authenticity. The various catalogues and sets of photographic reproductions ignore it because, without exception, they were made in Europe, and this painting has been in America more than a century.

For many years it had hung upon the walls of the Escorial, in Spain, and it was sent to the Cathedral of Guadalajara as a present from the King of Spain in testimony of that monarch's gratitude for financial and moral assistance rendered him by that royalist and Catholic stronghold during the wars.

Not only had the clergy of the Cathedral obtained money from the archdiocese for the king's use—they had melted silver candelabra and other ornaments to swell the war chest.

During this same war, Marshal Soult appropriated from the Cathedral of Seville the famous Murillo *Assumption* which was purchased from his heirs for 615,000 francs and now hangs in the Louvre.

Napoleon III had a mind to place the Guadalajara *Assumption* alongside of it, and when his soldiers occupied Mexico he made numerous efforts to obtain possession of it.

In order to prevent the *Assumption* from being stolen, the Cathedral clergy secreted it in a niche where it remained until the French had been driven out, for Napoleon the Little was by no means scrupulous, and when the Archbishop refused to sell his Murillo for \$40,000, French troops tried to obtain it by the same method Soult had employed at Seville. This historic fact is the only one lending colour to the hope that the Cathedral clergy may have hidden the painting again—and that it may again be found in the old Sacristy, after the Archbishop of Guadalajara and the Mexican Government have made their peace—if they ever do.

But unless the Archbishop knows where the *Assumption* is, and will say so—there can be no harm in watching the sales in art galleries throughout the world for an authentic Murillo—value 500,000 francs.

The International in Retrospect

THE INTERNATIONAL IN RETROSPECT BY JOHN L. PORTER

THE more one goes to view them, the sooner one becomes convinced that there are picture shows—picture exhibitions—exhibitions of paintings—art exhibitions—and Exhibitions of Art; and, after one has visited the various public offerings of the past season, one is willing to concede that the present International Exhibition, at the Galleries of the Carnegie Institute, in Pittsburgh, ranks *par excellence* as the one important collection of the year.

As usual, no matter how high the artistic attainments, or the art knowledge of the Jury, there are a number of pictures in the present exhibition which reflect seriously on the abilities of the jurors. That no one has ever been found who has agreed entirely with the prizes awarded by an Art Jury, is in itself a proof that the juries have some unwritten law under which they all work intuitively. That the Jury of Selection this year has been roundly criticized, is well known, and in order that they, as well as the general public, may know of some of the things being said, let us repeat a few of them:—

Why does a painter of Leopold Seyffert's abilities, waste his time painting such a decidedly uninteresting abnormal and ill-shapen nude, and how did it ever get past the Jury? You will find it in the Gallery labeled "Among Others Present." If Robert Henri had sent his painting entitled *The Little Dancer* to an exhibition of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh, it would have been rejected; therefore, he has nothing but the jurors' friendship to credit for the acceptance of his offering.

We have heard it said frequently, that the late William M. Chase had stated "that an artist had a right to use any medium which would secure the result he was aiming for." It is very evident that our Italian friend Antonio Mancini agrees with Mr. Chase's aphorism, for surely no other tenet would have permitted such diabolical abominations as those which he has perpetrated. No artist accepts these as Art Productions, and the layman

simply expresses his opinion by laughing at them.

Critics come and critics go, and bad painting goes on forever. Even some critics make themselves quite as ridiculous as some of the painters. For instance—Mr. Henry McBride surprises everybody by saying of R. J. Enraght Mooney's *Tell Us a Story* that "Pittsburghers may be astonished to know that this apparently amateurish work has more claims to being up-to-date than any other picture in the collection." This miserable little uninteresting pastel gets more comment from Mr. McBride than does "*the most impressive landscape in the collection,*" which he disposes of in less than three lines. Of what value is such comment—even from Mr. McBride?

A painter of the well-known capabilities of Charles Rosen should be ashamed to send such a painting as *The Ravine* to any other show than that of the Independent Artists in New York. Surely, the Jury could not have been attending to business when this went through the room. Will the Jury please rise and tell the Court what excuse they have for accepting *Evening Silence* by Robert Strong Woodward; *Springtide in Chelsea, London*, by Marcel Jeffreys; the two offerings of Stuart Park; *Churning Butter* by Edouard Vallet; *Windy Day* by Hayley Lever; *Swirling Water* by Edward F. Rook, etc., etc., etc. It does not take jurors of International reputation to pad an exhibition with such stuff as these, and nobody believes they are great pictures, simply because the Jury says so. We can forgive any set of jurors when they accord to foreign artists places in any exhibition, so that each country may have a few representations, no matter how odd the subject, how poor in technique, or how decidedly uninteresting; but, if most of the foreign paintings here selected are the *best* examples of those sent, we should be glad such a large number were returned and not shown.

There are two dozen paintings in the exhibition which should never have been passed by the Jury. There are a dozen others which were evidently allowed to pass, in order to create contrast and comment; the other 330, as we said in the beginning, constitute as fine a show of modern paintings as has been seen

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in the United States during the past six years. It is difficult to pick out very many of the latter for comment, when they are all so relatively good, but one of them is so thoroughly opposed to all the accepted canons of art, it would be unfair to pass it without, at least, congratulating the painter upon his courage in the production and his defiance of tradition. I refer, particularly, to the painting by Sir William Orpen, entitled *The Man from Arran*. This picture is, without doubt, the most talked about painting on display. It lacks the much mooted tonal qualities—it lacks atmosphere, in spite of the fact that the figure is "somewhere out-of-doors"—it lacks background, unless blots of black ink on a blue blotting pad may be considered proper backing for a portrait; but, in spite of these "lackings," it is a great portrait, in strong technique—virile in conception, and so masterful in likeness as to compel for itself a place in the Art Gallery of one's memory for many years to come. If there is any one particular painting in the collection which is decidedly noteworthy, it is this one.

It may be news to many of our visitors, jurors, and even Pittsburghers, to hear that there are many paintings in this exhibition by prominent American artists who have sent examples of their work to the International for the first time.

To Emile René Ménard was accorded the distinction of a small gallery for an exhibition of his late works, and they proved so attractive that nineteen out of twenty-one shown have already been sold.

More paintings have been sold from this exhibition than from any half dozen "Internationals" heretofore held, indicating clearly a decided advancement in art matters locally, and one which we predict is only embryonic.

The Westchester Florialia, which, with its fine flower display and sculpture exhibit, was held so successfully at Hartsdale, N. Y., last September, will be repeated in 1921. The Executive Committee of the Florialia have decided that it should be held alternately in the autumn and the spring, thereby obtaining the garden results of both seasons.

ART AND THE PUBLIC BY OLAF OLESEN

SURELY no one will deny, that a country's appreciation of the work of its artists is measured by the support given these through purchase of their work. At the recent Charlottenborg Salon at Copenhagen, the sales amounted to 400,000 kroner (about \$100,000)—no insignificant amount for a city of half a million inhabitants. Including the sales at the two secessionist shows and those at numerous art stores, the season's sales would easily mount the million mark. The Danish public's substantial appreciation of art is doubtless due to the high cultural average in the small Danish nation, which demands æsthetic satisfaction as part of the daily bread. The figures seem to prove, that the Danish artist does furnish this desired morsel of the bill of fare, and is paid well for doing so. For, undoubtedly the craving for æsthetic satisfaction is a desire to recall emotional experience or to release repressed, instinctive urges. And especially the desire for emotional recalls demands that the artist be as one with us—that he experience and express that environment which is our common lot and gives rise to similar emotions—varied as these may be according to individuality. This the Danish artist does. He chooses his motives under the low grey northern sky with its pale, blond sunlight and amongst his own people, preferably an intimate everyday aspect. And the result is a genuine sincerity, which evokes æsthetic response in the Danish public.

Comparing the scant support given our own artists as evinced by the few sales at our exhibits, one questions, if this is due to a public indifferent to art, or is it the fault of the American artist, failing to enounce clearly and expressively that which is typical for our day and our people. Has the American nation not yet reached that stage of culture, where the desire for æsthetic satisfaction demands pictures and sculpture rather than diamonds and dining gowns. If so—are we artists furnishing an understandable and sympathetic stimulus to public taste? Are we sincerely expressing our environment, so that

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POLISH JEWS

BY MAGNUS BENGTSSON

our fellow-Americans find emotional satisfaction in contemplating our work. Are we really expressing that which is peculiar to Americans, that clear-cut, direct forcefulness, the scintillating quality of our life, that irrepressible, optimistic life urge which surges through our national life forging possibilities of the seemingly hopeless and impossible melting pot. Are we expressively enthused by the sparkling newness of our untrammelled world, or are we—European trained—serving old world formulas and ideas in our art—giving an American public stones for bread. May we not have a lesson to learn from our Danish confrères, who wherever they may seek artistic impulses and training, return with sure sincerity to that which is nationalistic Danish. This return is, of course, easier for the Dane than for the American. Danish culture and environment is that of Conti-

ental Europe, while ours is distinctly different. An American painter cannot paint in Denmark, France or Italy for a number of years without absorbing racial and cultural qualities, which too often are retained as a false note in a later attempt to express adequately Americanism, if such an attempt is consciously made at all. Our adulation for the European trained artist tempts him to seek and retain that which is European at the expense of genuine American expressivism. This is true to such an extent that to European critics American art is synonymous with French art. Every one of us, who has traveled abroad and felt happy returning home, knows the distinctive difference between things European and American. Is this difference lacking in our art, and is this the reason why our American public lacks appreciation of our work? I believe it is. And I

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MOTHER AND CHILD BY ODA PETERS

think the time has come, when we should stand upon our own legs artistically, as we surely do in other respects. We cannot continue training our painters in the old world atmosphere and expect them to express the spirit of the new. Fundamentally, æsthetic laws may be the same in Chinese, French or American art. But we must build upon that safe foundation a structure of national art, expressive of our characteristic environment, and may then rest assured of native appreciation. To those who may doubt the result, I may point out the new-world beauty of our skyscrapers, dwarfing as they do literally and æsthetically the New York Library built on classical lines. I am not advocating artistic seclusion. Let the exchange of ideas occur as freely as possible through international exhibits. But the American artist cannot possibly paint the verve and sparkle of our glorious sunlight so expressive—and probably causive --of the verve and sparkle of our national life, after painting for years the subdued grey of sedate northern Europe.

If the sincere nationalistic qualities of Danish art teaches a lesson to American painters, another and quite as important aspect is of-

fered through the recent development of the younger Danish painters, who more or less consciously are changing representative or objective art into the abstract or subjective art of the Synchronist. This is observable as well in the official Charlottenborg Salon as in the two secessionist salons, but of course mostly in the latter. Not that the younger men have had an easy row to hoe. In a recent heated newspaper debate a prominent Danish physician dubs these courageous evolutionists "Dysmorphists," but they answer back in no mistakable terms as to the doctor's artistic competence. Pamphlets for and against "modern art" are printed, read and discussed by a public for whom art really is one of the issues of the day. It is deplorable that the reproductions of the work of these moderns are not in colours. *Composition in Red* by William Scharff (motive—chickens) is a hilarious colour combination possessing a great



PORTRAIT OF MRS. F. BY EINAR HANSEN

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deal of "joie de vivre." It is a greater distance from "representative objective" art than any other canvas exhibited this season. Harald Giersing's *Aladdin's Ecstasy in the Wonder Cave*, has perhaps come in for more ridicule than any other painting of the day. The artist has attempted not without success to express ecstasy and wonder through a synthesis of line and colour—a synthesis which to the conventionally trained eye reduces the human figure to the ludicrous. Both paintings were exhibited at the younger secessionist show, "Groenningen." Less abstract and a really fine composition is Magnus Bengtsson's canvas *Polish Jews*, at the older secessionist exhibit "Den Frie Udstilling," where also was hung Axel Joergensen's painting of *Professor R.* before his clinic, an excellent tour de force in pure colour. Jacob Agersnap's *Old Melodies* is a sympathetic picture of peasant life. Non-essentials have been happily omitted including the usual masquerade costumes, which painters of peasants have inflicted on a credu-

lous public as an excuse for colour schemes. This canvas and Oda Peters' *Mother and Child* were hung at the Charlottenborg Salon. Mrs. Peters' picture expresses, in simplified beauty and with feminine feeling, *Mother Love*.

These pictures are fairly representative of the tendency of younger Danish painters—a sincere search for that which gives a work of art æsthetic value—the really significant—and elimination of the superfluous and that which hinders expression. Such a synthesis seems to justify the demands of the Synchronists for a pure art of painting analogous to that of music, eliminating or subordinating objective representation to æsthetic arrangement of colour and abstract form. Einar Hansen's *Portrait of Mrs. F.*, awarded Honorable Mention, at the Chicago Institute, 1918, shows a similar simplification of treatment in portraiture resulting in a rare intensity of feeling and character, which far surpasses a more photographic representation.



Painting by the Undersøing Galleries.
SUNLIGHT SHADOWS

BY VICTOR CHARRETON



"TWILIGHT, AVIGNON," FROM
THE OIL PAINTING BY
J.M.W. TURNER, R.A.
IN THE POSSESSION OF
THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

The INTERNATIONAL · STUDIO ·

VOL. LXXI, No. 281

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AUGUST, 1920

L UKS AND BELLOWES BY AMEEN RIHANI AMERICAN PAINTING, PART III. (*See May and June issues.*)

THERE are things in the personality of these two American artists that make their association in my mind inevitable. They are both prodigious, untrammelled, egocentric; they both foster the cosmic consciousness and adopt the Whitman manner. Their attitude towards life and art is individualistic; their originality is uncommon. In their bull-dog egoism, which is more amusing than offensive, which is even refreshing, the word of the hypocrite is obsolete, the smile of the smug is archaic. They are both worshippers of Art and the Ego in a downright, sincere and thoroughly modern manner.

And they are both sworn enemies of the tawdry and the sentimental. Nature must surrender unconditionally to them or eat her own heart. A fig for her sighs and tears! They would drag all her sheltered and cherished emotions into the open and make them jazz and tango on canvas. They set little or no value on restraint. They recognize not the seemingly adventitious. They are after the big facts of life, which are often mistaken for truth. And in giving them to the world, they prefer the manner of hitting the nail on the head. They fail to observe, their wonderful perceptivity to the contrary, that to hit on the head and around it, is often worth while. For nature takes care that no time spent by genius at a task is ever lost, though the gain be only a matter of chance.

And both George Bellows and George Luks are geniuses. I have their own word for it. Both are Americans *à la Whitman*, which is

by no means the most admirable. Before I go further, I wish to say that I have the deepest respect for the cultured American, who is as cosmopolitan as any European, as considerate as any Oriental, and more genuinely sympathetic than both. *He* is made in God's own image. I do not mean to say that Luks and Bellows are not. Allah forgive me, if I have already conveyed this impression. *They* are geniuses; and genius is inclusive. Satan must always have a hand in it.

An Oriental's appetite so often turns in his own land against a diet of good manners and insincerity that he always relishes the reverse of it in America. Neither Luks nor Bellows has a mincing manner in speech or behaviour. Nor do they ever try to excuse a crude sincerity with a false and feeble gesture. They both mince it in paint, however, veiling with a masterly technique some palpable defects. But of this later.

The cosmopolitanism of both artists is still in a way an aspiration. Even so their culture, which would not preclude the mystical and symbolical. If they did not tread roughshod over the mosaic floor of conventionality, looking angrily, impatiently out of the windows, they might discover under their own feet a few things worth their while. It seems to me that they are both beginning to realize this, however, and in their more recent work they have changed their brogans for sandals.

Luks is beginning to hear the whispers of the past; and Bellows has already caught a few immortal notes. In his colour expressions, at least, he pays a tribute to the ancient masters. The rich velvety tones in his canvases make audible to us the distant echoes of the Florentine school. And he will yet find

Luks and Bellows

the right formula that in his work will link the present with the past. He started by looking out of America into Art; he will end by looking out of Art into America. Luks, too, is headed in this direction, although he betrays his approach too often with a needless proclamation.—I come to teach you birds how to paint! The birds are startled, of course, and take to flight.

I have discussed in a former article the significance of personality in a work of art. I wish to add that culture very often discounts the intensity of the personal note, while intensity is seldom accompanied by culture. That both Bellows and Luks are intensely individualistic and are beginning to recognize the value of culture, is a fact that leads to speculation. As it is, they are impetuously American, not in a political sense,—gramercy, no!—but in the manner already indicated. Whether they will go with Whitman all the way and thus renounce their allegiance to culture, or achieve a cosmopolitanism in which their Americanism will only be a historical comment upon their work, remains to be seen.

So far their personality sometimes becomes a disfiguring mannerism. True, there is a racy flavour in their palettes; but their idiomatic tendency now and then breaks out in slang. On the other hand, they both paint in the sombre tones suggestive of the Munich school. They would go thus far, at least, for their pigments, their instrument of expression. And then they will do what they like with it. Luks, in his Nova Scotia canvases, makes us pause and listen. He is calling to us from a distance, that is certain. But what he is saying, we can not quite make out. He may be hailing us, he may be warning us, he may be just shouting at us. The trick of technique in these canvases jostles, but fails to get through, our crowding sensations. The colour scheme is original, almost bizarre; and the staccato style, although the bold, free stroke succeeds in evolving some new rhythm, emphasizes the fact that Luks paints, as he talks, straight from the shoulder. But in his other work, as I shall show, his brush invades the classic traditions and not infrequently gets away with an exacted tribute.

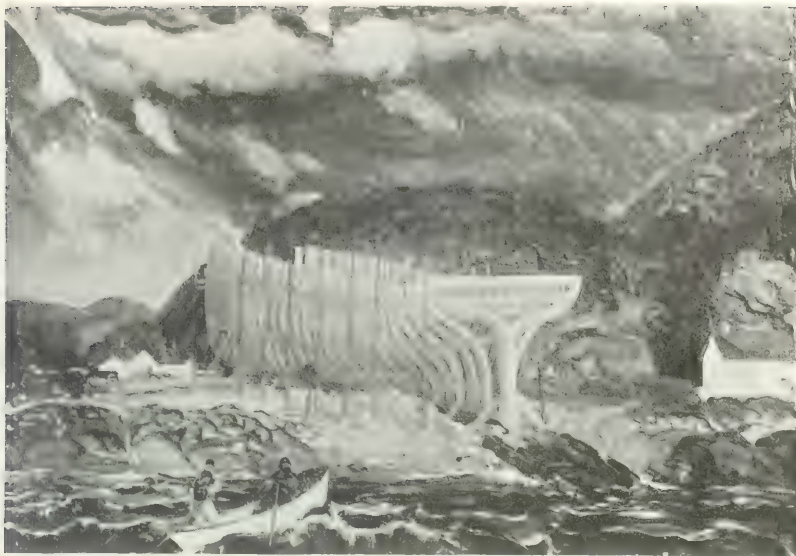
In his Newport scenes, Bellows has painted

in a saturnine mood, in tones tempered with the sombre glow of the depths. But his composition is overwrought, and the warmth of his soul is lost in an effort to synchronize his varied and multitudinous impressions. In his *Sunbeams and Rain*, for instance, there is something needed to convince us that they are coming down simultaneously. The note of *rapport* is missing. His *After Glow* is fine in values, striking in contrasts, suggestive in design. But to one who has seen the afterglow in other lands, this is an odd version of the phenomenon. Evidently, unlike Luks, he does not paint, as he talks, straight from the shoulder. His æsthetic sense exercises a certain sway over his impetuosities. And there is always a poetic beauty in his canvases. This is the main point of departure between them. For in their work they are as different as Vachel Lindsay and Edgar Lee Masters.

I sought Bellows to get a glimpse at his cosmic consciousness, if such a thing is possible in a studio. The machinery too often interferes. But I wanted to find out for myself how genuinely Whitmanesque he is and how far he has gone into the past. Needless to say that the distance of the one is in inverse proportion to the bulk of the other. The nearer we are to Florence, the farther away from Camden: as Raphael looms large before us, Whitman recedes into the hazy distance. It would be interesting to know, not how Bellows is progressing towards this or that point, but how America itself is going to evolve from a Whitmanesque conception, cosmic in the abstract, to a cosmopolitan consciousness. Whitman wove his cocoon of Americanism crudely, and the larva will yet develop its wings and break through, even though it takes another century.

Bellows was working on a canvas a few of the details of which still puzzled him. He is painstaking, deliberate, exact. He treats his subject as if it were a geometrical problem. The canvas in question is a picture of an old lady in her wedding gown—a colonial dress of heavy white silk—set off by a background in the deep rich tones of the old masters. In her hands, resting on her lap, is a red-beaded bag, which, although an anachronism, is a bit of very pleasing contrast. He

Luks and Bellows



Courtesy Knoedler Galleries

SHIPBUILDERS

BY GEORGE BELLOWES

considered it the most beautiful thing in the picture. George Bellows has a manner of sweeping away subtle interpretations, of clearing the atmosphere for a pronouncement. And with such he is amazing. The canvas of the American lady in her colonial wedding gown will stand out among the best of his achievements. It is going to be a masterpiece. Take his own word for it.

Aside from it he had but a few canvases in his studio to show. His work is on the road, travelling. He himself does not travel; he has never been abroad. Which is one of the things, in connection with his art, he is proud of. Would you like to see some photographs, he asked? Here is a portfolio of them, and here is another. Landscapes? Yes, there are some. But a true artist, I am told again, does not specialize. Look at Whistler—look at Cézanne. And Bellows' own work does not belie the dictum.

Indeed, his scope is vast. Cities at night and people in crowds have as much fascination for him as the sea had for Winslow Homer, as the fields for Inness. Fishermen and ship-builders and armies marching up the Avenue, have attracted his palette. The

sea in rebellion, the sun in a despairing gesture, the clouds in commotion, the cliffs in articulate frenzy, the crepuscular splendour, the sombre glow of contending forces as well as the supreme calm of heroic souls, they all owe a debt to his cosmic brush.

It was refreshing to hear him expound his views. It was also amusing. Americanism in art? With characteristic Whitmanesque inconsistency he turned his heavy artillery upon it. He has no patience with a so-called national art. He would blow into atoms the slick and smug little patriot, whether he be a dealer or an amateur or an academician. Bellows is not an American artist: he is a great artist—he is cosmic.

And why should we not produce great world-artists in America? Have we not given the world Whitman and Poe and Winslow Homer? And we are only in our beginning—in our infancy. Egad! Bellows is sick and tired of those who want to nationalize our art, to Americanize it as if it were a Czeck or a Slav immigrant. Nor can he tolerate the critic that truckles to these sentiments, that drivels and drools about "the sturdy Americanism" in the work of this or that painter.

Luks and Bellows

We don't speak of "a sturdy Frenchism" in Cézanne. And there is no more Americanism in a Bellows landscape than the fact that an American painted it. All of which, like his own physical prominence, is sound and heavy-heeled.

But what are we to do with the Americanism of Walt Whitman? Will George Bellows renounce him eventually? He is, to be sure, a distinct individuality, a pure product of democracy. But there is no more art in his work than there is in Tom Paine's incendiarism or Tupper's philosophy. And there is real solid art in Bellows. The roots of his tree may be deeply imbedded beneath *Leaves of Grass* but its branches, I predict, will yet spread out above horizons of classic beauty.

For he is a man of vision that recognizes the potency of form; and his sense of colour is highly developed. There is power in his work, and depth of feeling and charm. And although he builds his canvases like a scientist who still respects the hypothetical process, he is too meticulous in selection to be overwhelming in mere massiveness or startling in a single design. He is complex. He is a poet with a scientific imagination. His *Ship Builders*, for instance, is a distinct achievement. The sky that hangs above the keel on the beach makes a lasting impression. It is fraught with all the potential terror of the sea; it is epic of many an unhappy adventure, many a wreck; it hints at the treacherous promise of a smiling horizon, while here and there is the alluring gesture that makes human heroism possible. It seems to say to the builders, Be ye Vulcans or quit. The men in the rowboat emphasize the symbol. And the hill that shelters the ship in the making and may yet look upon its skeleton washed ashore by an angry sea, completes the cycle of natural forces. In his *Fisherman's Family*, painted in the same manner and style, the brindled cliff balancing the figures, rises enigmatic, oracular,—is made articulate of both danger and assurance. The conception in these pictures is most poetic, the composition is impeccable, the sombre harmonies are captivating.

Moreover, Bellows has a panoply of technique. In a single canvas, his *Warships*, for

instance, which is painted *contre-jour*, we detect one technique in the sky, another in the purplish mass representing the Palisades, and still another in the water. One can see how a painter of little talent might have made a mess of it. Hopelessly experimenting, the critic would say, echoing three masters at a time. Here are no echoes, however, but a symphony of tones exquisitely rendered. Indeed, such a multiform technique, masterly handled, is a triumph in originality.

I have spoken of a disfiguring mannerism, which is made to cover some palpable defects, particularly in his smaller canvases. Now, what are these defects? To my mind, they arise solely from sheer prodigality. He brings so much to his canvas that in the construction he finds himself clamouring for space. And rather than eliminate, he subjects his material in the distribution to the rough handling that is often mistaken for strength. Hence the clattering effect which he does not always succeed in overcoming.

Real power in a work of art is spiritual and æsthetic. And he who has these qualities is appreciative of the elements that make for plastic beauty. Nor is the decorative in this connection to be considered negligible. It is to power what the flexible line in a rhythm is to the angle. It makes it articulate. Bellows knows this well; for his decorative impulse is evinced even in his most Dionysian mood. Withal, his sense of decoration is fluid; one idea melts into another, suggesting a multiplicity of sensations. The more reason why he ought to be more simple in his compositions. He is so eloquent that he need not be rhetorical. And in his reverence for the past he has an asset that is inexhaustible.

Indeed, Parnassus is only a hill like all other hills; but around it still lingers the breath of the gods. The high places of Israel may be empty and barren; but at their feet broods the spirit of the ages and above them the seasons echo the chants of the temple. It is true that art just happens. But much depends on where it happens. It seems to me that Bellows, considering his classic attachments and qualifications, is the right man in the wrong place. However, youth still smiles upon him. And many things, I dare say, will

Luks and Bellores



LOVE GODS

BY GEORGE LUKS

(The writer refers to this painting always as *Cupids*)

yet happen in his life that will secure for him European recognition and make America really proud of his splendid achievements.

* * *

Although he himself sits in the high places and awards academic prizes, George Luks is firm also in the belief that art is not produced by academies, or constitutions, or Americanizing movements. He too declares that art just happens. Some good things too are now happening in America. But among the thousand men and women that are wasting paint and canvas, there are but two or three good artists—artists of genius. And among them, foremost, you will be assured, is George Luks.

The first thing that impressed me in him is his abounding enthusiasm. His responses are sudden and genuine; his avowals unequivocal. And although he reminisces in-

terestingly of the nineties, when, as an art student he returned from Paris, a fierce outlander in a wee straw hat, to chastise the Philistines of America, he still possesses the treasures of youth. Since then, however, he seems to have made, in a personal and domestic way, many concessions to conventionality. He is now a solid citizen, who pays, I take it, his income tax, attends Board meetings, and goes perhaps to church. He no longer looks the part he plays or is destined to play. But what artist does?

No, there are no kinks in the make-up of George Luks. A man of ordinary features and bluff manners and picturesque speech, he walks rough-shod through the world of art, sweeping everything before him with a gesture and an expletive. But he is uncommonly kind, I am told, to newcomers of talent; and

Luks and Bellows

he plays fair in awarding academic prizes. With an admiration for things European, an appreciation of things Oriental, and an absolute allegiance to America, he seems irresistible as a wooer of Cosmopolitanism. He comes to her with rare gifts—and a proclamation quite Whitmanesque.

Should this be resented on the ground that an artist must not usurp the critic's function? Surely, if he be an artist of genius, he should know, better than any critic, how to handle the trumpet as well as the brush. And when he condescends to do so, it is for our benefit and, through us, for the benefit of the world. Luks leaves us in no doubt about anything. He sends us away with an armful of affirmations from which to choose at our leisure.

And the faithful scribe, with the dust of the pilgrimage still upon him, now affirms that Luks is a man of culture, all his open declarations to the contrary, notwithstanding; that he is an artist of genius, the foremost in America who, of a certainty, has reached the highest peaks; and that the Old World will yet sit up and take notice of this Giant of the New World. Having done this, I shall now proceed to analyse the few stray impressions, which were left like straws clinging to the moss beneath the gushing stream.

I said, but did not affirm, that George Luks has an appreciation for things Oriental. But Orientalism does not consist in a dash of colour or a tuft of decoration; nor does it consist only in certain rhythms and undulations, the syncopated effects and plaintive undertones, for instance, that are recognizable in the music of Debussy and Tchaikowsky. It is more in the supreme calm of the spirit,—more in the religious and ethical traditions of the Orient, which are the headspring of the artist's inspiration. It is not possible to paint a New York scene, for instance, in an Oriental manner, without being unintelligible, or fantastic and grotesque.

A landscape is different. Nature everywhere has the same message for the artist. But an Occidental woman feeding a parrot,—one of Luks' canvases entitled, I think, *The Woman and the Macaws*,—the woman done in sombre tones, the parrot in glowing reds and greens, can not by any stretch of the imagi-

nation be mistaken for an Oriental inspiration. The execution, at least, betrays the artist, who, no matter how deeply sensitive to Oriental effects, is still bound to a technique and style that are essentially European.

There is no doubt that Luks is an artist of rare power. He paints with a passion, impetuously and, on the whole, spontaneously. He prays, one would say, as well as profanes; but he never drools. He beats his canvases with the brush, threatens them with the knife;—he subjects them, in the process of creation, to some rather rough handling. A picture of his in embryo is not a sketch, but a symbol of the nebular hypothesis. He can close his eyes and discover in the chaos a new rhythm, but seldom a new pigment. For in his sombre but resonant tones, the blues and greens, in most striking values, seem to be always struggling for supremacy and almost always prevail. This is his chromatic cachet.

George Luks knows his strength and revels in it. But the profound emotional forces are seldom reached, or are only suggested. The sentimentalities and the moralities, he avoids. Like Cézanne, he is pre-eminently a builder. His sense of form and his sense of colour are crude but virile. He does not give a rap if Society shudders at his canvases. *Tant pis* for Society. He only cares for Art—and George Luks. Thus, his devotion is still divided. The pride of performance still interferes with his artistic faculties. He has not reached the impersonal and objective heights of Cézanne, although some of his canvases evince a scheme of composition.

Above all things that he values in a picture is quality. The word comes trippingly on his tongue. It punctuates his criticisms and appreciations. But what does quality consist of? He might have answered the question with one word. But that would be echoing Whistler; and he would echo no predecessor or contemporary. I make another affirmation, namely: Luks stands alone. But here is a strange sub-conscious phenomenon. While Bellows insists that a picture, after all is said, is a question of construction, a harmonious grouping, and Luks sets all value upon "quality," the work of the former is more symphonic, of the latter is more architectural.

Luks and Bellows

Does quality, therefore, consist in composition? There is more than mere composition in the work of Cézanne. Does it consist in technique? There is more than technique in the work of Childe Hassam. Does it consist in what is called texture, in colour effects of graining and enamelling? There are other things beside these in the canvases of Monet. Does it consist in the effect of distance, the veiled perspective, the fiery undulations, the opulence that seems to develop between the articulations of form? These are not the only elements of charm in Renoir. Indeed, there is something intangible, indefinable, but not detachable from the qualities mentioned, that characterize the work of these masters. Call it quality, call it genius, call it intuitive æstheticism, call it brains; and still the most gifted in insight and expression remains bewildered. Indeed, the most lucid intelligence stands baffled before a real masterpiece. We are captivated, fascinated, as the bird is by a snake, but don't know exactly why.

Luks' group of painter's sketches, done in Paris about twenty years ago—landscapes and café scenes—are among the best of his achievements. The inspiration is real, the execution, direct and simple, the atmosphere, often charming, the feeling is tenderly poetic. They certainly have quality. And although done in sombre tones,—the olive greens and beryl blues must have haunted him from his early days, only then they expressed tenderness, now they express power,—there is a resonance and mellowness in these little sketches that are suggestive and evocative.

If he has abandoned the lyric strain, however, he has shown, in some of his recent canvases, a predilection for the symbolical, which should offset his intellectual energy. His *Round Houses at High Bridge* and his *Cupids* thus represent him in two distinct moods and styles. The one done in pensive, calm greys, with a slightly sable column of smoke rising from the round houses to the sky, blending with it, is a fine achievement in impressionism. The New York atmosphere at dusk is unmistakable. His intellect, in this canvas, which is so different from his other work, has made a concession to his emotions. And his emotions, in *Cupids*, have made a concession

to the classic symbol. This canvas is done in brilliant colours and a quaint technique. The daubs of red and green on a yellow surface are fugacious but converging. They follow each other, hovering around the cupids, like the golden notes in a gigue.

The inspiration in the former canvas is found on the shores of the Hudson; the inspiration in the latter is made to serve a new version of an old idea plucked from the mythology of the Greeks. The idea is anacreontic, the conception is Goyesque; but the treatment, though quite characteristic of Luks, marks a departure in his work. There is nothing more fatuous in criticism, however, than the tendency of finding prototypes, of tracing sources of technique and inspiration. True, we sometimes succeed in shedding a little light upon a picture, and in giving the public a tongue and an eye for a better appreciation; but too often, alas, we yield to an impulse that makes our learning, though honestly pursued and achieved, seem but vain.

There is the picture, *Round Houses*, for instance—an individual achievement. What matters if it suggests the Twachtman manner or the Whistler technique? It will live, I dare say, as long as Whistler's *Battersea Bridge*. Personally, while I recognize the distinct qualities of *Round Houses*, I am not partial to these symphonies in grey. I have a penchant for colour. And if the atmosphere must be vague and nebular, I prefer it in the Monet mood.

That is why I prefer Luks' *Cupids*. The idea itself, aside from the singing tones in the picture, is full of suggestive gaiety and humour. Is it the Tree of Life, one asks, or the Tree of Love, or the Tree of Contentment? There are cupids frolicking on the branch; they hang not by their tails, to be sure, although they suggest in their wings and roughly outlined features a simian evolution. And there are other cupids wrestling on the grass, or fighting, or trysting, or just loafing in the crepuscular shades of an anacreontic dream. Here is symbol and power and delicacy in a single canvas. Here is the elemental in an Elysian rhapsody as well as a quaint classic humour.

The Sculptural Art of Albert P. Lucas

THE SCULPTURAL ART OF
ALBERT P. LUCAS
BY FRANK OWEN PAYNE

CONSIDERABLE attention is being paid just at present to the artistic creations of Albert P. Lucas. Tardy indeed has been the recognition which America has accorded to this talented artist whose works have already received marked attention abroad,—works which we regard as among the most important and original productions of our day. We feel safe in declaring that for richness of colour effects, for accuracy of drawing, for absolute mastery of the technique of light and shade, for poetic rendering of every manner of delicate atmospheric effect, for depth of feeling, and for beauty of symbolism, Lucas has few equals and no superiors among living American artists. This is great praise we submit, but its proof is manifest in the possession of a vast number of charming works to be found in the studio of the artist on upper Broadway.

So much for Lucas the painter, in which field he is best known. As a painter, his works have been exhibited in the Paris salons as well as in several other European exhibitions. But it is as a sculptor that we are here concerned. Few who realize his genius as a wielder of the brush are aware that Lucas is equally at home with the clay and the modelling tool. This is, however, a fact.

Lucas belongs to that small but growing class of artists who declare that the highest artistic endeavour can be best attained by those who practise more than one form of art and who work in more than one medium. A study of the paintings of Lucas will discover that in his rendering of the human form there is unmistakable statuesque quality. His works both in painting and in sculpture furnish ample evidence that he is a thorough master of the knowledge of human anatomy.

For twenty years Lucas lived abroad, where he studied under some of the foremost masters of French painting, but he was also a devoted pupil of A. Engelbart, a sculptor, who gave to the young American artist most hearty encouragement. It is this intimate

knowledge of modelling as well as drawing which gives to all the works of Lucas an unique and individual character.

The accompanying four works of sculpture have been chosen from among his works because they represent the high quality of Lucas's work in plastic art and also because they illustrate to an extraordinary degree the wide range of his artistic thought.

Ecstase.—In this beautiful bust we have a fine intellectual type of womanhood, whose face bears the exalted expression of one who has been lifted through prayer or the contemplation of some lofty theme into the very highest realm of human thought. The expressive eyes look outward and slightly upward into space. Like the Madonna San Sisto she looks away beyond one,—beyond the present, into the wide vistas of the future, and the observer is constrained to wonder what she beholds in that far-away ecstatic vision. This work in marble may be seen in the Metropolitan Museum of Art where for some seven years it occupied a commanding place.

The American Girl.—In the *American Girl* the artist has given us an unique work of art. It represents a girl belonging to no particular racial type. She is possessed of the characteristics of many races. This work resembles a composite photograph in having suggestions of many different persons. Such is an American indeed! The typical American, if there ever comes to be such, will be made up out of the admixture of many foreign elements. One may thus detect Celtic, Teutonic, Slavonic and Roman features in this remarkable ensemble and yet so cleverly blended as to give to the work what is perhaps the nearest approach to an American type hitherto created. The nose is slightly *retroussé* indicating the teachable character of our people. The neck and throat are beautifully modelled. The whole work is possessed of regal grace which makes the American girl well bred even when bred in the homely environment of our western world,—a lovable yet queenly creature fitted to adapt herself equally well to the simple duties of domestic life or to the more exacting demands of a public career.



THE AMERICAN GIRL
BY ALBERT P. LUCAS

The Sculptural Art of Albert P. Lucas



In the Metropolitan Museum, New York

ECSTASE

BY ALBERT P. LUCAS

The Laughing Faun—This charming figure was designed for a fountain in one of the beautiful country estates in Maine. In its original setting, that laughing faun stands upon a rock in the centre of a little lake in a quiet forest glade. The artist has accomplished what he set out to do, namely, to produce a portrait of superabundant mirth. It is a joyous creature, just what a faun of old was supposed to be. To represent anything so evanescent as laughter must be an exceedingly difficult task. To put such ephemeral ideas into permanent form is one of the questionable artistic undertakings. Lessing has discussed this in his classic critique "The Laocöon." Lucas has accomplished this feat in the

Laughing Faun. The strange little creature laughs on incessantly and when one sees the beautiful figure perched there on the rock in the midst of the placid waters of the little lake, with the music of the falling water as an accompaniment, he seems to be laughing in very truth.

Sambo—The negro has never been popular as a theme for the sculptor's art. If represented at all, he has usually been employed as a mere accessory to some more dignified work of sculpture. Such is the kneeling negro which appears in Thomas Ball's four Emancipation groups. Such are the pedestal figures on J. Q. A. Ward's Beecher Monument in Brooklyn and in George E. Bissell's Lincoln statue in Edin-

The Sculptural Art of Albert P. Lucas

the very highest realm of sculptural art. Albert P. Lucas has executed what is probably the very best portrait of an African hitherto produced. The surface modelling is excellent. It is a speaking likeness. This unique creation was much admired by Saint Gaudens by whose direction it was given place at the entrance of the American section of the Exposition where it was exhibited in 1900.



SAMBO

BY ALBERT P. LUCAS



THE LAUGHING FAUN

BY ALBERT P. LUCAS

borough, Scotland. Nevertheless it is significant that the black man has been depicted in some of the greatest sculptures in America,—and in a way which proves him to be not unworthy as a theme for the sculptor's chisel. Macmonnies has rendered a splendid negro figure in one of the tremendous groups on the Brooklyn Memorial Arch. Saint Gaudens in the Shaw Memorial in Boston, a masterpiece,—perhaps his greatest masterpiece,—has paid signal honour to the negro race. Daniel Chester French has symbolized Africa at the entrance of the New York Custom House in a group so imposing that it invests the Negro race with dignity and lifts the Ethiopian into

Modern Masters at the Pennsylvania Academy

Albert P. Lucas has a well-defined artistic creed which is betrayed in all his works. Whether in painting or in sculpture, Lucas stands for the expression of beauty, the beauty which invests all nature. He strives to elevate rather than to draw down. He has absolutely no use for the vulgarity which so often displays itself in so-called *art*. He scorns it. He utterly refuses to cater to it. As a painter of the nude in all its beauty, Lucas stands supreme, but for mere nakedness he has no use whatever. We hope soon to enjoy the pleasure of seeing more of the creations of this remarkable artist in the museums and art galleries of America. The enthusiastic appreciation which was accorded to Lucas in France can not fail to find an echo here in the land of his birth.

MODERN MASTERS AT THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY

THE paintings and drawings by representative modern masters shown at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia from April 17 to May 9 formed one of the most important exhibitions of work by this group that has ever been seen in the United States.

The earlier men, very "modern" in their day and still to be reckoned with in the new movement, were fully represented by Courbet (6), Manet (19), Daumier (3), and Whistler (3). By the last named there were two little known, full-length canvases—*Chelsea Girl* lent by Mrs. W. Plunket Stewart and *The White Woman* lent by John Braun.



INTERLUDE

BY WALTER MAC-EWEN

Modern Masters at the Pennsylvania Academy

An entire room was devoted to paintings and etchings by Mary Cassatt. There were some of the early portraits, rather hard and tight, *In the Theatre* lent by Mrs. Edgar Scott which shows more interesting handling, and then a number of the more recent colourful compositions of mother and child.

Fourteen examples by Paul Cézanne gave an opportunity to study his various moods and methods—oil, water colour, lithography—in the handling of landscapes, figures, and still life. By Degas there was the strong portrait of Manet and a number of his delicate pastels of dancers. Renoir was represented by the *Landscape at Beaulieu* dated 1893, the well-known *Girl with Falcon* lent by Miss Anne Thompson, the typical *After the Bath* and numerous lithographs, seventeen examples in all. The seven drawings by Rodin were of great interest and other well known names included Albert Besnard, Claude Monet with sixteen important landscape and still life subjects, Berthe Morisot, Pissarro, Sisley and Seurat.

The very modern school, including the so-called "cubists," was represented by characteristic examples of the work of Maurice Denis (1), André Derain (9), D. Galanis (3), Roger de la Fresnaye (3), Paul Gauguin (4), Albert Gleizes (4), Toulouse Lautrec (15 including several lithographs), Marie Lawrencin (5), Fernand Leger (1), M. Maillol (2), Henri Matisse who was extremely well represented with 19 examples including a number of drawings, H. Moret (1), Francis Picabia (2), Pablo Picasso (20), Odillon Redon (5 lithographs and a *Bouquet*), Diego Rivera (4), Gino Severini (3), M. Vuillard (6 lithographs), Jacque Villon (1), and S. MacDonalld Wright (3).

Those who did not see this exhibition have missed an opportunity to know and appreciate the modern French school of painting. Most of the works were lent by private collectors and therefore are seldom accessible to the public. It was unfortunate that advance publicity was not given, otherwise Philadelphia would, for a time, have been the Mecca of all who want to see and enjoy good work and who wish to be posted regarding modern tendencies.

FLORENCE N. LEVY.



*At the Knedler Galleries,
Summer Exhibition, 1920.*

PORTRAIT OF ADA FORMAN IN HER JAVANESE
PALACE DANCE

Frank B. A. Linton first studied with Thomas Eakins, in Philadelphia, and then spent five years in Paris in the atelier of Gérôme and Bonat at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, afterwards with Benjamin Constant, Jean Paul Laurens and Bougureau at the Académie Julien. Mr. Linton is an annual exhibitor at the Paris Salon and in 1913 was elected a member of the Société des Beaux Arts. He exhibits at all the prominent exhibitions in this country and had the distinction of having a one-man show at the Corcoran Galleries in Washington, in 1917.

BOOK REVIEW.

B THE FINE ARTS OF PHOTOGRAPHY, by Paul L. Anderson. (J. B. Lipincott Co.)

FOR a good many years, now, photography has occupied an undefined position in the minds of most people, and the reason is not far to seek. The peculiar status has been largely the fault of its best friends, together with the best friends of painting, and the large body of the public which subsists on labels.

The other words, photography's best friends (among whom may certainly be numbered the author of the above book) have insisted that photography is an art. Painting's best friends, on the other hand, jealous of a means of expression fast becoming too fine to be ignored and always too "technical" to be understood, insisted with equal vigour that photography is *not* an art. The larger part of the public, to whom "art" means painting, and nothing else, not even sculpture or architecture, has refused to admit the photographer's contention, but failed to get an answer from the artist to the plain question: "Well, if it *isn't* Art, what is it, exactly?"

There is no "yes" or "no" answer. If photography is an art, so are many other processes not commonly so regarded. If it is not an art, it unquestionably attains, in its higher development, results which embody all the essentials of art. The answer is that probably the premises of both photographer and artist are wrong, and the deadlock has come from the fundamental error of trying to compose the two media of expression. Tapestries were never intelligently appreciated until people got over the mistake of looking at them as woven paintings. The point is, that they are two distinct and different things, with nothing in common but their purpose and result. All of which discussion of status, if true, may help both photographer and painter to enjoy each other's work, and mutually learn many inspiring truths. And the public may get over its tendency to look at a photograph as though it were a queer, monotone painting, and a painting as though it were an inaccurate, but colourful photograph. There

is plenty of room in the world for both photographs and paintings.

Mr. Anderson's book concerns itself with the artistic possibilities of the camera rather than with its technical problem, and endeavours, to teach the photographer the artists' point of view in such considerations as Composition, Values, Suggestion and Mystery, Landscape Work, Winter Work, Landscape with Figures, Genre, Illustration, Architectural Work, Portraiture and so forth, illustrated by many remarkable examples of these different kinds of picture.

One picture by Clarence H. White possesses qualities nothing short of pre-Raphaelite, while other illustrations are taken from the work of such recognized masters of photography as Lejaren Hiller, Annie Brigman and Gertrude Käsebier.

THE JOKE ABOUT HOUSING. Charles Harris Whittaker. (Marshall Jones Company, Boston.)

Notwithstanding it is a little disturbing to have a 233-page book on a serious subject, decently bound in boards, in respectable blue cloth, handed to one as a "joke," it must be conceded at once that the author had actually made one of the most significant and fundamental contributions to the current literature on the housing problem.

He deals with the subject essentially from the sociological angle, with especial reference to Land Control. The titles of the first two chapters—"Why Do We Have Houses?" and "The House and the Home—a World Problem"—give some idea of the treatment of the subject. "Houses and Wages" is a chapter affording much material for thought, but the author does not keep his readers entirely in the realm of conjecture and theory, as is too often the case in this sort of book. In Chapter VI he points out many interesting possibilities in "What Are the Possible Ways out of the Dilemma in Housing" and in Chapter VIII he becomes admirably specific under the title "What to Do."

There are many who, after reading Mr. Whittaker's illuminating thesis, will maintain that the solution of the housing problem,

Book Reviews

which at present is so increasingly an arduous burden to the individual in our theoretically free country, lies in the millennium. Many reforms and improvements, thus regarded, will continue to lie in the millennium if they are so regarded. Why not bring the millennium nearer by addressing ourselves to the solving of such vital reforms and improvements in our sociological fabric as are involved in The Housing problem?

THE HOUSING BOOK. Compiled by William P. Comstock. (The William T. Comstock Co., New York.)

The thing that is commonly alluded to as "The Housing Problem" is really two problems, and the sooner each is distinguished from the whole, the more quickly will much-needed housing developments reach some kind of fruition.

The housing problem is as much a sociological one as it is an architectural one, and the latter is more readily soluble than the former. Before the war, but more conspicuously during the war, architects gave ample demonstration of their readiness and ability to design great quantities of small houses of varying costs with noteworthy merit both in individual design and group arrangement.

In Mr. Comstock's compilation of a considerable number of examples of housing projects, there is an infinite range in the types of houses shown, and a wealth of suggestion not only for industrial housing problems, but for the real-estate developer and the individual house-builder as well. It is at once apparent from the illustrations that much neighbourhood planning in suburban real-estate developments should properly be handled by competent architects, so that some sort of unity and coherence of plan might be attained.

That so little co-ordination in building projects is the rule brings in at once the second and more difficult phase of the housing problem—the sociological phase. This, in a word, finds its greatest difficulty in the inherent disinclination of human beings in numbers agreeing to do things together. Capital and groups of dwellers fail to agree on co-opera-

tive building projects, and the group in turn is too often torn by internal disagreements and prejudices.

If, for example, forty families, about to build on a new real-estate development, could agree to have the whole group of houses developed and arranged by an able architect, each would get a better house than his same expenditure alone could secure him, and each and all would benefit from living in a harmoniously and agreeably planned environment.

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN AMERICA: 1920. (Tennant and Word.)

As though to offer a splendid illustrated supplement to Mr. Anderson's book, we have the year book of the Pictorial Photographers of America, in which appear a hundred finely printed examples of all the various types of photographs he describes, and many others besides. Certainly one thing is apparent from a study of the varied photographs comprised in this year book—that photographic talent and ability are not confined to a limited coterie of practitioners in any one part of the country. From California, from Maryland, Portland, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Illinois and other representative states come splendid examples of earnest work and high attainment.

A few, indeed, should be specially mentioned, though they are little more than typical of the high standard of the whole collection. Alwin Langdon Coburn is represented by a striking portrait of the Japanese actor, *Michio Ito*, and John Wallace Gillies by a delicate *Water Scene. Snow Pattern* in a remarkable study by E. G. Dunning, and *Eve Repentant*, by Imogen Cunningham Partridge, is one of the best figure compositions.

Reverting to the discussion, "Is Photography an Art?", this group of typical recent examples moves the reviewer to a conjecture as to the why of some artist's disdain of photography. Without suggestion of comparison, there are plenty of painters who would need to effect a conspicuous improvement in their work if they wished it to compare at all favorably with the best examples of real photography.

Book Reviews

NOÛ NOÛ. By Paul Gauguin. (Nichols Brown.)

That Gauguin is a writer no less than a painter this charming book proves conclusively. It purports to describe Gauguin's first visit to the South Sea, and commences in the form of a journal. But Gauguin is more a poet than a diarist, and his book reads like a romance. The title "Noa Noa" (fragrant) conveys its atmosphere. It is a prose-poem, a Tahitian rhapsody.

Gauguin soon tired of the artificial would-be European life at Papeete and went to live in the heart of the island, right away from civilization. At first his neighbours were inclined to be shy, but curiosity soon conquered and his painting was greatly admired. Gauguin comments ironically on their attitude towards him as a useful member of society. "One must be . . . a savage or a child,

—must one not?—to imagine that an artist might be a *useful human being*."

Gauguin found complete happiness with his thirteen-year-old wife, although he found it difficult at first to adapt his mind to the Oriental mentality. But eventually he became so soaked in the Maori superstitions that he could not resist a certain doubt of his wife's fidelity because the hook caught in the fish's lower jaw.

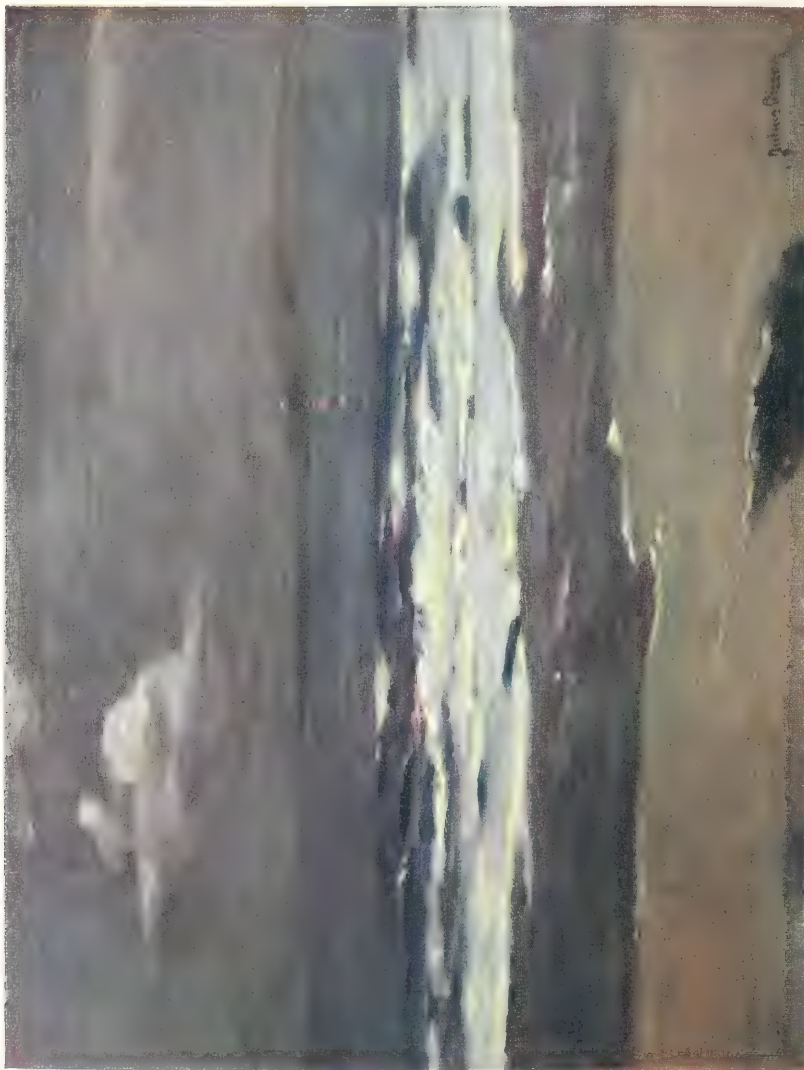
The book is illustrated with ten reproductions of Gauguin's work including the *Girl With Fruit-dish* and *Girl With Fan*, which may be taken as representative of the best in his later phase. It is a pity that more care was not taken with the reproductions. The paper is very poor. The book was worthy of better treatment in this respect.

The translation is good.

A FRASER MEDAL



FIGURE 1. Obverse and reverse of the Fraser Medal, showing the obverse and reverse of the medal. The obverse shows a seated female figure holding a torch and a scroll, with the inscription "FRASER MEDAL" and "1893". The reverse shows a tree and the inscription "SPECIAL MEDAL OF AWARD OF MERIT FOR THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY".



"CORNISH BAY, SUMMER NIGHT,"
FROM THE OIL PAINTING
BY JULIET OLSSON, R.A.

The INTERNATIONAL · STUDIO ·

VOL. LXXI, NO. 282

October, 1920, by John Lane Company

SEPTEMBER, 1920

ROMILLY FEDDEN, WATER
COLOURIST
BY W. DOWLING

THE place of water colour as a serious medium is as yet hardly recognized in this country. This is strikingly illustrated by two incidents which were reported by a recent foreign visitor. The first was the absence of any exhibition of water colours at the Metropolitan Museum, the second was the remark of a well-known New York picture dealer: "New York is not educated up to water colours." The visitors to the Metropolitan may discover half a dozen superb Sargent water colours and as many Winslow Homers in the portfolios, yet today not a single water colour hangs in the public galleries of our greatest Art Museum, this, when the modern water colour now holds a position of greater importance than ever before in later-day art. Not only do the art galleries of England devote increasing space to water colours but both in Munich before the war and in Paris today, this medium has received the serious attention of both painter and public alike.

Water colour as a medium is freer than oil, more accidental in quality—and it takes a master of this art to control its tendency to accidental effect, guiding it skilfully to results which create a wonderful illusion. Water colour, more than any other medium, demands a high degree of skill in technic to lift it from the amateurish to the certain realm of art. The public as yet know little of the possibilities and achievements of this mode of expression and are inclined still to associate it with the school-day efforts of the pretty miss.

From water colour *drawing* has developed modern water colour *painting*, which is infinitely more robust and spontaneous. Today we find that the best work in water colour can hold its own with all contemporary painting in other mediums—not only is it permanent and reliable but it expresses qualities of transparency and brilliancy which are unrivalled. We should realize that the purely English water colour *drawing* of the nineteenth century, done in thin washes of now faded brown and greens, has developed into a school of painting whose virile and forceful methods are equal at least to those employed by the modern exponents of oil.

Amongst the men who have chosen water colour as their mode of self-expression, Romilly Fedden is one of the foremost. Born in Gloucestershire, England, Fedden studied art under Herkomer at Bushey and later with Jean Paul Laurent in Paris. For a time he worked in oil but water colour better expresses his reticent and fastidious vision.

The last of the season's one-man shows at Knoedler's Gallery, New York, gave the American public their first opportunity of viewing this painter's work. This exhibition marks the re-entry of Romilly Fedden into the lists of his profession after four and a half years in the Army where he served as Captain with an infantry battalion in France. During that period, while unable to paint, Fedden found relief from his surroundings in putting his original and interesting theories and views into the form of a book, "Modern Water Colour," which is full of enlightenment for the student and public alike.

It is interesting to note that amongst the pictures recently exhibited, those which bear



ST. JEAN DE LUZ
GILLY THEDEN



THE WHITE HOUSE, CONCARNEAU
BY ROMILLY FEDDEN



DESERT FOOTHILLS, CALIFORNIA MOONLIGHT
BY ROMILLY FEDDEN



LOW TIDE
BY ROMILLY FEDDEN

Romilly Fedden, *Water-colourist*

the post-bellum date show a decided advance over the earlier work and that the painter seems to have attained a new vigour and freedom in his medium while not rejecting his earlier methods.

Fedden's painting makes no vulgar appeal. He has an innate distaste for the obvious both in subject and treatment, which gives to his work a quality of reserve. His pictures, in consequence, grow upon you; they are pictures to live with. Twilight and moonlight exercise a special spell upon him, which he in turn communicates to the beholder—*The Mist of the Moon, The Silence of Night, The Lonely Farm*, exhibited in the Paris Salon and owned by private collectors in England, are examples of the gift of catching, holding and imparting the spirit of the place. It is the artist's mission to see beyond the layman's sight—to grasp the something that lies just beyond our reach, to translate on canvas, not merely to transcribe, and this is accomplished to an extraordinary degree in many of these pictures. The mystery of wind-swept trees on bare hillsides, the glamour of moonlight on old white walls, the moment when the sun, once set, bathes the downs in primrose light—find sympathetic expression in Fedden's water colours. He is no less happy, however, in his rendering of bright sunshine on white mosques and his handling of crowds recalls the brilliant technic of Arthur Melville. Fedden has been compared, for lack of any prototype, to the French painter, Le Sidaner, but this resemblance begins and ends in the choice of subject which appeals to both—the lighted table in the twilight garden, set for the evening meal—the glint of moonlight on white cottages framed with dark velvet shadow—the subtler interchange of lights and values—these alike fill the vision of both painters.

Romilly Fedden stands out as a complete avowal of the Old and New Dispensation in Modern Watercolor. Steeped in the old tradition of David Cox, DeWint and Cotman he occupies a half-way post between the ancients and moderns in this extremely difficult medium. His methods are evolutionary not revolutionary, there is not a radical thread in his artistic garment. He is ever searching for the hidden charms of colour, and is concerned

with building up his tones for quality, rather than in attempting in Sargentese fashion to arrive at an effect by a God-given brushstroke that sets an immediate seal upon the production, however thin or sloppy many parts of the picture may be—but that is Sargent. Fedden if anything is a trifle too thorough, too painstaking, too conscientious in his work. His charm of colour, however, carries one safely over any little ditches of disapproval that might be met in following his rich trail over Great Britain, Northern Africa, and many centres of Europe, to name especially Brittany which presents rare opportunities for his fastidious selection.

TWO MONUMENTS BY EDSTROM BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

DAVID EDSTROM, sculptor, has a double aim—to be a maker of things beautiful and at the same time a seer. In other words plastic beauty ought, in his opinion, to be a vehicle for the artist's prophetic visions.

Tremendous in their energy and strength of purpose, bold and forceful in the modeling, are the two sketches here shown, monumental conceptions embodying two great fundamental ideas—life and death, each separately imagined yet each heralding similar truths. In *The Triumph of Man* is a complete refutation of the surrender to fate, a favorite theme of classic myth as seen in the Laocoon group. There we see Laocoon fighting instinctively, but with a complacent air as of one accepting unavoidable defeat. How different by contrast are the warriors of Edstrom, who demonstrate man's ability to overcome all obstacles. Instead of grappling half-heartedly with Nemesis, in the greswome guise of a huge serpent, they are portrayed as confident winners. That will-to-win so recently displayed by the American forces at Château Thierry and elsewhere in France doubtless furnish the motif, but Edstrom's thoughts are not bounded by occurrences but speed across the centuries, fastening themselves to universal verities. Thus in his dy-



SKETCH MODEL FOR "THE TRIUMPH OF MAN"
BY DAVID EDSTROM

Two Monuments by Edstrom

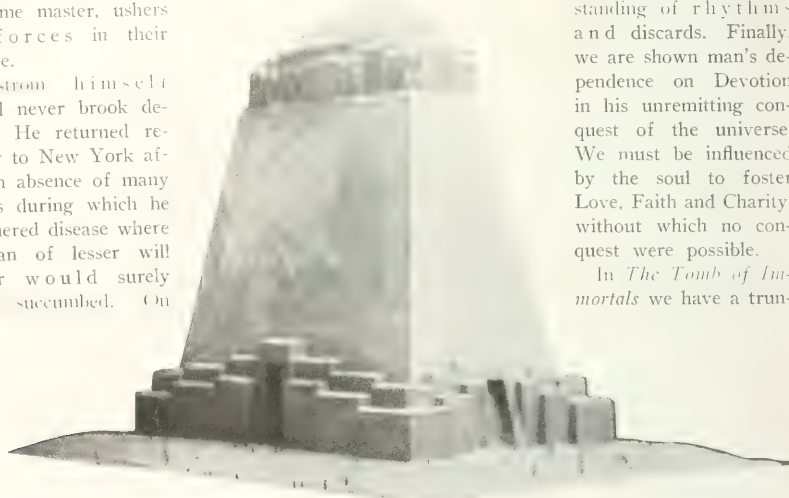
namic work the three doughty figures stand for ideas rather than men and may be regarded as Initiative, Concentration and Tenacity; or, to take other symbols—Thinking, Desire and Accomplishment. Still another triplet of ideas might be conveyed by Preparation, Action and Success. The significant point to notice is the optimistic outlook of the artist upon man's destiny on earth. His conquest of nature through his ability to wrest her secrets from her. Thus the serpent may be identified with unorganized nature—storm, lightning and rage of ocean—all of which must bend finally to his will, as man, the supreme master, ushers his forces in their despite.

Edstrom himself would never brook defeat. He returned recently to New York after an absence of many weeks during which he conquered disease where a man of lesser will power would surely have succumbed. On

To return to the monument, the reliefs below the figures repeat the same idea in a minor key; man, the individual, a creature of power, recreating the universe. Labor is represented by the bodily forces that can extract material from the earth and send forth mighty ships, or with the same materials construct the most delicate instruments able to restore sight to the blind or to detect the tiniest organism in a drop of water. Another field glorifies science, the analysis and classification of knowledge without which labour is of small avail. Still another field portrays art and

music that afford humanity emotional understanding of rhythm and discards. Finally, we are shown man's dependence on Devotion in his unremitting conquest of the universe. We must be influenced by the soul to foster Love, Faith and Charity, without which no conquest were possible.

In *The Tomb of Immortals* we have a trun-



THE TOMB OF IMMORTALS

BY DAVID EDSTROM

re-entering his workshop the first sight that greeted him was this very *Triumph of Man* smashed to atoms by some white-livered vandal who had stolen into the room in some unaccounted manner and wreaked his vengeance, as he hoped, on a far greater man than himself. The writer, chancing to be present, expected an orgy of frenzied passion, but nothing occurred beyond the smiling remark, "What does it matter? That doesn't hurt me in the least, I must do it again and do it better."

cated pyramid crowned with a processional frieze along which pass the great heroes of all ages: Moses, David, Solomon, Isaiah, Confucius, Buddha, Minerva, Apollo, St. Francis, and even Thor hurling destruction upon the Giants. And so this great army of shades wends its interminable way along and around the frieze, garlanding with dead flowers the summit of this lofty pile rising from a base patterned by huge monoliths. A mighty tribute to those that have passed and an encouragement to present and future ages.

A New Portrait of Washington at Forty-Four

A NEW PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON AT FORTY-FOUR
BY WM. H. SHELTON

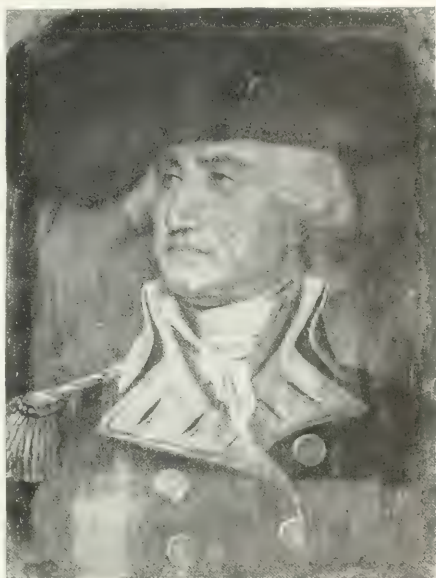
THE authenticity of a portrait of Washington at forty-four by John Trumbull, painted on a mahogany panel eight by ten inches in size, has recently been established under peculiar and interesting circumstances. This picture has hung in the museum of Jumel Mansion for six years in the collection of William Lanier Washington. It was in a dingy black frame, but attached to the back of the panel was the studio card of the artist, evidently written by himself: "Colonel Trumbull Broadway 406." Notwithstanding this clue pointing to a more complete identification, the portrait was valued for insurance at the trifling sum of twenty-five dollars.

In the catalog of the collection it was Number 428; "Painting on mah. panel by Trumbull, black frame $13\frac{1}{2} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$, \$25." This measurement included the frame. As the result of frequent reminders that the picture was undervalued, the list valuation was raised to fifty dollars and finally to one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

No further examination of the panel was made in the museum and the visiting card of Colonel Trumbull seemed to carry little weight with the owner of the collection. A reproduction of this portrait appears as the frontispiece of "The Jumel Mansion," Houghton, Mifflin, 1916. This circumstance may have attracted the attention of the ladies in charge

of the museum to the portrait. It happened that the Washington Headquarters Association of the Daughters of the American Revolution had in possession a donation of two hundred and twenty-five dollars, which they wished to invest in some single object of value to the credit of the generous donor. About the first of last March, when a number of exhibits were being withdrawn from the Washington collection, the ladies purchased the portrait for the sum mentioned.

The picture was now sent to a framemaker to be more handsomely dressed and treated to a shadow box and glass, and when the panel was removed from the frame, the letters "J. T." were plainly discernible under the varnish in the lower right hand corner, very small and singularly like the old-fashioned script on the visiting card, and making it evident that both inscriptions were by the same hand, and that the hand of Colonel John



GEORGE WASHINGTON

BY JOHN TRUMBULL

Trumbull.

The portrait had been passed over by "experts" as a copy, but as curator of the museum I have always felt that if not painted by John Trumbull himself, it was painted by an equally clever hand, after the head in Trumbull's life-size portrait of *Washington at Trenton* now in the Trumbull gallery at Yale University. This portrait was painted at Philadelphia in 1792, four years before Washington died. Trumbull had accepted a commission to paint a portrait of Washington for Charleston, South Carolina, and this picture was intended to fill that order, but a picture

A New Portrait of Washington at Forty-Four

of the General in civil life was required, and the *Washington at Trenton* remained in the artist's possession.

The canvas is familiar to the public in its engraved forms showing Washington standing with bared head, while his horse, also standing on two legs, is held by an orderly in a helmet, on lower ground at the rear.

The battle of Trenton took place in December, 1776, when General Washington was forty-four years old. While this head is evidently painted from the bare head in the famous Trenton canvas, in which the natural hair is wind-blown, the artist has not hesitated to paint the cocked hat set upon a powdered wig, a liberty that a mere copyist would hardly have taken. Notwithstanding this alteration the resemblance to the original portrait, in the features, in the angle of the head and in the identical arrangement of the shirt ruffle and the coat lapels, make it certain that the small picture was painted from the larger canvas. The cocked hat and powdered wig would not have appeared in a study for the original picture.

This interesting head may have been painted at any time between the execution of the Trenton picture, when Trumbull's New York studio was at 31 Maiden Lane, and his removal from the studio at 406 Broadway, two blocks below Canal Street, which he occupied in 1816, on his last return from London. Of this period he writes in his memoirs, "I immediately took a house in Broadway (now the Globe Hotel) at \$1,200 a year and commenced my labours with good prospect of success. On the first of February a lodging-house keeper offered \$2,200 which the executor was bound to accept, and I was turned adrift.

"I removed in May to Hudson Square, to a good house at a reasonable rent, and in a beautiful situation; but I soon found myself too far out of town for success in portrait painting and business languished."

In the New York directory for 1816 and 1817 we find, "Trumbull John, portrait painter Beach e Hudson." In the following directory, 1817-18, "Trumbull John, portrait painter 26, Park Place."

The fact that Trumbull's visiting card was

attached to the back of the panel, on which this portrait of Washington, now the property of the ladies at Jumel Mansion, was painted, is presumptive evidence that the head was painted in that studio at 406 Broadway just before he undertook the four historical panels in the rotunda of the capitol.

It would be difficult to estimate the value of this head signed by Trumbull, one of the few portraits of Washington, at the time when he commanded the army, but at the sale of Washingtoniana at the Anderson Galleries where a bronze bust of Washington sold for \$5,000, it would as readily have commanded \$10,000.

The head is interesting as showing Trumbull's recollection of Washington at forty-four, and his recollection was seconded by pen drawings made while on his staff in 1775. General Washington was forty-three years of age when he took command of the army at Boston. His forty-fourth birthday occurred in the following February, and he made some interesting history during that year. After raising the siege of Boston he came to New York, fought the battle of Long Island, retired to Harlem Heights, occupied the Roger Morris house for thirty-three days, while forts Washington and Lee were being constructed and ships sunk to prevent the navigation of the Hudson by the enemy, fought the battles of Harlem Heights, White Plains, Trenton and Princeton before wintering in his Morristown headquarters.

If we accept the testimony of the famous pictures representing Washington during the Revolution, by every painter except Trumbull, we must believe him to have been at that time an old man near seventy, with venerable locks and flabby cheeks and mouth distorted by bad dentistry. Whether represented pictorially as crossing the Delaware, or directing the battle of Trenton from the back of his grey horse, or leaning on the rump of the same steed at the siege of Boston, he has the same old Stuart head set upon his young shoulders like a grotesque mask.

This newly discovered portrait is peculiarly interesting to its present owners, because it shows us General Washington at forty-four when he occupied the Roger Morris house.



See page L for text.

GENERAL PETER GANSEVOORT
BY GILBERT STUART

Stuart's Helpful Infirmary

STUART'S HELPFUL INFIRMITY

BY MARRION WILCOX

ONCE, when Gilbert Stuart was studying under Benjamin West in London, West said to his other pupils: "It is of no use to steal Stuart's colours; if you want to paint as he does you must steal his eyes."

Stuart himself, on another occasion, told his associates during the same period that he had made up his mind not to follow any master, because, said he, "I wish to find out what Nature is for myself, and see her with my own eyes. This appears to me to be the true road to excellence." Of course, this shows no failure on his part to appreciate the full value of the gift West credited him with. The young New Englander formed the resolution to trust his own eyes always because he knew, at the beginning of his career as well as ever afterward, that they deserved his confidence absolutely. But if West had been able to foresee Stuart's entire career he might have added: And, beside stealing his eyes, you must have some physical infirmity, such as he has, and then you must triumph over your weakness, as he will triumph over his. Otherwise you can never paint just as he does.

That Stuart's hand was trembling and unsteady even in his youth all may read in the account of American painting by Samuel Isham; and in Stuart's later years, when some of his best work was being done, an eye-witness says that "his hand shook so that it seemed impossible that he could paint. The last time I saw him I think he was painting the portrait of Josiah Quincy (in 1824), Stuart stood with his wrist upon the vest, his hand vibrating, and, when it became tolerably steady, with a sudden dash of the brush he put the colour on the canvas." Mr. Isham noticed that the paint is put on in short, decided touches, and held this sureness of touch to be "the more remarkable" on account of the circumstance just mentioned. Well, it is indeed remarkable, but, as I think, far from being inexplicable. In fact, that very weakness appears to have been converted into a source of strength and distinction. The infirmity of the painting-hand rendered utterly impossible such painstaking elaboration of

details as was only too often seen in the works of his contemporaries, particularly, though not exclusively, in those of continental Europe. The colour *had* to be put on the canvas with a sudden dash of the brush during a moment—perhaps an instant—of tolerable steadiness. But precisely by these short, decided touches, these sudden dashes of the brush, he secured the best effects of characterization in portraiture. Precisely because the hand could not linger over the task, he formed the habit of recording with it only the most vital observations which his eyes made with such certitude. Moreover the habit was formed of recording such observations with literally instantaneous decision, "shortly," once for all; and the impression of confidence is still, after all these years, directly communicated to the observer.

In no other recently exhibited work by Stuart is this quality more apparent than in the portrait of General Peter Gansevoort, now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, formerly in the possession of Mrs. Lansing of Albany, and in 1917 shown among the early American paintings at the Brooklyn Museum. The Metropolitan Museum's Bulletin says that Mr. Roland N. Moore has lent to the museum, in memory of Mrs. Abraham Lansing, three family portraits. "One of these is a remarkable painting by Gilbert Stuart. It represents General Peter Gansevoort, Jr., of the Continental Army, who in 1777 successfully defended Fort Stanwix. As a result of his expedition with General Sullivan in 1779 against the Indians, the State of New York appointed him Brigadier-General."

Standing before it a few days ago, I was meditating on these things. When the vibrating hand became for an instant steady, just a sudden dash of the brush—and so the brave certainty of these honest blue eyes; just the short, decided touches (that could not be prolonged, could not be hesitant)—and so the generous good humour of the lips, the assurance of vigour, of abounding vitality, and steadiness of the purpose to serve the new nation in every useful and honourable way. I turned to speak to the expert copyist who so kindly had guided me through the galleries to this picture; but then there was a look in her face that made me say only: "I believe you are in love with a portrait!"

The Metropolitan Anniversary

THE METROPOLITAN ANNIVERSARY
BY FLORENCE N. LEVY

A VISIT to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to most people, leaves only a confused memory of high-ceilinged halls, rows and rows of sculpture, mummies, gorgeously overfurnished rooms, and innumerable richly coloured paintings.

The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Metropolitan Museum by including all the gallery's masterpieces from private collections only adds to the confusion—unless one is interested in a special group of objects.

This "special interest" is the secret of enjoying any museum. If you go to see the classical antiquities, you will find that the recent purchases have been incorporated with the Anniversary Exhibition. These include a fragmentary statue of an old Greek fisherman, eleventh century B. C., three Roman portraits, numerous terra cotta vases and bronzes.

In the Egyptian department, a room is entirely devoted to jewelry. It includes objects in gold and silver, semi-precious stones, faience and glass beads lent by Mr. and Mrs. Goddard Du Bois and by Mrs. Joseph McKee Cook, which, added to the collection of Egyptian jewelry from the tomb of the Princess Sat-hathorinut, recently acquired by the Museum, and the important collection of scarabs lent by the estate of Theodore M. Davis, offers a wealth of inspiration for the jewelry designer of today.

There are important loans in each of the five galleries devoted to Arms and Armour. Among the most important pieces are two suits of Maximilian armour; one, engraved and gilded, German about 1525, is lent by Edward H. Litchfield; the other, about ten years later in date, is from the collection of Philip Rhinelander II, from which also comes the complete Italian armour of about 1560.

In the Morgan wing there are a few loans of French and Italian Gothic objects and a number of English and American pieces. Among these last are thirty-five pieces of glass from the Wistar factory, Allowaystown, New Jersey, eighteenth century, lent by Miss Minnie J. Meacham; and furniture and china

lent by R. T. Haines Halsey. Closely related to this group is the early American silver collection to which a number of pieces have been added by the Hon. A. T. Clearwater.

The so-called Gallery of Special Exhibitions contains the French decorative arts of the eighteenth century—tapestries, marquetry and other furniture, and various objects lent by Mrs. George Bliss, Mrs. Albert Blum, Lewis L. Clark, Mrs. W. P. Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. F. Gray Griswold, Edward S. Harkness, the Misses Hewitt, Mortimer L. Schiff, Harry Payne Whitney, Orme Wilson, Jr., and Mrs. Charles Wimpfheimer. Sculpture of the period is lent by Jules S. Bache, George and Florence Blumenthal, Henry P. Davison, Mrs. William Salomon and Mortimer L. Schiff.

Important paintings have been added in nearly every gallery. Typical of the high character of these are the additions to the Marquand Gallery as follows: *Portrait of a Man* by Leandro Bassano, lent by George and Florence Blumenthal; *Bacchanal* by Giovanni Bellini, lent by Carl W. Hamilton; *The Smoking Party* by Adriaen Brouwer, lent by Michael Friedsam; *Lady Guildford* by Hans Holbein, lent by William K. Vanderbilt; *Portrait of a Musician* by Hans Holbein, and *Portrait of a Man* by Titian, lent by Henry Goldman; *Cardinal Pietro Bembo* by Titian, lent by Charles M. Schwab; *Portrait of a Man* by Bartolommeo Veneto, lent by Henry Goldman; *Lady with a Lute* by Vermeer van Delft, lent by Mrs. Henry E. Huntington.

The new modern French paintings are notable and include: *A Sailor* by Paul Cézanne, lent by Mrs. Eugene Meyer, Jr.; *Before the Race* by Edgar Degas, lent by Miss Lizzie P. Bliss; *la Orana Maria* and *Women by the River* by Paul Gauguin, lent by Adolph Lewisoohn; *Vase of Flowers* and *Illumined Flower* by Odilon Redon, lent by John Quinn; and *Portrait of the Artist* by Vincent Van Gogh, lent by John Quinn.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, as it stands today, is a wonderful accomplishment for fifty years. Psychologically its growth may be divided into three periods: The storage warehouse, under General Cesnola, when the chief desire was to acquire; the humanizing of the Museum, under Sir Purdon Clarke; and the present spirit of usefulness.



Lent by George and Florence Blumenthal
CASSONE—FRENCH BURGUNDIAN, XVIITH CENTURY



Lent by Mrs. H. P. Douglas
MARQUETRIE TABLE, LOUIS XVI



Lent by Mrs. Henry E. Huntington

LADY WITH THE LUTE
BY VERMEER



Michael Pöschel

CHRIST APPEARING TO HIS MOTHER
BY ROGER VAN DER WEYDEN



THE
STUDIO

"VARALLO." FROM THE
PAINTING BY C. M. GERE.

The INTERNATIONAL · STUDIO ·

VOL. LXXI, NO. 283

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OCTOBER, 1920

THE GEORGE GREY BARNARD
CLOISTERS
BY ISABEL FISKE CONANT

WHEN the Spirit of Beauty walked the earth, among her loveliest robes were the southern provinces of France. She gathered about her progress Provence, Languedoc, the Roussillon. Her scarves were the clouds, the mist, the blue distance of the high Pyrenees. The turquoise Mediterranean, the sunshot and summer-changeful silks of the fields were her trailing draperies. In time she wore the precious stones of the chateaux; the rosaries of the monasteries of Our Lady and the Saints. The great Cross of St. Martin on the height of the peak of Canigou was her crucifix. Her day-dreams were the legends that grew up about her. She led her faithful pilgrim by green pastures and restored his soul. . . . About the year 1000 A. D. Pierre Oseola, Doge of Venice, went on pilgrimage to St. Michel de Cuxa, going "on his naked knees" for the last several miles of the rough country. But through the centuries she had no deeper-hearted pilgrims than her chosen ones from the New World, to whom a thousand leagues were as nothing beside the ache for beauty that is the pledge of immortality to the soul. . . . After that there came a time when the sword of war, in the hand of St. Michel, the militant archangel, barred the way, and mediæval France was to America a lost Atlantis. There was, instead, the France of human poppies staining the fields; of the Argonne where Youth came singing to death and victory. But that was not the France of yester-year—the France for which, after all, one sent one's own lad to fight. All this time

of eclipse, however, there was—as may there ever be—but a moment by airplane from our torch of Liberty, one spot where, in reality, France dwells in America. . . . There are now "many corners of a foreign field" that will be forever America, where a young heart from the Catskills, from Oregon, from Massachusetts, has enriched another fleur-de-lis, has deepened the hue of another poppy. It is to be hoped that most fathers and mothers will not disturb their sons' rest, but let those little acres of quiet remain forever America in France. The acre of France in America to which I refer is the ground where stand the Cloisters of George Grey Barnard, the sculptor, who today is one of the closest links between France and America.

Thinker of deep thoughts, hewer of glistening Carrara, George Grey Barnard has set these "Cloisters" upon Washington Heights, looking to the sunrise, as all altars do, and all orientations must, whatever star be in the sun. It is the star of Beauty that is in the ascendant here. Travelling in the Languedoc, Mr. Barnard became interested in the ruined monastery of St. Guilhem. Believing that stone can never be lost, this lover of stone, this understander of the hearts of marbles, searched the country-side for lost capitals, broken key-stones, strayed statuary, misplaced lancets, and, to shorten the story of a pilgrimage, found, in underbrush or under the soil of the fields of the peasants, in their gardens, and under their thatched roofs, enough of relics partially to restore and present as his gift to France, the Monastery of St. Guilhem du Désert, and at the same time to bring over from his purchases and discoveries the "Cloisters" that he has reconstructed here. The

The George Grey Barnard Cloisters



SCENE FROM MASQUE

outer arches he is still in process of reassembling. The interior does not make a facsimile of St. Guilhem, but is a sanctuary raised, in his own gifted manner, for these gathered treasures. In addition to the relics from St. Guilhem are those from St. Michel de Cuxa and from St. Martin du Canigou, in the romantic Roussillon country, whence came these ancient twelfth century oaken doors, and where the Cloak of France had for its border the tinsel fringe of Spain.

As we enter the grounds, we see high in the outer wall, near the inserted stations of the Cross, the old monastery bell. If we pull this by its suspended rope we hear the voice of yesterday. Within the entrance, we are requested to ring the smaller bell on the door itself. The verger, himself not the least treasure of the Cloisters, will not let us enter until—for some moments after he has drawn the curtain-veil of the centuries—we have stood under the mingled spell of arches, stained sunlight, incense, altar and enshrined statues. Our first impression overwhelms us with the full ensemble of loveliness; only on later visits can we begin to grow into the richness of details. This collection, housed in

such loveliness, seen against such perfection of proportion, vistas, illusion, colour, is an assembling of hundreds of examples of French art in its perfection of execution and feeling. It is a miracle and a marvel, whose result one need not fear to overstate. Somehow, too, the life-history of these statues has crept into the very rainbow-drift of sunbeams from the southern transept. This interior is distinctly not a museum, and yet not a convent, nor yet a minster, and still is always a temple, and, essentially, an ecclesiastic cross. This ancient glass, in its early splendour, cast its rays on kneeling prince and peasant. One example had a long exile in the house of a German peasant in France, who hated it for shutting out the day, and had finally thrust it into her attic and replaced it with window-glass. It is now a glory above the altar. A very beautiful statue of the Virgin, the prey of vandals in war-time, was found by a peasant ploughing in his fields, and was for years set up in his stable, where it may be that after all the Virgin was cheered by the memory of the softness of the hay of Bethlehem and the warmth of the sweet breath of those cattle of the manger.



JEANNE
D'ARC

[Over arched doorway is statue of Virgin and Child from Toul, scene of imprisonment and trial of Jeanne d'Arc]

TOMB
OF
CRUSADER



[Scene from Masque in Cloisters on day of canonization of Jeanne d'Arc]

The George Grey Barnard Cloisters



OUTER CLOISTERS

There is old St. Denis, beheaded in the cause of Christ, who is shown, carrying his head in his hands, as when he rose at the angels' summons, following them, headless too from courtesy, up to Paradise. Animal figures are there, too: there is the twelfth century tomb of the recumbent crusader, the little lion supporting his feet. There is the gentle griffin, smiling playfully as if to while away the centuries for the little Christ Child reaching out towards him from Mary's arms. There is the quaint, richly dressed donor, forever kneeling. Should these knees be stiff when at last comes Gabriel's trumpet, her flock of winged prayers will easily bear her upward. There is the slumbering high-born lady, than whose reposeful face little lovelier of its kind has been done.

There are many touches of humour, as if for the pleasure of the Child in his mother's arms, lest the centuries pass too tediously for that little one—beauty of carved iron that every gentle child would love, the drooping curve of the peacock's outline, the slender griffin, whose teeth are bared, but kindly, as if he were smiling away the eras. There, sus-

pending in its arc, hangs the iron lace of a ship, a design given by some ship's worker in memory of a safe port after dangerous seas; a maritime thank-offering. And, daintiest of touches, the little New-World spiders have woven lovely shimmering tissues of veils for each Virgin and Child.

It is all a great conception, greatly achieved by a great mind. Here is not a vast place—unless measured foursquare by the angel with the heavenly rod,—but its appeal is measureless. A miracle of art has been accomplished here. So beautiful an achievement was a destined one. It was written, when in the ninth century St. Guilhem was first quarried out, that it should in the twentieth century find its apotheosis across the sea. That this has come to pass through him is not the least of the great works of George Grey Barnard.

Editor's Note.—The Cloisters are open daily except Monday for the benefit of French artists' families. Entrance at West 181st St. and Fort Washington Ave.

Photos courtesy of Kaplan Photo Service.

The Etchings of Troy Kinney



THE SEVENTH
VEIL

TROY
KINNEY

THE ETCHINGS OF TROY KINNEY BY AMEEN RIHANI

WHILE painting is continually undergoing changes in method and technique, and making fitful efforts to rise out of the revolutionary turmoil of schools to a greater freedom and a more dominating vision, etching is still bound in classic limitations and hedged about with sentiment and tradition. The etcher's art, on the whole, remains the same

as when Rembrandt crowned it with his achievements and Haydon made it popular through his own work and activity; while dealers and collectors maintain the same sentimental attitude towards it that characterized its earliest votaries. In other words, etching has acquired a sort of sacro-sanct influence that gives it, among the shifting vantages and vanishing guide-posts of art, an enduring place,—a little temple sheltered by a time-hallowed sentiment and devotion.

And this is fortunate. For the aestheti-

The Etchings of Troy Kinney

feeling, while all around the process of un-hinging Yesterday's attachments is unremitting, while everywhere are voices clamouring for the immediate and exclusive recognition of To-day, finds satisfaction only in the contemplation of forms of beauty that are natural in their inception and development. Nature herself recognizes the past and builds upon it. In making the rose she goes back to the Miocene period for her soil. In painting the wings of a bird she dips her brush in the pigments that first coloured the rocks of Chemung. In building a crystal she goes farther back to Paleozoic time, following the inalterable law of proportionate sectional growth. There are no variations except where there are accidents. And these become laws in the process of development, to be discovered by man in the process of time. But seldom or never does this happen in a single generation. Hence the necessity of an abiding tradition—a testimony and a promise of achievement.

In this sense, therefore, etching is an art that still adheres to natural laws. In its limitations is the promise of its perfection; and in its traditions is preserved that conception of beauty that makes its greatest appeal through linear expression. It is to art what the sonnet, for instance, is to poetry: it expresses in black and white through a process partly mechanical what the poet would express in fourteen lines. And like the sonnet form, the technique of etching may be mastered by many; but it can be made the vehicle of the highest poetical expression only by the masters.

Troy Kinney is a poet with the needle, who gives us in his etchings a charming and lasting souvenir of the dancer's creations and fugitive fancies. For in its movements, its gestures, its pauses, its linear tones and accents, dancing is as expressive of forms of beauty as the most austere of natural laws or the most abstract of æsthetic conceptions. It suggests and complements the other arts. And it is, of all arts, the most susceptible, especially with the Orientals and Andalusians, of improvisation. Thus, it is as difficult sometimes to recognize a pleasing idiosyncrasy or grasp the significance of an instant gesture, as it is to distinguish the interplay of light and shadow

upon the wings of a bird in flight. But Troy Kinney has a very sensitive retina, it seems, as well as an agile and dexterous hand. Like the true artist, however, he utilizes, but does not always follow with implicit faith, his first impressions. He takes pains to confirm and amplify them.

In Spain, where dancing is as much a part of the life of the people as religion and the bull-fight, he got his first inspiration. He walked in the shadow of Malagueña and Flamenco with the zeal of a devotee. He saturated himself with the Sevillian atmosphere, resonant with the click of castanets, vibrant with rhythmic beauty, opulent with an eternal but ever varying measure. From Madrid to Valencia he was the modern art-pilgrim enchanted beyond any healing formula. The dance-hall was his shrine; and his goddess, that brilliantly voluptuous and fatally fascinating creature, who dashes dancing into your heart and sends you away with the haunting echoes of the castanets and the more haunting magic of her art.

And Troy Kinney came back to New York a very much haunted person, indeed. But he was not going to submit impassively to a Satanic or a divine obsession. He would master its reactions and make them serve the purpose of his art. He continued, therefore, his pilgrimage in New York, where European celebrities, with the halo of genius or without it, must eventually come and bow the head to Mammon—to say nothing of the way they make away with his gold. Here, then, were the artist-pilgrim's gods and goddesses, come from Paris and London and Seville and Petrograd.

He sought them all, in and out of the temple. Pavlova, Nijinski, Roshanara, Tortola, Adolf Bolm, Fokine and Fokina, they all welcomed him and gave him a taste of their genius and their temperament. But like a true pilgrim, Kinney always saw through the thorny hedges the lambent light of sacrifice and triumph. Some of the Terpsichorean divinities were human; some of them were not; but they were all eager to leave behind them an enduring souvenir of their rituals. So, they lifted for Kinney the first—and the seventh—veil; they took him into the inner



FOKINA IN
SALOME

TROY
KINNEY

The Etchings of Troy Kinney



SWALLOWS

TROY KINNEY

shrine; they imparted to him a few of the mysteries, as well as the secret of their worldly triumph. For no matter how impossible in a practical way, these dancers are a serious-minded people, terribly, religiously in earnest. This is one of the characteristics that these etchings reveal. Indeed, the Terpsichorean divinities both spin and toil—and read good books. They even go to the ancient lore of Egypt for a guiding sign. Kinney saw them perform, and rehearse, and strive for the best. He saw them from the edge of the vibrant circle created by the dance; he saw them from various distances, from stall and pit and gallery-top. For, to obtain the right point of view, he had to study them from every point of view.

And he made another discovery. Mere movement in a dance is by no means the most essential of its qualities. Nor do the masters set much value upon it. It is in spot and line

that they all try to excel and express a distinct individuality. Herein the two arts, dancing and etching, reflect each other. In spot and line the rhythms accumulate, the measure is achieved, and the dance is made articulate. So, too, the picture. In other words, the dancer comes on the stage enveloped in an atmosphere of her own creation, which she proceeds to make articulate, even lyrical, in line and spot; and the artist, if he has the faculty of instantaneous perception, transfers her creation, or the synthesis of it, on his plate. How much movement and feeling of movement he can make it represent, depends upon his talent.

Troy Kinney makes even the blank spaces, the silences, emphasize the eloquence of spot and line. Having used a literary analogy, let me add another to make the matter more clear. A line of poetry, for instance, is composed of a number of feet variously accented. The

The Etchings of Troy Kinney

lines in a drawing or in a dance are the feet, the "spots" are the accents. And in the repetition the measure of a dance and the composition of a picture are achieved. Pavlowa and Fokine are masters of spot and line, creators of new rhythms and measures. And Troy Kinney is as agile and dexterous with his hands as they are with their feet.

But behind hands and feet is a soul, a genius, a creative power. If dancer and etcher did not both appreciate this, they could not act and react upon each other in artistic expression. Pavlowa would often rehearse for Kinney a certain gesture or movement, a certain creation of spot and line;—she would

repeat her words, so to speak, that he might get the proper accents and the exact inflections. That is how these brilliant etchings were conceived. That is the first stage in their making.

Troy Kinney never works in a haphazard or casual manner. He is painstaking and deliberate. He accepts the mood, but goes beyond it for the fundamental law. He is impeccably classic in his compositions, for they are based upon the Greek design, following the organic development in nature as in the formation of a crystal or the cellular growth in plants. By observing the area of proportion, he achieves dynamic symmetry. Dividing his



ROSHANARA

TROY KINNEY

The Etchings of Troy Kinney

plan into rectangular sections, he draws his picture, sometimes in sections also, and makes it fit into the design. But he does not lose sight of the poetic motive in thus building the parts into a harmonious whole. On the face of it, this method of composition does not seem flexible enough for artistic creation. It is too scientific, one would say, to be always conducive of freedom of treatment. It is like making first the mould and then making your creation fit into it. But this is only superficially true.

In the hands of an artist of talent, a scientific formula can be made to yield to the dominant feeling, even to the teasing and tormenting fancy. Plainly speaking, the angles give way to flexible, relaxing and accentuating lines; and in the classic areas of proportion is ample latitude for personal expression. It is true, however, that, in the hands of an artist of no talent, the geometric conception in composition always betrays a laboured technique. But every formula carries with it a dispensation, which only the masters can utilize to advantage. To be able to sweep the rule aside, you must know first its natural and traditional import; and then, knowing also when and where it can be done effectively to serve an artistic purpose, you snap your finger and get away with it.

Troy Kinney gets away with it in these etchings. He has succeeded where the mechanical stickler would fail. In his synthetic method, we lose sight entirely of the scientific approach. And although his compositions always conform to the Greek principle of design, he conveys in a sweep of line, a swing of rhythm, or the mere suggestion of their qualities, the impression of a freedom of handling most admirably achieved. Indeed, some of his subjects seem to have been drawn in a moment of inspiration directly on the plate, freely, spontaneously. His *Swallows*, for instance, is a fine example of his skill and technique. With an economy of line and a delicacy of touch the rhythms mount and swing horizontally in a swift movement, converge from opposite directions, and are then clinched and accentuated in the heads of the two dancers transfixed within a single measure, just so much apart to express all the rapture

and longing of a supreme desire.

In the other etchings done in this style is a further proof of his power of analysis and concentration;—a proof, too, of an eloquence that is as effective in gesture and pause. Kinney in these plates speaks to us in monosyllables, concisely, significantly, rapidly; and in his interpretations, the ellipsis is often as expressive as the most accented lines. Observe this in his *Seventh Veil* in relation to the composition, which enhances its sinewy and resilient qualities. From the vibrant curve of the dancer's feet up to the fading outline of the veil, the ascending rhythms, swift, consistent, harmonious, produce a soaring effect which is most fascinating. The dancer, at the height of the rhapsody, is about to take to flight.

This marvellous technique of Troy Kinney is made to yield more power in his *Bacchante*. The bacchanal, I admit, is a hackneyed subject. Pencil and brush and common print have made it so familiar and unattractive by so many vapid or bizarre versions, which travesty the rhapsodic spirit, that Kinney, realizing this, surprises us with what seems at first sight a snap-shot of a new creation. A new creation, it is. But with a few strokes of the needle and a dry-point line, he gives us a being of fire and song, forceful and graceful, epitomizing in a single gesture all the abandon, all the rapture, and all the poetic madness of the bacchanal. And how simple and compelling that single gesture of the body emphasized in the curving line from neck to bosom and made still more eloquent by the contrast of the downward rhythms in arm and leg and the rhythmic flow in hair and veil! It is remarkable how, with but a few strokes of the needle, he can fill his plate with magic beauty. His *Bacchante*, though phantom-like, has in it more of the ecstatic fire than most of the elaborate representations of the bacchanal. The execution is masterly, the composition is perfect. There is not a single stroke in it that is either casual or superfluous. It is in these etchings especially, which look like improvisations, that his technique is made to yield all its latent power.

He is not less brilliant, however, when this power is subject to a cultured restraint in his more finished, I should say more elaborately executed, plates.



PAVLOWA IN THE CARMEN BALLET

TROY KINNEY

The Etchings of Troy Kinney

His *Adolf Bolm in Prince Igor* is a synthesis of power. His *Pavlowa in Carmen* is an epitome of grace. In both these etchings the intensive process is carried to a point where truth and impressionism are one. The warrior-dancer as curved (is it by chance, we ask) and as supple as his own bow, goes to the heart of his subject with a mighty stride. And Pavlowa, whose intensely serious expression raises her subject to a supreme purpose, makes the more familiar luring leer of Carmen seem by contrast a vulgar blasphemy. The outline in these plates is clear, crystalline, suggesting the emptiness of the ornamental. No, nothing is needed to emphasize that superb gesture of grace or that resounding accent of power.

On the other hand, his *Portrait of Mrs. W.*, with its soft contour and romantic glamour, is made lyrical by the masterly handling of the delicate grey tints against a background of deep dry-point simulating distance. Thus, with an eye for beautiful effects, the notes and accents of character are suggested as well as expressed, according to the prevailing mood.

The resourcefulness of Kinney's needle and style is more strikingly evident, however, in his *Koshanara* and *Viva Andalusia* and *Tortola Valencia*. The flexible line expressing grace and charm, the relaxing line expressing a winsome lassitude, the incisive line expressing power, the rigid line made to set off the silences, and the drop in the rhythm to a subtle nuance without breaking, they all serve to hold the increasing measure in a composition of perfect harmony.

If he is epigrammatic, so to speak, in *Bacchante*, he is a fluid stylist in *Viva Andalusia*. More than that. He is an interpreter, faithful to the genius of the land that gave him his first inspiration. He speaks with the flourish and fervour of an Andalusian. He gives us a Tor-

tola in all the pompous, quaint, capricious and self-conscious manner of the Spanish dancer that is more widely known outside of Spain. He gives us the *Mistress of the Castanets*, the *Goddess of Andalusia*, who seldom covets an alien shrine, in her most characteristic pose, slightly sinuous, graceful, majestic, captivating. No one who has an eye for line and has once seen her dance, can fail to recognize, in Kinney's etching, the most expressive gesture in the contour of breast and bosom, rendered with classic dignity in one masterly stroke, or the fluid elegance that seems to flow from the tips of her fingers to the end of her trailing gown. It is indeed evident that Troy Kinney, to indulge again a literary analogy, can turn out a well rounded sentence as well as an epigram.

And in both he is a conscientious and painstaking artist. He takes no short cuts; he accepts no makeshift as a substitute for work. And while he has a few tricks of his own, it can be said that he adheres closely to the traditions of his art, without adopting exclusively any one particular formula. He works, and works on his subject material till he gets the right point of view, the right method of execution, and the right expression. He tires his subject, I would say, before he tires of it. And thus only, he succeeds in producing those charming effects of a spontaneity deliberately achieved, which characterize the style of Flaubert, for instance, or Robert Louis Stevenson. No trick, no evidence of labour can be detected in the magic of his line. Nor is there ever a sign of impatience or slapdash in the execution of his plates, no matter how much the mechanical process grates upon his delicate sensibility and esthetic impulse. He is an artist of the one and only school that endures—the School of Truth and Beauty and Work.

How They Captured Castles With Roses



1

HOW THEY CAPTURED CASTLES WITH ROSES ROGER SHERMAN LOOMIS

ANGLO-SAXONS are notorious for taking their pleasures sadly. And if the British and ourselves were to be judged by the general solemnity of our pageants we should have to plead guilty. Over there Appius Claudius communicates his un'appiness to the audience: and with us the roasting of Jesuit fathers and the tomahawking of Puritans has been only partially relieved by pious rejoicings at the celebration of the first turkey and mince-pie dinner. We have worshipped the sage and solemn Muse of History, not her more frivolous sister, the Muse of Comedy.

But the medievals from whom we cribbed this fashion for large and lavish spectacles were with all their monasteries and misereres and massive tomes of moribund theology a vivacious folk. If you doubt it, read the

drinking songs of Bishop Goliath, or Geoffrey Chaucer's ironic remarks on patient Griseldas, or, on your next trip to England tip back the seats in the choir of almost any cathedral and you will discover carvings that would give even Clarence Day points in humour. Yes, our ancestors were a jollier crowd than we.

One of their inspirations by way of pastime was a pageant called *The Castle of Love*. We first hear of it seven hundred years ago in Italy. In the year 1214 the people of Treviso invited to a festival many gentlemen and twelve of the fairest and gayest ladies of Padua, and the entertainment provided has been described by a contemporary historian thus: "A fantastic castle was built and garrisoned with dames and damsels and their waiting women, who without help of man defended it with all possible prudence. Now this castle was fortified on all sides with skins of vair and sable, sendals, purple cloths, samites, precious tissues, scarlet, brocade of

How They Captured Castles With Roses



II

Bagdad, and ermine. What shall I say of the golden coronets, studded with chrysolites and jacinths, topaz and emeralds, pearls and pointed headgear and all manner of adornments wherewith the ladies defended their heads from the assaults of the beleaguers? For the castle itself must needs be assaulted; and the arms and engines wherewith men fought against it were apples and dates and muscat-nuts, tarts and pears and quinces, roses and lilies and violets, and vases of balsam or ambergris or rosewater, amber, camphor, cardamoms, cinnamon, cloves, pomegranates, and all manner of flowers or spices that are fragrant to smell or fair to see."

The storming party consisted of a number of Venetian youths, who finding all these missiles had no effect, resorted to a shower of golden ducats. Promptly the ladies capitulated, and the young men carried the banner of St. Mark triumphantly into the castle. But the gentlemen of Padua, who had escorted the ladies hither, didn't like the turn things were taking, and in a rage tore up the banner of St. Mark. Finally the matter became so serious that nothing but war could salve the wounded honors of Venice and Padua.

Whether it was the injury done to the ladies' clothes by the promiscuous hurling of tarts and pears that might have been a trifle over-ripe, or whether it was the more serious trouble caused by the ducats, it seems to have been settled by general consent thereafter that no missiles were to be used on either side except flowers. These, however, seem to have become effective in the hands of a practised pitcher to a degree which would be incredible did we not have the most vivid repeated testimony to the facts.

As before intimated, it is doubtful whether medievals took family devotions as seriously as do some of our contemporaries. For the family missal was frequently decorated in a fashion to make one wonder, like Byron,

"how they

Who saw those figures in the margin kiss
all,

Could turn their optics to the text and
pray."

Now there are three English books, two of

III



How They Captured Castles With Roses



III

them psalters, which present faithful portrayals of the Siege of the Castle of Love. (1.) The knights are attacking in full armour, but are obviously thrown into complete confusion by the discharge of roses among them. One knight who has been rash enough to ascend a scaling ladder is struck by a single rose. Not only does it knock his helm from his head, but he loses his hold and falls to the ground. In the other psalter (2) the ladies are not content with long range warfare, but are handling the men in a style which may have given rise to the word "manhandle." At any rate, of the venture-some knights who have ascended the ladders to the assault one is being spanked and the other forced by a firm pressure upon his head to consider a rapid descent to earth. While below two damsels rush out from the gateway and twist the poor males into wild contortions.

Is it any wonder that in the third manuscript (3) the knights sit on their horses at a safe distance, take a long look at the

bent brows and bent bows of the damsels, and seem far more inclined to parley than to commence hostilities.

The French had a pleasant art of making toilet articles out of ivory—no pyralin for them—and before the days of glass mirrors the favourite reflector for milady's bower was a polished metal plate, such as we have revived for our trench mirrors, set into a carved ivory back. And among the medieval ivories in the Metropolitan Museum of Art is a charming little mirror-back chiselled to represent the Chateau d'Amour. (4.) And in the highest tower Dan Cupid is shown getting in a deadly shot with his little bow.

At the Metropolitan Museum there is also an ivory casket, on the lid of which we see the siege of the castle being pressed in a highly scientific manner. (5.) On the right a machine corresponding to our trench mortar is being loaded with a basket of flowers. These must have proved a most efficacious weapon, for on the other side we find that the ladies have surrendered. One is handing over a sword, another is riding off on horseback with a knight, and a third is rowed off in a boat.

Mural paintings, enamels, and tapestries—all continued to reflect in art the favourite pastime of courts. Bluff King Hal of the six



IV

How They Captured Castles With Roses



V.

wives not only had a set of tapestries of the City of Ladies, but right lustily took part in the game itself. On New Year's Eve, 1512, a castle, occupied by six ladies, and labelled "*La Fortresse Dangerous*," was carried about the hall. "After the Queen had beheld it, in came the king with five other. These six assaulted the castle. The ladies seeing them so lusty and courageous, were content to solace with them, and upon further communication to yield the castle. And so they came down and danced a long space."

A sixteenth century Flemish tapestry represents pretty closely the costume and the manner in which the game was played at Henry's court. The persons are all labelled to represent qualities; the men who attack, Visage, Churlishness and Pride. The ladies armed with halberds, are Evil Hate, Churlish who beat them off with a lash of flowers and

a crossbow loaded with a rose are Gaiety and Generosity. Above the battle the God of Love sits enthroned.

Curiously enough, far down into the eighteenth century this joyous custom survived at the Swiss town of Fribourg. A wooden castle was erected, the ladies occupied it and the gentlemen attacked it. Flowers hurtled through the air like snow-flakes. Of course, the outcome was inevitable. Each of the ladies chose one of the victors and paid him a rose and a kiss as ransom. Afterwards while the ladies returned to their houses and showered the heroes from their windows with rose petals and perfumes, the victors rode on horseback through the streets. And only a hundred years ago the young people in the vineyards of Fribourg and Vaud used to sing:

"Chateau d'amour, te veux-tu pas rendre?
Veux-tu te rendre, ou tenir bon?"

Luminos



LUMINO

WM. C. CORNWELL

LUMINOS BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

WHEN writing upon Mr. William C. Cornwell and his *luminos*, the question must sooner or later arise, "What are *luminos* and how do they affect art?" The great difficulty in answering this perfectly justifiable question lies in the fact that no one seems to know with any certainty what exactly art is. Several years ago a book was published under the magic authorship of Clive Bell and its title left nothing to be desired. It was "Art." Now at length we were to be authoritatively informed as to what constitutes art. The frontispiece was an old Persian pot and, to a layman and possibly to some artists, appeared to have little to recommend it beyond the reverence which we are fain to accord to objects which have survived the centuries. But doubtless the text would put us in the position for all time to declare, in all good faith, as at the douane, when a Persian pot is a pot of art and when it is a plain pot. We huggled

the book fiercely and hurried home to enjoy the threatend reincarnation, but alas for all human hopes, and especially for our prostrate faith in Clive Bell, the dawn discovered us with the book ended and just as far off a solution as ever. The information (excellent of its kind and entertainingly conceived) omitted to say what was art but furnished a clue to its discovery by declaring that "significant form" is the basis of art and that nothing may be accounted art without it. It forms, so to speak, the marriage certificate, failing which no Persian pot can be respectable. We feel that far from advancing in our search for truth, we have retrograded, for before recognizing art we must pass an examination in significant form.

But let us leave Clive Bells and Persian pots for a while and take up Cornwell and *luminos* which, as they affect us emotionally, we intend to regard as art whether they possess significant form or not.

At first blush, doubt might attach to this surrender, seeing that *luminos* consist of paper not even coloured by the artist's hand,

Luminos

and are dependent upon electrical displays behind them for their effect. When however we take into account that Mr. William Cornwell is a shrewd business man, a banker of note, and the editor of an important banking paper that goes to all parts of the world, it cries a halt to any adverse judgment, any prejudice, conceived without a knowledge of his work far greater than mere hearsay that he creates fine pictures by layers of coloured tissue paper with the aid of an electric battery. But it must be observed that Cornwell is an artist and could express himself in half a dozen media if he chose to, the result of an art training in Paris followed by drawing and painting as a hobby but not as a profession. That such a man in the fullness of years should elect to spend time without stint in experimenting in this new art until he has attained professional adroitness and the ability to charm all who have had the good fortune to see his products, must satisfy the veriest sceptic that there is more in *luminos* than meets the eye that has not beheld them.

Luminos have obtained a certain amount of notice and publicity but not nearly enough, the fault of which lies not in any inherent weakness in the idea or execution, but solely in the fact that the time of a great banker has been too much invaded upon to permit him the facilities of displaying his pictures publicly. On a few occasions, he has consented to invite a few friends and members of the press to see them, but the process entails a vast amount of planning, carpentry, and electrical work that, even though others can manage the manual labour involved, still demand his supervision and advice.

The principle is that of light and colour combination obtained by pasting strips of paper upon glass illumed from the back by strong light. The idea arose in Cornwell's mind some years ago when asked to arrange some plan of decoration at an entertainment to be given by the City Club where he was then residing. The long windows of the ball-room formed at once the problem and the key. He observed that layers of paper of different colours placed with regard to colour values made the windows look like a painted canvas.

From then on the artist in Cornwell re-awoke and all his spare time fell to experimenting with results that are truly astonishing and capable of application wherever light and colour can be decoratively employed. That the processes are to some extent mechanical does not in the least destroy the feeling that here we are encountering something that could only proceed from the brain and manipulation of an artist. Inasmuch as the main principles are colour and lighting, it is obviously impossible in our illustrations to do more than indicate the kind of subject he selects for his operations.

In the hands of a mere mechanic with a certain taste for theatrical illusions, *luminos* would hardly strike a new note and would certainly leave art-lovers unthrilled, but in the hands of a real artist who has devoted years of study and experiment to the perfecting of his device *luminos* enter boldly into the little kingdom of art without any fear of disfavour. Art has many outlets, all of them being independent the one of the other, and *luminos* do not conflict with or contradict accepted channels but claim friendly recognition in the general scheme of decoration which art encourages and calls for. A visit to the artist's home where these pictures are in operation proves the unfathomable degree of artistic pleasure that can be derived from a scheme of decoration that is independent of Old Masters, modern masters, statuary, or pottery, and yet can lose nothing by association with them. There is a complete bond between them affected adversely by the propinquity of *luminos*. There is a complete bond between them which would be impossible were there not an art relationship between them. In a word, *luminos* are a beautiful decoration in and by themselves or may be used with perfect confidence with other objects of art governed and selected by good taste and arrangement.

There is nothing to prevent anybody from getting happy results in imitation of this device but it will take an artist of the calibre of William Cornwell to do anything that is really worth while and of sufficient dignity to be chronicled.



LUMINO
WM. C. CORNWELL



MISS MANSHIP (AGED 3 DAYS)
PAUL MANSHIP

Two Amazing Portraits

TWO AMAZING PORTRAITS BY
PAUL MANSHIP
FRANK OWEN PAYNE

WHEN the unique sculptures of Paul Manship began to appear, there was a marked ripple in the world of art. For here was something new and original done in a style more ancient than Cheops or Babel. Art lovers everywhere stood at attention. Differences in taste and judgment soon arrayed his critics into two opposing camps as it were. The one of these camps was composed of enthusiastic admirers who saw in Manship's strange creations something full of beauty and mystery well deserving careful study. The other party questioned the style as a too obvious return to the archaic.

Outside the realm of art criticism the phenomenal growth in popularity of Mr. Manship's work very soon placed him among the foremost sculptors of our day. All classes, whether artist or layman, were at one in their unqualified praise of his marvellous technique. The highest compliment which could be paid to any artist was his when other artists began to copy his style. His imitators have been legion, so that it seems as if there is likely to arise what may be denominated a Manship School of American Sculpture.

Apropos of imitators, let it be at once declared in passing, that there is no other sculptor, living or dead, whose work is more difficult to imitate. Manship stands practically alone in sculptural technique. His works defy imitation as do those of Benvenuto Cellini. They are supreme!

For the greater part of his sculptures, Mr. Manship has devoted his attention to classical and idealistic themes. His creations are full of beautiful lines and subtle curves. They exhibit a masterful treatment of planes and surfaces. There is rhythm of movement in everything that he has accomplished in plastic art. His works present a high degree of poetic fancy in the choice of subject matter. Over all there seems to be a veil of weirdness and about his work there is an atmosphere of mystery. There is, moreover, a profound richness of symbolism in the art of Manship that constrains one to pause, to ponder and makes

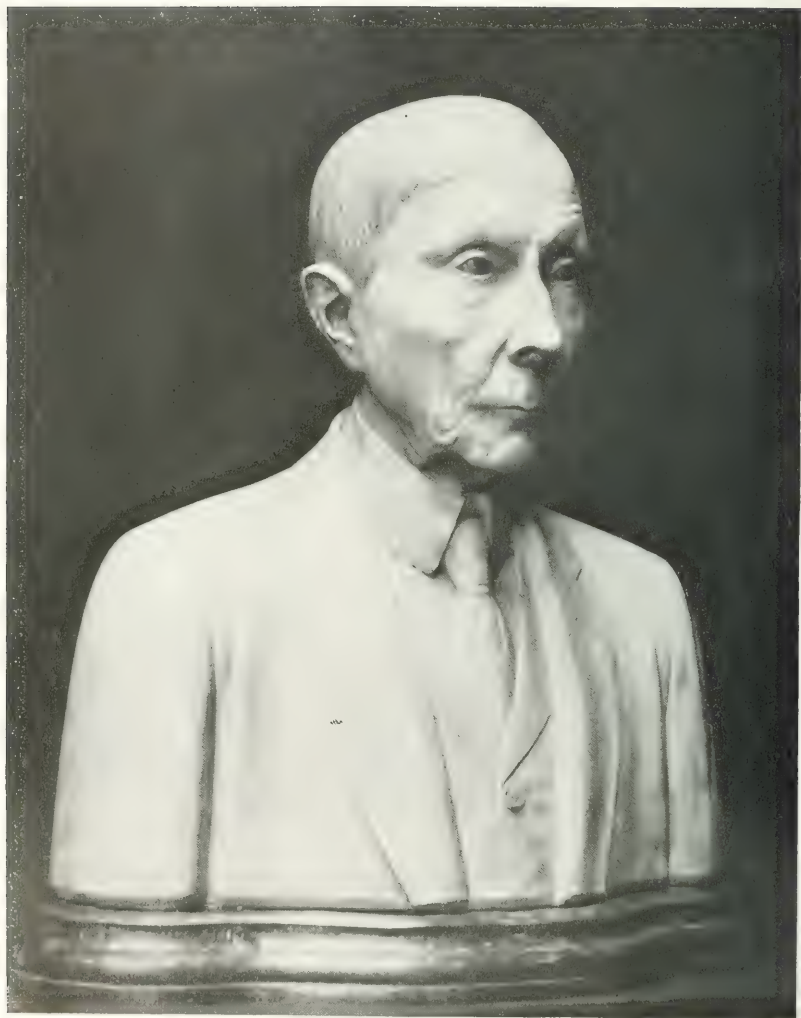
one carry away with him something as haunting as an enchanting phrase of music.

The ardent admirers of Manship's art have often wondered whether this gifted artist would ever forsake the remarkable manner which has made him famous, and turn attention to more realistic fields of sculpture. It were indeed a pity to leave those realms of exquisite idealism for the less poetic fields of artistic endeavour. On one occasion the writer asked Mr. Manship point-blank if he would treat a portrait in the same manner in which the details of his other works are wrought. His answer was: "Why not?" So we have been waiting and wondering to see what his efforts at portraiture might be. If any there be who have thought that Manship's work belongs exclusively to the realm of decorative sculpture, they must soon discover in the two extraordinary portraits illustrated herewith, the fact that the sculptor has now proved himself to be one of the very greatest portrait artists of all time. We declare this without fear of contradiction.

The two works referred to are the likeness of Mr. Manship's infant daughter done when she was only *three days old*, and to the recently completed portrait of John D. Rockefeller, who posed for it at the age of *eighty-six years*. In the one we have probably the youngest infant ever delineated by the sculptor's chisel. It is an amazing piece of work. All the immaturity, the almost uncanniness, of a newly born babe is there depicted. How helpless it lies there in its swaddling clothes! It is quite impossible for one to realize that it is marble so manipulated as to simulate the extreme softness and delicacy of infant human flesh. We believe that this work stands alone in its realism among child sculptures.

Indeed, the manner in which the artist has set this unique creation, giving to it as he does, something of the dignity which medieval artists gave to their representations of the Christ Child, is evidence of the great love and devotion which, as a father, he bears toward his first born child. It is little wonder that it was purchased and presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where it occupies a prominent place.

In the second work we have a most realistic



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER
PAUL MANSHIP

Two Amazing Portraits

portrait of an old man, a very old man. We have never before seen such a convincing picture of senility as this portrait of the Oil King. To attempt to describe it is not within the limits of the present paper, much less within the powers of the writer. It must be seen and studied to be fully appreciated. In the sagging cheeks and shrunken throat the extreme age of the subject is seen. There is the shrewdness and determination which are known to be characteristic of the subject. The modelling of the mouth and chin indicate these qualities. There is foresight, and penetration and organizing power in the cast of countenance. There are traces of that benevolence and philanthropy which have made the name of Rockefeller a synonym for great giving. Over all the artist has thrown a veil of religious expression.

Perhaps there are others among our sculptors who might produce a portrait bearing all these characteristics. It is the marvellous execution of this work which defies imitation. Here the artist has brought into use his very

highest talent for modelling and carving. The marble is of the finest variety. It is semi-translucent, like chalcedony, and it has been tinted to a delicate cream colour like ivory. The artist has departed from present day practise and like the ancients, he has tinted the iris of the eye blue, like that of the subject. Truly this portrait of Rockefeller is the most realistic likeness of modern times. No other American sculptor has dared to create such a work. No other portrait bust can compare with it.

Thus in these two remarkable works, Paulanship has covered the entire span of human life. If any one wonders what he can accomplish in portraiture let him contemplate that incomparable infant in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, after which let him turn to this amazing portrait of the founder of the Standard Oil Trust. This may be great praise but we feel confident that Manship has presented in these works convincing examples of his art at its highest point. He has given to us the greatest portrait sculpture hitherto produced in America.



WATERCOLOUR

THE LATE W. H. DE B. NELSON

Laurelton Studios: A New Idea

LAURELTON STUDIOS: A NEW IDEA
BY CHARLES DE KAY

HAVING spent more than half a century in pursuit, along various paths, of that illusive nymph called Art, it has seemed well to Louis Comfort Tiffany to take thought concerning the difficulties that beset the way of the artist and devise some plan through which he himself might be of practical benefit to the rising worker. Though a member of the National Academy of Design and a charter member of the Society of American Artists, and therefore primarily a painter, he branched out in mosaic, stained glass and enamel, in lustre glass and pottery, even in textiles, wherever he felt that his sense of colour might find satisfaction. What has always moved him, with regard to young artists who have done with the schools, is their inability to meet the struggle for bread without sacrificing the time and energy needed for success in art. Having turned this over in his mind for several years, he came to the conclusion that a beginning might be made by providing a limited number of young workers with a beautiful and stimulating environment. For this purpose he has established a Foundation and proceeded to adapt his own country home, Laurelton on Cold Spring Harbour, Long Island, to the needs of such a venture.

For venture it is. Only the future can determine the success or failure of it. There is no precedent to follow, neither here nor abroad. Neither William Morris nor Hubert Herkomer in England with his art colony or his school affords a parallel, nor can we consider the guilds and craft-centres of some centuries back as guides. Mr. Tiffany's idea is neither a school nor a commercial venture; rather it is a place where artists may abide in comfort without proffer of advice or any influence urging toward one art direction or the other, there at their leisure to mature their own designs, follow their own dreams, pursue their own ideals. Encouragement of talent, not the production of paying art work, is the aim.

Laurelton Hall looks from its wooded hills onto the broad inlet just east of Oyster Bay and so across Long Island Sound to the main-

land. The estate of which it is the centre has all the variety of land and shore a painter may want, while the Hall itself offers a singularly rich and well selected series of art collections made by Mr. Tiffany in the course of years, among which Oriental objects have a prominent place. The hothouses contain rare and beautiful flowers and trees from the tropics, while all about the Hall are garden and wild flowers belonging to our climate, not scattered but so arranged as to bloom successively as the summer advances into masses of splendid colour.

Flower painters, landscape and marine painters, students of domestic animals and wild, as well as those interested in the arts of the Chinese or American Indians, find Laurelton Hall and its neighbourhood full of matters suggestive; should they care to pursue a subject in books, they can find what they need in the art library at the Hall.

For the first year, which began May 1, 1920, only fifteen guests were accommodated, paying guests for whom pleasant studios, baths, bedrooms, refectory, kitchen, etc., were prepared in a building near the Hall where they have all the privacy they want. The Hall serves on occasion or assembly place, museum, library. Some of the studios are for painters, others for sculptors, while a large workroom is for artcrafters and jewelry designers. There are to be no instructors, although from time to time certain leading artists come to Laurelton to quiz the work of those entering for scholarships and decide the awards; or else simply as guests and visitors, to lend the young artists their sympathy, should the latter wish to have them look at their work.

Among painters and sculptors of note who have visited the Foundation recently are Messrs. Robert Aitken, Paulanship and Childe Hassam, Joseph Pennell, Robert Vonnoh, Gifford Beale and Eliot Clark, Barry Faulkner, the mural painter, and among architects are Lloyd Warren. The American Federation of Arts came in a representative body. And while suggestions were not lacking to meet the varied characters of the visitors the general verdict was favourable.

Whatever Louis C. Tiffany attempts he carries out with scrupulous care. This long-pon-



CENTRAL DRAWING-ROOM AND WATER COURT,
LAURELTON

Laurelton Studios: A New Idea

dered and well-based Foundation, while of course an experiment, cannot fail of success on the limited scale it is now undertaken. The first need was to secure the right kind of artists, neither untaught students nor mature proficient, but young men of promise. If comparisons were not misleading, one might point to the post graduate course of colleges; but while the latter is a course of specializing under notable teachers, in this case the graduate of studio or art school gets no instruction; he specializes by himself. For a nominal fee he receives board, lodging and attendance as a paying guest of the Foundation, with the chance to win a scholarship; only in return will he be expected to produce something in an art sense worth while, following his own methods and carrying out his own ideas. At present the guest is invited for the season only; it will depend on his work whether he will be notified that a place is kept for him the season following.

Very naturally there were many applications for summerings at Laurelton Hall in such delightful surroundings ever since the news of Mr. Tiffany's Foundation appeared in the press; but the number of studios being limited and great stress being laid on the character of the applicant's work, more or less red tape was unwound before the decision was made. Various art schools and art societies were addressed by Mr. Stanley Lothrop, the manager at Oyster Bay, asking them to recommend young men likely to appreciate a stay of three or six months or longer at the Laurelton Hall studios; there is no intention on the part of Mr. Tiffany however, to pin his faith to those thus recommended. The object is to invite men who have the instinct of art strong within them and have had a reasonable amount of instruction, men who know how to use their tools and will take full advantage of the opportunity given them to carry out whatever work they are "just longing" to tackle.

In the old days before the Civil War when Oyster Bay was a sleepy little village and the landlocked harbour rarely saw a yacht or a revenue cutter; when New York, some thirty miles away, was reached by steamboat or sloop, there were few summer residences and

still fewer residents who cared for art. Centre Island, Sagamore Hill and the pleasant margins of Cold Spring Harbour had no country houses, bungalows, homes of gentlemen farmers. Good roads there were, though none of the best, yet the beauty of the views along this part of the north shore, the glimpses of the noble Sound, the picturesque villages with their mill-ponds and brooks, the great masses of woodland and sudden vistas into bays and inlets were there as they are today. Oyster Bay is now more town than village and the roads are broader and more smooth; the greatest change is the building of summer homes of varied architecture on all the roads that radiate east, west and south, and the presence in the harbour of yachts and sailboats galore. The timid terrapin still lingers in the shallows, raccoon and possum and fox are not extinct and if the bays are no longer thronged with wild duck, the woods are full of birds despite the lawless pothunter. Laurelton Hall lies well away from the village in its own demesne, quiet, contemplative, a place for dreams and the working out of dreams into objective reality.

It is here that Mr. Tiffany is testing this new idea of a guest-house for young artists. In a building not far from the Hall there is a gallery of modern paintings by different hands; a chapel contains an altar rich in mosaics and windows of stained glass. The Hall is notable for many things beside his collections and art library. Water flowing by open channels through a central drawingroom on the ground floor supplies a fountain; it is a room filled with growing flowers. Flowers abound on the terrace overlooking Cold Spring Harbour; windows of lustre and opalescent glass from the glass kilns at Corona decorate the reading room on the same floor. Elsewhere one finds a famous collection of Japanese swordguards and other objects that speak for the arts of China and Byzantium, India and Persia. It is an old house, is Laurelton Hall; it has grown by accretions of wings, terraces, hot-houses, porches; not old enough to be venerable, yet offering evidence of having been the home of a family and only enlarged to meet the needs of an artist—and incidentally a great lover of flowers and a col-

Laurelton Studios: A New Idea



SOUTH FACADE, LAURELTON

lector of objects of art. From the Hall as the centre it is but a short walk to the studios, the picture gallery, the chapel, the woods, the water, while the village, or call it the townlet of Oyster Bay is fifteen minutes distant by automobile.

So far there has been little or no employment of the model in the studios because it was found that the schools in which they were trained had rather overdone this feature for the students, indeed had starved them of nature work in landscape, the painting of flowers, the decorative treatment of natural form. The sculptors especially have found here an exceptional place for working out decorative problems from nature instead of following the hackneyed path of plaster cast and body designs. There has been some original work done in designs for jewelry, a jeweler and

silver worker's shop having been outfitted for the purpose.

Saturday afternoon has been set apart for visitors and in time it is proposed to hold in New York small exhibits of the work done by Foundation scholars whenever this proves of sufficient artistic worth.

In some respects Mr. Tiffany's plan is the most important move in American art since the formation of the Society of American Artists, now merged with the National Academy of Design. The American Academy at Rome provides scholarships for artists to reside abroad while this plan assists them in their work at home. Both are excellent in their several ways and it may be that as the Tiffany Foundation develops the home plan will prove to be an aid rather than a rival to the foreign.

Book Reviews

BOOK REVIEW

WILDERNESS. *A Journal of Quiet Adventure in Alaska* by Rockwell Kent, New York. Putnam's. 1920.

WILDERNESS is an intimate account of the daily life of the artist and his ten-year-old son who went up to Alaska to paint. They lived on a little island in Resurrection Bay about thirteen miles from Seward. The only other inhabitant of the island was an old Alaska pioneer named Olson, a very lovable and genuine character as his personality is to breed for their skins. He found the artists, sketched in these pages. He kept a few goats and a pair of blue foxes which he was trying father and son, rowing around in the bay looking for a site to spend the winter, and forthwith invited them to his island. In due time they were comfortably installed in a made-over goat cabin and prepared to brave the rigours of an Alaska winter.

It is a simple story that is told in these pages, a genuine case of "plain living and high thinking." Kent tells of the daily chores of cooking and chopping wood, of the books he took with him and read, of the drawings and pictures he made; he tells of the pets the little boy had among the animals, magpies, porcupines, goats, etc., of his bathing and romping they made on the island and the bay. Much about in the snow, and of the exploring trips is made of Christmas time and the celebration is described in great detail. Glimpses are given of the old pioneer Olson, his stories of adventure are retold, extracts from his diary are given in their own quaint spelling. It is a chronicle of the simple life free from the complexities and multitudinous distractions of city life. It therefore has all the charm and freshness that simple genuine things have for the tensely-keyed city dweller. There are exciting moments in the narrative, too, such as, for example, the recital of how a storm overtook father and son while out in a small boat and how they narrowly escaped disaster.

Written as it was without thought of publication, there is a genuine ring to it and as such is a great revelation of character, both in strength and in weakness. To save duplication in letter writing Kent would jot down the daily events in the form of a diary, installments of which he would send off to

circulate among his family and intimate friends. It was this diary, together with extracts from other letters, that formed the basis of the book. Dorothy Canfield writes an illuminating introduction to the whole.

There are reproductions of about 45 of Kent's Alaska drawings. Among the most notable may be mentioned *The Hermit Series*, *The Pioneer's Life Series*, *North Wind*, *Snow Queen*, *Superman*, *Unknown Waters*, and *Rain Torrents*. Several of the boy's drawings are also reproduced, imaginative and beautiful pictures of animals.

An extract will suffice to give some idea of the original text:

"Alaska can be cold! Monday broke all records for the winter. Tuesday made that seem balmy. It was so bitterly cold here last night in our 'tight little cabin' that we had to laugh. Until ten o'clock when I went to bed the large stove was continuously red hot and running at full blast. And yet by then the water pails were frozen two inches thick—but ten feet from the stove and open water at supper time; my fountain pen was frozen on the table, Rockwell required a hot water bottle in bed, the fox food was solid ice, my paste was frozen, and that's all. My potatoes and milk I had stood near the stove. At twelve o'clock the clock stopped—starting again from the warmth of breakfast cooking. I put the water pail at night behind the stove close to it, and yet it was solid in the morning. We burn an unbelievable amount of wood, at least a cord a week in one stove. So I figure we earn a dollar a day cutting wood. We felled another tree today and cut most of it up. Still we manage to gain steadily with our wood pile always in anticipation of worse weather. Last night at sundown the bay appeared indescribably dramatic. Dense clouds of vapour were rising from the water obscuring all but a few peaks of the mountain and darkening the bay. But above, the sun shone dazzlingly on the peaks and through the thinner vapour, colouring this like flames. It was as if a terrible fire raged over the bay. This morning for hours it was dark from clouds of vapour. They swept in over our land and coated the trees of the shore with white frost."

William H. de B. Nelson

September 27th, 1920

THE sudden passing of W. H. de B. Nelson, for eight years the Editor of the *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*, cannot but come as a shock and a loss to the wide circle which he included in his interest, sympathy and friendship.

Not an editor of the business type, Mr. Nelson represented that older and now more rare type, to which editing was an intensely personal matter, a fabric of many sympathies and many friendships. He had a very definite personality, and in all his editorial and critical works, he reacted warmly to the personalities of those with whom he came in contact. Himself a painter, he thought and wrote in terms of understanding, colouring his criticisms with kindly satire and friendly badinage.

The criticism of art has always been a delicate and difficult matter, and at no time more than at present has been noticeable a greater scarcity of able critics. Combined with his knowledge and perception of the trend of modern art, and the work of the painters of today, Mr. Nelson was gifted with a happy facility for writing which made his criticisms read with double interest and pleasure.

But his work stands where all may read, as many have read, and it is rather of the man himself that I would speak, recalling to those who knew him an ever-genial, ever-interested friend, and giving to those who did not know him some little human pictures of the late Editor of the *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*.

Extensive travel, some years in British diplomatic work, varied experience, a love of beautiful things made him a conversationalist of unusual interest—and the art of conversation is fast becoming a lost art. And with all that went to make up the more serious side of his nature, all who knew him will remember that every contact, whether in the editorial office, at a lunch table in Keene's, or under the north light of a studio, was illumined by instantaneous but ever-recurrent flashes of wit and humour.

I think, somehow, that one of the most real memories of Mr. Nelson that I would wish to record is a memory of him surrounded by friends. To say, as I said at first, that he was a man of many friendships is to make a trite observation—unless I add that it was, in this case, unusually true. One remembers him always, it seems, in the act of having just left one friend and hurrying to join another. And he was never happier than when he had a group of his friends all together at a time.

At the time of writing this, many of Mr. Nelson's most esteemed friends chance to be in Europe—Christian Brinton, Raymond Wyer and Martin Birnbaum—but it is to be hoped that these and many who are nearer at hand will feel impelled to write a few words of recollection and reminiscence for publication in the next issue of the *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*.

Certainly a distinct loss will be felt by a greater number of painters and sculptors than could be easily enumerated.

But as a final thought, and with a vivid recollection of the man himself, if I were to write of the extent to which he, from his own point of view, attained his objective, a very well-known, but abidingly pleasant quotation would come into my mind:

“From life's earliest beginning
Out to the undiscovered ends—
There's nothing worth the wear of winning
But laughter and the love of friends.”

—and I would feel that Mr. Nelson had, in full measure, won these.

MATLACK PRICE.

Sept. 28, 1920,
N. Y. C.

In the passing on of W. H. de B. Nelson, whom it was my privilege to call friend, contemporary art loses one of its most devoted, sympathetic and profound personalities.

Himself an artist of unusual technical accomplishment in his chosen medium, yet a man with that rare quality to see and recognize merit wherever found. With a broad vision and an open, unbiased mind he stood a Peer among Editors.

WILLIAM OBERHARDT.



THE LATE
W. H. DE B. NELSON



NIGHT
[From "Hedonism"]

ROCKWELL
KENT

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION, 1920. ■ ■ ■ ■

FOR many years past critics of the Royal Academy have been accustomed to attack it as an obsolete institution, persistently out of touch with modern thought, incapable of progress, and opposed to all reforms which were likely to advance the interests and help on the development of British Art. It is possible that there was at one time some justification for this reproach; it is possible that a generation or two ago the Academy was too wedded to its earlier traditions to show much sympathy with new ideas; but it certainly cannot be said that the Burlington House policy has undergone no change during the last few years. Indeed, any one who can go back for half a century and compare the Academy as it was then with the Academy of to-day, must admit that there have been in it developments and alterations of a very definite kind. Artists of remarkably unacademic views and methods have been freely admitted

to membership; works which would have been formerly regarded as revolutionary are now given places in the galleries, the annual exhibitions have taken on a new atmosphere and a new character. All this implies that the Academy has undergone a process of reform which, if it has not been hurried, has, at all events, been effective and significant. ■ ■

The present exhibition shows well the effects of this change. There is no longer the crowd of ill-assorted pictures plastered over the walls from floor to ceiling, a jumble of things, good, bad, and indifferent. There is, instead, a collection of moderate size, which has been selected with discrimination and hung with serious consideration, and in which paintings of very divergent intention have been given places of reasonable prominence. There are few things, it is true, of spectacular importance, but there is a solid mass of sound work by men who have tried honestly to do their best, and there is little that falls appreciably below a worthy average of production. Generally, the work which best deserves



"EPSOM DOWNS: CITY AND SUBURBAN DAY." BY A. J. MUNNINGS, A.R.A.
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Royal Academy Illustrated."



"THE CONVALESCENT," BY
SIR JOHN LAVERY, A.R.A.
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attention has been put where it can be seen to advantage, and a by no means unsuccessful attempt has been made to attain a decorative balance in the hanging and to give the rooms a pleasant appearance. In carrying out this new policy somewhat drastic rejections have, no doubt, been necessary, but the Academy is justified by the gain in the quality of the exhibition.

It must be admitted, however, that the exhibition is somewhat lacking in figure subjects of an ambitious type. There are large canvases, like Sir John Lavery's *Admiral Beatty reading the Terms of the Armistice to the German Delegates*, Mr. H. A. Olivier's *The Supreme War Council, Versailles, July 1918*, and Mr. F. O. Salisbury's *The National Peace Thanksgiving Service on the Steps of St. Paul's*,

July 6, 1919, and there are smaller things of the same class, like Sir William Orpen's two amazingly skilful Peace Conference pictures, and Mr. Fred Roe's clever *Recruiting in the Guildhall by Sir Charles Wakefield, Bt., Lord Mayor of London, 1915-16*, but these are illustrative rather than imaginative, and have not offered much scope for originality of expression. In them all, however, sufficiently serious technical difficulties have been surmounted with a considerable measure of success. ▯

There is more appeal to the imagination in such pictures as Mr. Richard Jack's *Love tunes the Shepherd's Reed*, Mr. Spencer Watson's *The Three Wise Kings*, and Mr. Oswald Moser's *The Dwarf*. Mr. Jack has painted a charming piece of fancy with grace and distinction, and



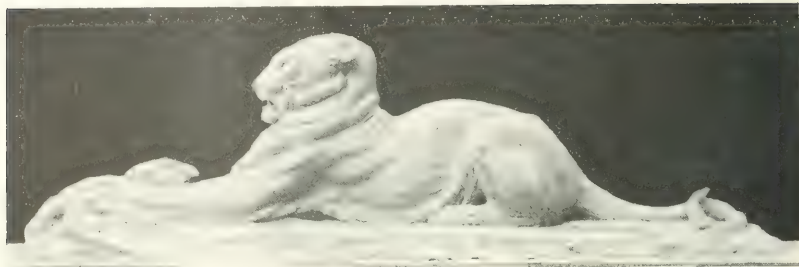
"THE SIGNING OF PEACE IN
THE HALL OF MIRRORS, VER-
SAILLES." BY SIR WILLIAM
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"THE TURN OF THE ROAD"
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BY ARNESBY BROWN, R.A.
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"LEOPARD KILLING A BIRD"
(STATUETTE, BRONZE). BY
FRANK LUTIGER

has turned his powers of draughtsmanship and his pleasant feeling for colour arrangement to excellent account. Mr. Spencer Watson and Mr. Moser have displayed an unusual degree of artistic conscience, and have achieved pictorial results which are finely decorative, in the best sense of the word, and in which there is no evasion of those subtleties of characterization and of those adjustments of harmonious colour which are the fundamentals in all great decoration. Mr. Anning Bell's *And the Women stood Afar Off* has a stately severity and dignity of style which can be sincerely praised, and the two compositions by Mr. C. H. Shannon, *The Childhood of Bacchus* and *The Wise and Foolish Virgins*, if not free from conventionality, are well conceived and handled with scholarly refinement. There is something of the same reticence in Mr. Glyn Philpot's grim composition, *The Coast of Britain*, a powerful but unattractive picture; but the artist's personality is more characteristically expressed in his two portrait studies, *The Student with a Book*, and *The Rice Family*, in which he has had more opportunity to show his executive resource. Skill of brushwork and sumptuousness of colour distinguish Mr. Moira's *Blessing the Gospels*; there is a typical robustness of manner in Mr. Bundy's humorous *Scandal*; and *The Convalescent* by Sir John Lavery, the gay little *Pantaloon* by Mr W. E. Webster, and the masterly study, *The Burgomaster*, by Mr. James Clark are performances of unquestionable merit.

Of much interest, too, is the *Oratio Obliqua*, by Mr. Walter Bayes, another of those workings out of a problem of illumination which he treats with so much inventiveness and originality.

Among the portrait painters Sir William Orpen claims, as usual, special attention by the vigorous characterization and masculine certainty of his work, and a place of importance must also be assigned to Mr. W. W. Russell, whose delightfully humorous Mr. Minney is one of the chief successes of the exhibition. Mr. Sims, too, has done himself the fullest credit with his portrait group of *The Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, M.P., and Mrs. Harmsworth*, and his exquisitely accomplished *A Lady of Hammersmith*; and Mr. J. J. Shannon, Sir William Llewellyn, and Mr. Glazebrook contribute notable canvases. Mr. Melton Fisher has two portraits of young girls which are singularly happy in their suggestion of the daintiness of youth; and Mr. Connard's *Miss Mimpriss*, Mr. Bundy's *Commander P. T. Dean, V.C., M.P.*, Mr. Patry's *Kathleen, Daughter of H. F. Parshall, Esq., D.Sc.*, Mr. Jack's *Capt. R. J. Jack, R.T.O.*, and Mr. Oswald Birley's *Glyn Philpot, Esq. A.R.A.* deserve to be specially mentioned.

Some of the most memorable pictures in the Academy are to be found among the landscapes and records of open-air subjects. Mr. Arnesby Brown's atmospheric studies—particularly his admirable *Gathering Clouds*—Mr. Connard's sparkling *Spring*, Mr. Clausen's *The Roadside*



"THE THREE WISE KINGS"
BY G. SPENCER WATSON
COPYRIGHT 1911 BY THE TOSCA



"JOAN" (BRONZE)
BY W. REID DICK

Tree and *The Turn of the Road*, Mr. D. Y. Cameron's expansive *The Heart of Sutherland*, Mr. Oliver Hall's serious and dignified *Shap Moors*, and the brilliant *Evening, Martigues*, by Mr. Terrick Williams are conspicuous achievements; and there is great distinction, too, in Sir David Murray's *Clovelly*, Sir John Lavery's snow scene, *The Monk*, and Mr. Hughes-Stanton's finely composed *Autumn, North Wales*. There are excellent contributions from Mr. Albert Goodwin, Mr. J. L. Henry, Mr. O. Pittman, Mr. J. S. Hill, and Mr. Bertram Priestman; and from Mr. A. J. Munnings comes a series of singularly expressive paintings, among which his *Epsom Downs* and *Mrs. Peel's Poethlyn at Brynypys* are, perhaps, the chief successes. There is a fascinating *Spring*, by Mr. Tom Mostyn, which is wonderful in its vivid sunlight and gay, clear colour, and there are pictures of a

very persuasive type from Mr. Stanhope Forbes, who is still able to find plenty of good material in his favourite Cornish villages. Works by Mr. R. W. Allan, Mr. Sydney Lee, Mr. Moffat Lindner, and other capable artists, increase the strength of this section of the exhibition. ■

The chief "interior" paintings are those in which, as in the Peace Conference pictures and some others named above, the interior is a setting and not the ostensible or principal *motif* of the painting, but Mr. D. Y. Cameron's diploma work, an impressive study of a cathedral interior, *Durham*, must certainly be ranked among the most significant contributions to the show. ■

The best things in the water-colour room are Mr. Russell Flint's dainty little study, *Miss — posing as Clearista*, Mr. Percy Dixon's *The Flats, Bridgewater*, Miss D. W. Hawksley's *Moonrise*, and *The Discovery of the North Pole*, by Mr.



"THE DWARF" (SCENE FROM
THE TALES OF RICHOUX). BY
OSWALD MOSER



"THE RICE FAMILY." BY
GLYN PHILPOT, A.R.A.
Copyright 1911 by Glyn Philpot



"DURHAM." BY D. Y.
CAMERON, R.A.ELECT

Diploma work deposited on his election as an Academician. Copyright strictly reserved



BOY AND GOAT"
(POTTERY GROUP). BY
CHARLES VYSE, R.B.S.

W. Walls; and the most commanding piece of work in the sculpture rooms is, on the whole, Mr. Mackennal's model of a statue erected at Cliveden by the Canadian Red Cross. The sculpture is certainly better displayed this year; but there is a comparative lack of important performances. Mr. Drury's charming bust of *The Late Lady Glen-Coats*, Mr. H. Cawthra's graceful statuette, *Peace*, Mr. Colton's relief portrait of Sir Edward Poynter, Sir W. Goscombe John's groups for the Port Sunlight War Memorial, Mr. Lutiger's *Leopard killing a Bird*, Mr. W. Reid Dick's bronze bust, *Joan*, Sir Thomas Brock's bust of *Sir Alexander M'Robert, K.B.E.*, Mr. Pomeroy's head of *The Daughter of Colonel Bevis*, and Mr.

Derwent Wood's bronze bust of Marshal Foch are of real interest; and the group in coloured pottery by Mr. Charles Vyse, the terra-cotta group by Miss Meredith-Williams, the tea-caddy by Miss P. M. Legge (see p. 150), and the marble and gilt bronze memorial by Mr. Reynolds-Stephens, also claim consideration.

[A few further illustrations of works in this exhibition will be given in our next issue.—EDITOR.]

AUGUSTE BROUET, PAINTER-ETCHER. BY MARCEL VALO-TAIRE.

THE great name of Rembrandt has been so often profaned by hazardous comparisons that I feel no little hesitation in introducing it here in commencing these brief notes on the work of Auguste Brouet. Nevertheless it cannot be helped. There can be no doubt that at the first glance the etchings of this artist in their general appearance call to mind those of Rembrandt—as to that the accompanying reproductions will give the reader some idea—and for such an impression there is certainly ample justification, but one ought to hesitate before going a step further and drawing conclusions as to an influence, an adaptation, or a *parti-pris*. We have to do here with a happy and very remarkable coincidence, and that is all.

Auguste Brouet, a Parisian bred and born, hails from a humble family of the Montmartre quarter, where he passed his childhood amongst the picturesque population whose types he was later in life to record with so much felicity. Apprenticed as a lad to a lithographic printer and then to a musical instrument maker, he finally returned to lithography, and acquiring a taste for drawing devoted his leisure hours in the evening to a course of study at first under Gustave Moreau and then under Delaunay. It became evident, however, that the path he was to follow was neither that of painting nor lithography, but etching, to which he felt an overpowering attraction. At the age of sixteen he made his first attempt at etching, using as his sole implement a nail, and as his plate a scrap of zinc gutter-pipe with a ground—if one may so call it—of floor polish. The

proof obtained from a single biting of this little plate, *Les petits Joueurs de Dis*, is quite remarkable, and arrests attention because it immediately reminds one of Rembrandt, although at that time the youthful débutant was completely unaware of the great Dutch master's existence as an etcher, and certainly had never seen one of his etchings. Thus from this early beginning as an aquafortist, Brouet has remained himself, and his manner and style are borrowed from no one, but are peculiarly his own. ▢

We will not follow him through all the vicissitudes of his life as an artist without means, obliged to undertake any sort of odd job to get a living—drawing, painting water-colours, executing engravings after the masters, making colour-prints as much on behalf of other artists better known than himself as on his own account. Such worries are so frequent in the careers of artists of talent that we need not dwell on them. Rather let us turn to what he has accomplished. ▢ ▢ ▢ ▢ ▢

Among the subjects which Brouet has chosen for his plates are interior scenes, landscapes, picturesque bits of Rouen, of Moret, of Pont de l'Arche, and they are not without merit. But those in which he distinguishes himself as indeed a master

are his little etchings inspired by the life of the humble denizens of Montmartre and the outlying quarters of Paris—humble folk with whose mode of life he is familiar through having shared it, and whose types he has set down with all the ability of which he is capable. They are all small prints, of a format appropriate to the subject and in keeping with the artist's technique. They make no pretence of decorative effect, and have been made solely for the portfolio of the *amateur*. There, however, they justly claim a leading place. See the intensity of expression in every one of them, whether isolated silhouettes or scenes of family life; observe how accurate is the observation and the precision with which the rendering is effected, not only without hardness, but on the contrary with a most skilful *enveloppement* of contours; and then ask yourself how many etchers possess in an equally high degree the qualities here revealed. ▢ ▢ ▢ ▢ ▢

This incontestable superiority is largely due to the fact that Brouet has never strained his powers by essaying extraordinary or out-of-the-way subjects. He has just simply taken his models from among the artisans, the "little merchants," the street types that have come under his



"GRAND CIRQUE PINDER"
ETCHING BY AUGUSTE BROUET



"L'ANTIQUAIRE." ETCHING BY AUGUSTE BROUET

observation every day, and whose characteristics he was perfectly familiar with before he sketched them. Here he has done no more than follow the example of his illustrious forerunners, Rembrandt and Whistler, both of whom took delight in recording, in exquisite little plates, types and scenes from the life of the people. ■

The poor of Brouet, let it be said, provoke neither pity nor sorrow. He is an artist and only an artist; he sees, and renders what he sees. These famished and tattered people of the streets—are they really sad themselves? Certainly not. If life is often hard for them they bear the burden not without philosophy, and they are not strangers to laughter and song. Brouet has not fallen into a very common error, for which an inopportune philanthropy is responsible; his poor are more true to life and more beautiful for not being at all "down in the mouth." ■

Still keeping to the same locality, Brouet has portrayed the gipsies, the pedlars, the acrobats, and the travelling circuses that haunt these parts. And elsewhere, having had occasion to work with a ballet-girl as model, he has done a number of studies of dancers which are distinguished alike by purity of line and by truthfulness of vision.

In treating all these subjects in their various stages of progress, Brouet is not guided by any hard-and-fast method. Sometimes, in the case of a single figure, his sureness of hand enables him to make his drawing direct upon the copper. At other times—in his street scenes, for example—he makes his composition either by the aid of sketches jotted down hastily on some scrap of paper or from more finished drawings which are in themselves complete works of art. Then, in attacking the copper, he uses only very exceptionally the mezzotint process or *manière noire*;



"INTÉRIEUR DE COUR,
AVENUE DE CLICHY." ETCH-
ING BY AUGUSTE BROUET



"CIRQUE AMBULANT." ETCH-
ING BY AUGUSTE BROUET

occasionally he employs the roulette, but most frequently his work is etching pure and simple, relieved at times by the dry-point. He is not in favour of numerous "states," preferring rather to destroy an indifferent plate than to persist in revising it. Thus his proofs give the impression of being fresh and spontaneous. This boldness of procedure is justified in Brouet's case by his incomparable qualities as a draughtsman. His drawings, indeed, are worthy of particular study, but unfortunately they cannot be further discussed on this occasion. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

If the name of Auguste Brouet, now in

the full possession of his gifts, is as yet little known to the public, it is because he has elected to remain too much in the shade; his little etchings are scarcely ever seen at exhibitions. He has, however, not escaped the observation of discerning amateurs, who have recognized the worth of this unassuming artist and the future which awaits him. In this connexion I take the liberty of mentioning the name of Monsieur G. P. Grignard, who has with much patience gathered together the complete *œuvre* of Brouet from the beginning, and has generously provided the material for illustrating this article. ♦ ♦



"LA CARAVANE." ETCH-
ING BY AUGUSTE BROUET

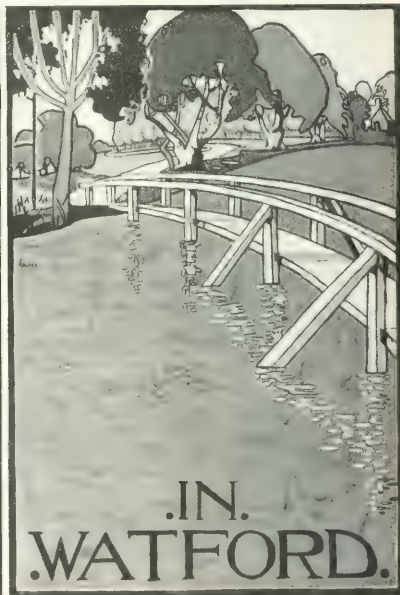
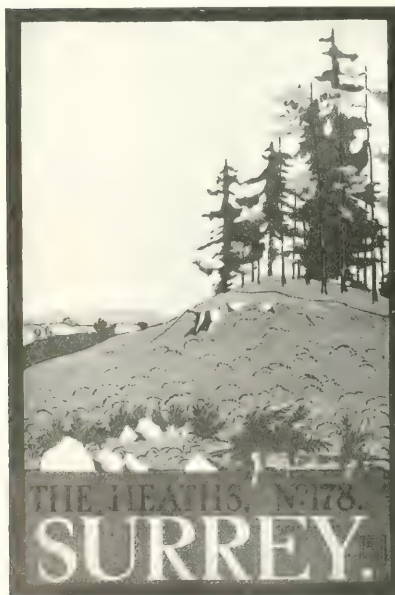


"MARCHAND DE MOURON"
ETCHING BY AUGUSTE BROUET

THE POSTER REVIVAL. I: MR. E. MCKNIGHT KAUFFER.

BEFORE the present revival it was something like twenty years since art entered at all largely into the character of our hoardings. In those days the pioneers were two artists, both of whom have since acquired great reputations as painters. Under the pseudonym of the Beggarstaff Brothers, Messrs. James Pryde and William Nicholson produced a series of posters that have never been rivalled either before or since. Several other artists followed, and the best work of Mr. John Hassall was produced about this time. Posters became objects of collectors, and a magazine devoted to the art of the poster appeared. But as so often happens with us this promising movement failed, and only succeeded in inspiring a permanent movement

abroad. Germany marched in triumph on the road we had made. Some years ago at an advertisement exhibition in Westminster, admiring crowds gathered round a collection of German posters, asking why it was that these were so much better than our English examples. The reason is that in Germany first-rate artists (like, for example, Professor Franz von Stuck, the President of the Academy) are not above designing for posters or any other applied art. But as the "Frankfurter Zeitung" pointed out at the time of the above exhibition, the whole poster movement began in England, and the artists whose work inspired the German artists were neglected in England. As so often happens in this country we do not begin to appreciate our art until it comes back to us in the form of foreign imitations. Constable and the Barbizon school, Gordon Craig



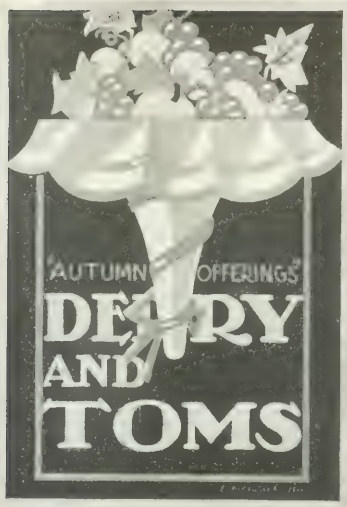
LONDON ELECTRIC UNDERGROUND
RAILWAY POSTERS. DESIGNED BY
E. MCKNIGHT KAUFFER



THE
SIC
SIC

POSTERS DESIGNED BY
E. M. KNIGHT KAULLER
EXAMINER OF ARTS AND
DESIGN AND OF THE LONDON
COURT OF COMMONS

THE POSTER REVIVAL



POSTER DESIGNED BY
E. MCKNIGHT KAUFFER

and Reinhardt, are other examples of the same thing. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

Although the pioneers of the poster movement in this country have been painters of distinction, this does not by any means imply that an artist who has a reputation as a painter will necessarily design good posters. A sense of decoration, originality in design and a bold use of colour are the important qualities in designing posters, and a man may be a successful portrait or even landscape painter without possessing these qualities to any marked extent. The mistake has occasionally been made of calling in a Royal Academician to design a scene on the stage, or a poster, or even to illustrate books. It is extremely unlikely that an artist who has been working for years at one aspect of painting will produce a successful design. But if you catch him while he is young and ready to adapt himself to the particular limitations of some applied art, the same artist would probably do excellent work. Some painters of reputation, like Mr. Frank Brangwyn, have a

natural feeling for decoration that comes out in all they do. But there are always many young artists eager to design posters who never succeed because of the appalling lack of taste, or even appreciation of the necessary qualities of a poster among those who commission the work. ♡ ♡ ♡

The new poster movement has had the advantage that it owed its origin to an enterprising advertiser, and not to artists. The largest number of good posters in recent years have been those advertising the London Underground Railways, and the two principal contributors to this brilliant series of posters have been Mr. Gregory Brown and Mr. E. McKnight Kauffer, two artists whose paintings show an abundance of the qualities referred to above. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

A selection of Mr. Kauffer's designs is here reproduced. *The North Downs* and *Oxhey Woods* give a good idea of his work in landscape. The other landscapes are more experimental and lose a little here by not being in colour, but when one thinks of the difference between the appeal of such designs and that of the average photograph, the value of a poster and the importance of



POSTER DESIGNED BY
E. MCKNIGHT KAUFFER



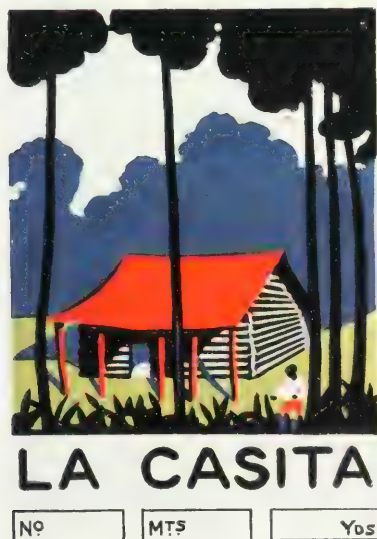
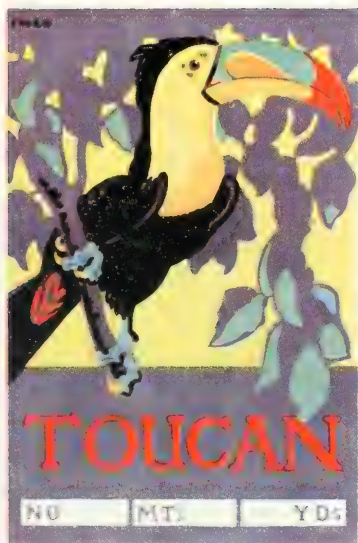
STATIONERY LABELS DESIGNED
FOR G. WATERSTON AND SONS,
LTD. BY E. MCKNIGHT KAUFFER

the artist are apparent at once. In the case of the labels, Mr. Kauffer has succeeded in producing a series of designs which are a marked improvement on the ordinary run of such things, for label designs usually seem to be left to the least skilful designers. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Among the advertisers who have followed the example and profited by the success of the campaign of the Underground Railway, the firm of Derry and Toms at Kensington has been one of the most prominent. Many of the young artists whose work appeared for the first time in the service of the Electric Railways have produced designs for this firm, and the strikingly original posters by Mr. Kauffer here reproduced is one of the most effective. ♦

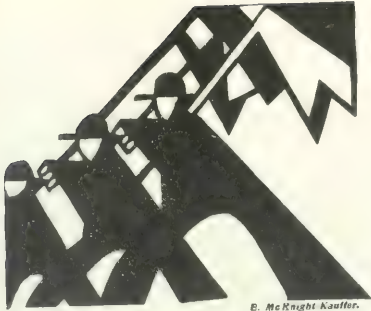
In much of the work of Mr. McKnight Kauffer he has been to a certain extent controlled by the limitations of subject and

other accidental but inevitable conditions of ordinary commercial advertising. What he can do when he allows his imagination full play is shown by one of his daring posters for exhibitions of the London Group (see p. 147). These are among the best things Mr. Kauffer has done, and are only equalled by the design for the "Daily Herald" (p. 143). This last is one of the latest of this artist's designs, and we hope that his future work will be on these lines. In some of his earlier work there is a mixture of naturalism and stern convention: as if parts of the design had been adapted from photographs. But it is clear that Mr. Kauffer can produce poster designs of the highest artistic quality, and if he is encouraged he will do much to restore the original pre-eminence of this country in poster art. At present, in spite of the far larger area of poster display here than in



BALE LABELS. DESIGNED
BY E. MCKNIGHT KAUFFER.
(BY COURTESY OF MOUNTAIN STUDIO, LLC)

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

E. McKnight Kauffer.

LONDON GROUP
EXHIBITION POSTER
DESIGNED BY E.
MCKNIGHT KAUFFER

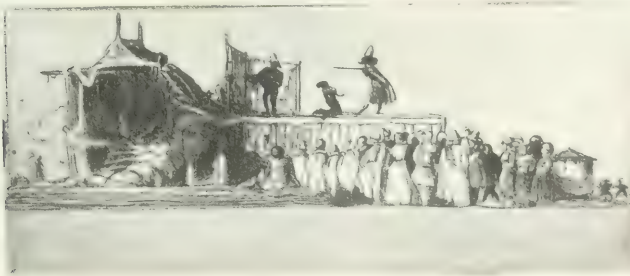
any other country, we are far behind the rest of Europe in the quality of the designs. In Switzerland last year you could find scarcely more than one poster out of twenty or so that was designed by the ordinary mechanic innocent of art who seems to be responsible for 90 per cent. of poster work over here. There, of course, artists do not receive the extravagant prices for easel-pictures that obtain here, and so they are not too proud to design posters. If only our manufacturers cared to insist on good designs, there can be little doubt that the artists would be forthcoming. ♪

HORACE TAYLOR

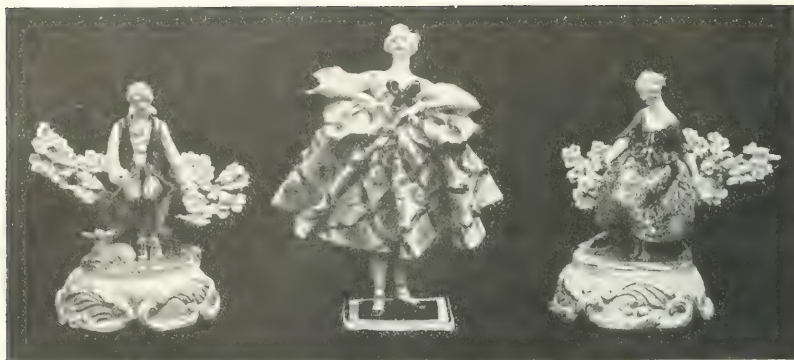
LONDON.—At the newly opened Dorien Leigh Galleries in Bruton Street an exhibition is being held this month of recent work by Mr. Gordon Craig—stage designs, etchings, etc. We reproduce below a choice little etching of his, and hope to refer more fully to his work in a subsequent issue. ♪

In "THE STUDIO Year-Book of Decorative Art" for last year some of Miss G. M. Parnell's pottery figures in the Chelsea manner were illustrated, and we now have pleasure in reproducing (p. 148) some further examples of them. Miss May Kimber, the author of the decorative water-colour reproduced on page 149, is chiefly known by her charming essays in illuminated lettering which form an interesting feature of the exhibitions of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters, of which she is an Associate. The casket and tea-caddy by Miss Legge, also illustrated, make one wish that more room could be found for examples of decorative metal work like this at the Royal Academy.

The catalogue of this year's Academy exhibition is remarkable for the number of names in the list of Associates to which the title "R.A. Elect" is added. There are no less than twelve, and two of them—those of Mr. Brangwyn and Sir William Orpen—appeared in last year's catalogue with the same designation. Its reappearance means, we presume, that they have not yet complied with Article III of the "Instru-



"THE DRAMA," FISHING
BY E. GORDON CRAIG
(DORIEEN LEIGH GALLERIES)



"CHEYNE" FIGURES. DESIGNED
AND EXECUTED BY G. M. PAR-
NELL (THE CHELSEA POTTERY)

ment" which ordains that a candidate elected "shall not receive his letter of admission till he hath deposited in the Royal Academy, to remain there, a picture, bas-relief, or other specimen of his abilities approved of by the then sitting Council of the Academy." ■ ■ ■

Mr. Richard Jack, who with Sir William Llewelyn, Mr. Julius Olsson, and Mr. Derwent Wood appeared in the last batch of new R.A.'s, is known chiefly by his portraits, but, like other members of the Academy whose reputation is similarly

derived, he turns his hand to landscape painting when the opportunity presents itself, and the same virility of treatment is discernible in his work in this department as in his figure work. An example of his outdoor work is given in our frontispiece this month. ■ ■ ■

Four new Associates have been elected by the Academy—Mr. W. W. Russell, whose portrait study, *Mr. Minney*, has perhaps been more discussed than any other picture in the exhibition; Mr. Oliver Hall, landscape painter in oils and water-



"CHEYNE" FIGURES. DESIGNED
AND EXECUTED BY G. M. PAR-
NELL (THE CHELSEA POTTERY)

colours, as well as an etcher and lithographer of distinction; Sir Robert Lorimer, architect; and Mr. Henry Poole, sculptor.

The drastic rejections made by the jury of selection at Burlington House this year have naturally caused a great deal of disappointment. The number of works submitted was unusually large—fourteen thousand or thereabouts, it is said—and the number accepted just over twelve hundred. One may be pretty certain that in such a huge number of unaccepted efforts there must have been a good many that under the conditions formerly prevailing would have found a place among the crowd of exhibits, and it was inevitable that under the new policy pursued by the Academy the thinning-out process would cause chagrin. The truth is, of course, that the gallery space, like the constitution of the Academy itself, is not in keeping with the times. The accommodation at Burlington House is quite puny compared with the space allotted to the Salons at the Grand Palais in Paris. So inadequate is the wall space, in fact, that those who have charge of the preparations for bringing the Salons to London next year have been compelled to look elsewhere for suitable accommodation—with little success, however, as there is really no building in London adapted for displaying such a large assemblage of works of art.

The death of Mr. Friton Rivière, the distinguished animal painter, who died in London on April 20 in his eightieth year, leaves a gap in British art which cannot easily be filled. For though we have some good painters of horses and cattle and a considerable number who with varying success portray the dog and the cat, there are exceedingly few who devote their talent almost exclusively, as did the deceased Academician, to study of diverse types of quadrupeds, wild as well as tame. Mr. Rivière joined the Academy as an Associate in 1879, and was made a full member two years later. At one stage in his career he did a good deal of work as an illustrator.

Another illustrator of distinction whose loss will be felt is Mr. Hugh Thomson, familiar to a very wide circle by a multitude of graceful drawings illustrating classic works of fiction, notably those of Mrs. Gaskell, Jane Austen, and Thackeray, as



"NASTURTIUMS"
WATER-COLOUR BY
MAY KIMBER, A.R.M.S.



TEA-CADDY (SILVER
AND ENAMEL). BY
PHYLLIS M. LEGGE

well as several volumes of the "Highways and Byways" series. Mr. Thomson, who was fifty-nine when he died early last month, had been in bad health for a long time past. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Mr. G. Woolliscroft Rhead, whose death was also announced early in May, was likewise a prolific illustrator as well as a painter in oils and a designer of stained glass, but he was perhaps better known as an etcher and an author of numerous books for students. He was born in 1855, and had exhibited at the Academy for forty years.

The sixteenth annual report of the National Art-Collections Fund issued last month contains, besides an abbreviated list of the works of art secured for the nation by this organization since its foundation in 1904 down to 1918, a detailed account of the acquisitions for the year 1919. Prominent among these is a fine example of Brussels tapestry, *The Seven Deadly Sins*, said to have been purchased by Cardinal Wolsey in 1521, and hung at Hampton

Court, to which it has now been restored; while among other works of note are a painting by Canaletto of the interior of King Henry VII Chapel, Westminster Abbey; a landscape by Cornelis Vroom; a complete set of 102 water-colour drawings by William Blake for Dante's "Divine Comedy," which it is proposed to reproduce in collotype for issue to subscribers at the price of ten guineas the set; Mr. Derwent Wood's marble statue *Atalanta*; the famous "Newdegate Centre-piece" in silver by Paul Lamerie; a marble bust by G. F. Watts, and a bronze *Crucifixion* by Mr. J. S. Sargent. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The annual subscription is one guinea, which carries with it certain privileges, such as free entrance to the chief public galleries in London on paying days, and the number of members at the end of 1919 was 1636. This is less than half the membership of the Société des Amis du Louvre, which is also more fortunate in having an income derived from funds bequeathed.



THE
STUDIO

SILVER ENAMELLED
CASKEI. DESIGNED
AND EXECUTED BY
PHYLLIS M LEGGE.
ROYAL ACADEMY

DUBLIN.—The Royal Zoological Society of Ireland has set an example which might well be followed by similar bodies elsewhere, in taking steps to encourage the artistic studies of animals. The Society has instituted an annual competition under the rules of which certificates are awarded by the Council to the work adjudged to be the most meritorious in each of five classes, and a small money premium is given in addition. The works submitted must be studies of any kind of animal from life, and subject to this condition they need not be made at the Society's gardens in Dublin. The classes into which the competition is divided comprise sculpture, drawing and painting, and decorative designs embodying animal motives, and two classes are reserved for competitors under eighteen. The competition is open to all, without entrance fee, and the works sent in will be returned to competitors in due course at their own expense. Works entered for the competition must reach the Zoological Gardens, Dublin, by September 28 next, and in October there will be an exhibition there with a view to bringing artists and students into touch with possible purchasers.

BRIGHTON.—The two pictures we reproduce of Richard Wilson's are from the recent exhibition of his works, lent by Captain Richard Ford to the Brighton Corporation Art Gallery. It was most noticeable in this collection that the pictures were all of a very high standard, and the two chosen for reproduction are typical of the whole exhibition and not necessarily finer than many of the others.

Richard Wilson's claim to be one of the great masters of landscape painting is undeniable. His colour was his strongest point, yet his palette was astonishingly limited; he never seemed to tire of drawing fresh subtleties from the same series of colour-chords; indeed he never seems to have departed from this one palette with which he painted all through his life, showing no sign of staleness or loss of interest.

His sense of composition can hardly be ranked as high as his tone and colour sense; but though his work was mannered and at times even stilted—to modern eyes—it must be remembered that it is the imitators rather than the master who have wearied us of these "classical" landscape compositions. The imitator hardly ever



"LANDSCAPE." BY
RICHARD WILSON, R.A.



"THE LAKE OF NEMI"
BY RICHARD WILSON, R.A.
(Ford Collection)

fails to make his compositions theatrical, but, looking at this collection of Richard Wilson's work, we were indelibly impressed by the unfailing dignity and reserve—only found in the work of the greatest artists.

G. S.

GENEVA.—At the time when Edouard Ravel began his career as an artist traces were still visible of Geneva's past, notably a taste for scholarship, a profound respect for science, and a passion for assiduous work with all its minutiose scruples. Imagination, like a playful greyhound, was held well in check, and in the eyes of the public at large the few who sought emancipation were looked upon with contempt in this town of scholars and watchmakers. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Ravel's art is rational, somewhat severe, one might even say academic. It cannot be said, however, that he has not developed since the first days when he loved to delight

us with the thousand-and-one anecdotes coming from his brush, anecdotes of which many still remain as vivid as ever. In his later work there is a serenity and sweetness which must be ascribed to a riper experience of life. His earliest masters were Barthélemy, Menn, and Alfred van Muyden. Like many artists of his generation, he began by painting enamels and exhibited a marked talent in this still very conventional art. Then, after trying his hand at illustrating with success, he started portrait painting, and, owing to the striking likenesses of his portraits and a suppleness of execution, he quickly came into vogue. The museum at Lille possesses an important canvas of this period, the portrait of the Comtesse de Pourtalès and her children. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Present-day critics would consider most of Ravel's portraits as of documentary importance, but their numerous possessors are happy in knowing how a striking like-



"LA FONTAINE DE
JOUVENCE." BY
EDOUARD RAVEL



STUDY FOR "LA FONTAINE
DE JOUVENCE." BY E. RAVEL

ness may at times be spiritual to the fullest extent of the term. A desire to venture upon greater subjects led the artist to seek inspiration in the remotest times of Swiss history. *La Suisse chez les Helvètes* is a really great composition, although cold in its accuracy, but with *L'Invasion* this tendency disappears. This latter is a vigorous work in which the severity of design does not weaken the impression of tumult. In *La Fontaine de Jouvence* Edouard Ravel puts forth his talent at its best, as numerous preliminary sketches

show how conscientiously and scrupulously the artist worked under the influence of a new dream which was formed and carried out in many and many a sketch. Each part only takes its place in the whole after having been leisurely put by, taken up again, touched and retouched. Nothing lacks at the moment of execution, nothing indeed unless it be the dream itself that has vanished with the too constant effort. To have achieved such immense work after having begun on so small a scale as a watch-case deserves no small credit. F. M.



STUDY FOR "LA FONTAINE
DE JOUVENCE." BY E. RAVEL

FLORENCE.—After being closed for a long interval, during the war, that its treasures might be stored in safer places, the Uffizi Gallery is once more open to the public. The opportunity has been taken under the able directorship of Signor Poggi, of redistributing and rearranging the pictures; and the many halls which have been reopened show an immense improvement upon the former arrangement. ■ ■

The changes made consist chiefly in a more intelligent grouping together of the works of each master, and a more helpful co-ordination of the sequence of masters and schools; also in a wider distribution, which leaves the pictures ample space. Moreover, pictures have been brought

from other galleries to complete the groups, so that one may study side by side the works of one master, so far as may be possible; while pictures from the Uffizi have been sent away when there was good reason to regard some other as their more rightful place. No longer, for instance, are any works by Fra Angelico to be seen here. They have been carried across to his own convent of San Marco, where so many of them were painted; fitting back, in some cases, into the very niches for which they were designed. Thus, that beautiful old building, with its white cloisters and wide halls and little quiet cells, the scene of so many years of the happy activities of the "Angelic Painter's"



UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE,
SALA VIII (UMBRIAN AND SIENESE
SCHOOLS, FIFTEENTH CENTURY)

life, now contains not only the priceless frescoes, great and little, which he left upon its walls, but also the altar pieces and other paintings which, for all their loveliness, had never seemed quite at home in the Uffizi rooms. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

But to return to the Uffizi. The long entrance corridor, running the whole length of the building, and once crowded with a mingling of ancient statuary and paintings of the earliest Tuscan school and cases full of drawings and prints, has now been wholly cleared of pictures; its wall space is entirely empty, save for an occasional tapestry; its glass side is no longer encumbered by the cases of prints; and nothing remains but the old Greek and Roman statues and busts and sarcophagi, thus better exhibited in its broad empty spaces than ever before. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

On entering the first hall of paintings, one is as delighted with what one finds as with the arrangement. The pictures are hung at wide intervals against the quiet coloured walls, and only one line of them around the room, and there is the delightful surprise of discovering, intelligibly grouped among the others, paintings which, formerly hung in the Accademia delle Belle

Arti, now find a place here in a better grouping and a better light. ■ ■ ■

Here, for instance, now hangs that great Madonna of Cimabue's, own sister to the one in Santa Maria Novella, which so enchanted the people with its beauty that they bore it in triumph through the streets, legend claiming that the "Borgo Allegro," the "Joyous Suburb," took its name from that event. And close by a splendid Madonna by his pupil, Giotto; and other primitives which previously were a little lost in the crowded corridor, and now can be seen and appreciated as never before.

And one finds the same improved arrangement in each room one enters. Botticelli's greatest works hang in a large sala, where the *Primavera*, brought from the "Accademia" now finds itself once more, rightfully, near the *Birth of Venus*, the two having been painted for a single room of one of the villas of Lorenzo de' Medici. Here, too, brought from the Accademia, hangs his great *Virgin with Saints*, and the four little pictures of its predella below it; and in the adjoining room, together with his *Judith and Holofernes* and *Calumny*, and the works of the Pollaiuoli Brothers, and Leonardo, is the



UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE,
SALA VI (FLORENTINE SCHOOL
OF FIFTEENTH CENTURY)

Tobit with the Three Angels, which, once assigned to Botticelli, is now marked as "School of Andrea del Verocchio."

The "Tribuna" has been cleared of the miscellaneous collection of masterpieces which formerly filled it, hung row above row. The *Adam and Eve* by Cranach have been taken to the rooms of the German School; the Raphaels and Titians, too, are gone to join their own groups; Perugino's *Portrait of Francesco delle Opera* is with a few others of the Umbrian School in the lovely little adjoining room hung with silvery green watered silk. Nothing remains in the "Tribuna" but the five statues (the central place being given to the *Venus dei Medici*), and a single line of pictures, chiefly portraits by Bronzino, including the two *Panciatichi* portraits which hung here formerly, and some of the portraits of the Medici children.

And so it is all along: the gathering here from the Accademia of pictures which were lacking to complete groups or link up sequences; intelligent co-ordination; abundant space; in fact, improvement from first to last.

Many rooms still remain closed; but those which are open afford a sufficient

indication of the care which is being bestowed upon the work; and the benefit conferred upon students is one which they will not be slow to appreciate when the way to Italy lies once more open as before.

D. NEVILLE LEES

REVIEWS

La Jeunesse de Titien. Par LOUIS HOURTICQ. (Paris: Hachette.) 20 frs.—Whether one accepts or rejects the conclusions arrived at by Professor Hourticq in this highly controversial study of the early career of Titian, no one will begrudge him due credit for his courage in stating them, and for the zeal with which he has conducted the researches on which those conclusions are founded. The paramount purpose of his thesis is, briefly put, to assign to Titian the authorship of certain works which have hitherto been usually attributed to other masters of his epoch. The most important of these works is the *Concert Champêtre* in the Louvre, traditionally assigned to Giorgione, though Venturi has advanced the claims of Sebastiano del Piombo, and two German critics those of Domenico Campagnola. The chief evidence on which the Titian author-

ship is alleged is that yielded by the works themselves, and a comparison of them with drawings and pictures definitely known to have been executed by Titian. The professor also pronounces emphatically in favour of post-dating Titian's birth by a dozen years—1489 or 1490, and not 1470. His arguments generally will no doubt give rise to much discussion among experts, but whatever the final outcome may be, his scholarly dissertation certainly claims the serious attention of all students of the great Italian masters whose works are discussed with so much insight. The annotated bibliography and index are helpful additions to the treatise. ■ ■ ■

"Interior" Paintings. By PATRICK W. ADAM, R.S.A. With an introduction and biographical note by PATRICK J. FORD. (Glasgow: Maclehose, Jackson and Co.) £2 2s. net.—Mr. Patrick Adam's work as a painter of "interior" pictures was the subject of an article by Mr. Stodart Walker which appeared in these pages in 1913, and the high opinion which this discerning connoisseur expressed in regard to his compatriot's achievements in this specialized branch of pictorial art is confirmed and emphasized by the numerous examples presented in this handsome album. Mr. Adam's career as an artist dates from 1872, but until about ten years ago his practice had been mainly confined to portraiture. Since 1910 his attention has been focussed almost entirely upon "interiors," and in the intervening nine years the works of this type painted by him number close upon eighty, most of which have been exhibited. We have nothing but praise for the admirable quality of the twenty-nine reproductions, which with two portraits of the artist and a portrait group by Sir James Guthrie and Sir John Lavery respectively form the pictorial material of this volume. A dozen of them are in colour, and the rest are photogravures; the former show the artist to possess a marked feeling for colour, while in all there is evidence of that play of light which is a dominating characteristic of his interiors. ■ ■ ■

Batiks, and How to Make Them. By PIETER MIJER. (London: B. T. Batsford.) 10s. 6d. net.—As very few people in Europe or America know what batik is,

although they may have heard of it, we give the opening sentence of a description quoted by the author as given by a native of Java, where the art has been practised for centuries on a large scale. "Batik is the art of dyeing fabric in one piece in different dyes consecutively, through the combination of which the pattern of the design is produced." It has been known in Holland for more than 250 years, but has not been employed there to any considerable extent until recent years; and elsewhere in the West it is in Germany that this kind of work has found most favour. As shown by the examples illustrated in this handbook, designs of a complex character can be produced by the process, which, however, requires, besides a capacity for design, much care and patience. Mr. Mijer's book explains clearly the methods pursued in Java and in Europe, and as it is, we believe, the first treatise on the subject in English, it will be acceptable to novices as well as useful to those who already know something about batik. ■ ■ ■

Japanese Names and How to Read Them. By ALBERT J. KOOP, B.A., and HOGITARÔ IRADA of Kioto. (London: Eastern Press.) In three parts, £3 3s., Part I.—The scope of this work is sufficiently indicated by the supplementary description on the title-page: "A concise and comprehensive guide to the reading and interpretation of Japanese proper names, both geographical and personal, as well as of dates and other formal expressions." Intended expressly as a manual for art collectors and students, it fulfils admirably the purpose thus defined, and will be especially useful to the student of the Japanese language, who will find here much material which the ordinary text books do not provide. The work does not deal with the Japanese cursive script, but the student who is courageous enough to tackle this far more intricate field of study will find an admirable guide in Col. F. S. G. Pigott's work, *The Elements of Soshô*, recently published in the Far East by Messrs. Kelly and Walsh of Yokohama, and in London by Crosby Lockwood and Son, in which are reproduced 1800 characters written by Mr. N. Seikuro, formerly writing master to the present Emperor of Japan, and one of the greatest living exponents of brushmanship. ■ ■

THE GLEN-COATS COLLECTION

ON the second of this month there was sold at Messrs. Christie's a collection of pictures from the London residence of Sir Thomas Glen-Coats, Bart. These pictures included some portraits of the Early English School and an interesting series of modern French and Dutch paintings. If somewhat restricted as regards numbers, the quality of many of the works was such as to give distinction to the collection and to reveal the sound judgment of the owner. Of the portraits the most important, as well as the most arresting, was Raeburn's *Sarah, second wife of General Norman McLeod of McLeod*, and daughter of N. Stackhouse, of Bombay (p. 165). This canvas possesses charm and beauty, and well displays the great Scottish painter's keen perception of feminine grace and character and his admirable technique. The modelling of the features and general brushwork may lack the precise square touch of some of his later portraits, but he has expressed, with keen and comprehensive vision and masterly reticence, the quiet beauty and dignity of his sitter. This delightful example of Raeburn's art was at one time in the collection at Dun-

vegan Castle, and was exhibited at the French Gallery, London, in 1911. ▀

Included in the five works ascribed to Reynolds were three portraits of Miss Theophila Palmer (afterwards Mrs. Gwatkin), second daughter of John Palmer, of Torrington. Romney's portrait of Miss Frances Elizabeth Sage, the only daughter of Isaac Sage, was painted for her uncle, Dr. Whalley, of Mendip Lodge, Somerset, and remained in the family until nearly the end of the nineteenth century. Mention should also be made of Hoppner's portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Augustus Phipps, in a brown dress, with gauze scarf. She was the eldest daughter of Peter Thellusson, of Brodsworth Hall, Yorkshire, and married the Hon. Augustus Phipps, the younger son of the first Baron Mulgrave, in 1792. She died in 1834. This portrait was exhibited at Burlington House in 1912. ▀

Two well-known works by Wilkie, *The Cottar's Saturday Night* and *The Bride at her Toilet on the Day of her Wedding*, showed the Scottish painter's competent draughtsmanship, happy sense of composition, and skill in the portrayal of the life and character of his country. Amongst the remaining works by British artists was a drawing by Fred Walker of his famous



"THE RIVER." BY
C. F. DAUBIGNY



"THE EDGE OF THE WOOD"
BY J. B. C. COROT

Harbour of Refuge. This version, measuring 21½ inches by 35½ inches, was, until 1908, in the collection of Mr. R. E. Tatham. Amongst the most notable works in the collection were the two landscapes by Corot, *The Edge of the Wood* and *The River Meadows*. The former, which is shown on this page, is a fine example of the most alluring phase of Corot's art, and illustrates those qualities which give to his work its particular charm—poetry, rhythm, tranquillity, harmonious colouring, and soft gradation of tones. *The River Meadows* (reproduced in colour in "The Landscapes of Corot") is more broadly handled and more characteristic in composition and general treatment, while its varied and beautiful tones form a delightful symphony of colour. There is, too, a freshness and

spontaneity about this canvas which will appeal to those who have a real love of nature. Somewhat similar in composition is the small panel by Diaz called *The Fisherman*, but it is darker in tone and lacks the delightful colour harmonies of the two landscapes by Corot just mentioned. At the same time it is an attractive canvas, as will be seen by the reproduction on page 166. Daubigny was represented by a rather unusual composition called *The River* (p. 163). It is undoubtedly a direct transcript from nature, and as an example of the artist's skill in the rendering of atmospheric effects it is interesting. In looking at this work it is easy to understand the influence of Daubigny on many of the present-day landscapists, both English and French. A rocky landscape by



PORTRAIT OF MRS. McLEOD
BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R.A.

THE GLEN-COATS COLLECTION

Troyon, called *The Fisherman*, was also included among the Barbizon pictures. Reference should be made here to a canvas by Georges Michel, *The Wood-Gatherer*, for this artist was one of the forerunners of modern French landscape painting and among the first to break away from classicism and seek inspiration from nature. *The Wood-Gatherer* was formerly in the Staats Forbes collection. By Harpignies, the last survivor of the Barbizon group, who died in 1916, were two admirable landscapes, both of which are reproduced here (p.167). *La Vallée*, a large composition, more broadly treated than some of the artist's more characteristic works, reveals his power to express in his pictures the spirit of nature. Equally impressive is the evening scene, *The Bridge of St. Pierre*, with its simple stone bridge and trees reflected in the tranquil waters. ▀ ▀

Four works by that master of colour, Monticelli, were included amongst the French pictures, two of which are shown here (pp.168-9). It is, of course, impossible to suggest in monotone the wonderful

chords of colour which the artist strikes in these weird and gorgeous compositions. The figures are suggested rather than drawn, for Monticelli paid little attention to draughtsmanship; but they fall naturally into the pattern and give some indication of the theme which has inspired the artist.

For subtle beauty no picture in the collection surpassed the small canvas, *The Young Cook*, by Matthew Maris, in which is seen a young girl, in pink bodice and white apron, holding in her hand a saucepan and gazing dreamily before her. This simple motive the artist has interpreted in the spirit of the poet, and he has informed the scene with a beauty which is irresistible in its appeal. Refinement of vision, delightful colour harmony, original technique one expects to find in the work of Matthew Maris. All these qualities are wonderfully displayed in this small masterpiece. Amongst the drawings was another example of the art of Matthew Maris, *The Enchanted Wood*, one of those ethereal and mysterious compositions in which he gave expression to his imagination. ▀



"THE FISHERMAN"
BY N. DIAZ



"LA VALLÉE." BY
H. HARPIGNIES

In the rendering of a vaporous atmosphere and a stormy sky James Maris had no equal since Constable. For proof of this statement we have only to look at the view of *Dor-*

drecht (p. 170), painted in the artist's broadest and most virile style. The arrangements for this sale were carried out by Mr. D. Croal Thomson, of Barbizon House. *a*



"THE BRIDGE OF ST. PIERRE"
BY H. HARPIGNIES



"IN THE WOODS." BY
A. T. J. MONTICELLI



"UNDER THE TREES"
BY A. T. J. MONTICELLI



"DORDRECHT." BY
JAMES MARIS

MINIATURES IN THE PIERPONT MORGAN COLLECTION. VII: PRINCE RUPERT'S PORTRAIT*

IT cannot be stated in so many definite words that the miniature we present to our readers this month is actually a portrait of the celebrated prince whose name it bears. There is, however, considerable evidence in favour of such an assumption, and it shows a marked and striking resemblance to the accepted portraits of the eminent virtuoso, artist, warrior, and traveller.

Moreover, its history when the late Mr. Morgan acquired it was an interesting one. It came from some remote descendants of the Killigrew family, from which sprang the wit and dramatist, Thomas Killigrew, and the story was that it was a gift made to him by Prince Rupert himself in Drury Lane Theatre, on the occasion of the presentation, with great success, of one of Killigrew's plays at which Rupert was present. We always hesitate to reject a tradition entirely. It is generally founded on some detached fact, and it is borne out

in this case by the likeness and general character of the portrait and the well-known generosity of the prince. Be all this as it may, we have here a very fine portrait, probably by Samuel Cooper himself, certainly worthy of him, and if not his actual work, by some great painter of his period.

Of Prince Rupert we need say but little, his character is so well known. The third son of the Elector Frederick by his wife, our own English princess, so popular that she was styled The Queen of Hearts; he was born shortly after his ill-fated father had been proclaimed King of Bohemia. His portrait as a boy appears in the famous bracelet belonging to the German Emperor which at one time contained portraits of all the family by Alexander Cooper, brother of Samuel. His dates were 1619-1682, his renown that of a chemist, the inventor of "Prince Rupert's drops" and other curiosities; an engraver, the first important one to use the new art of mezzotinting and to improve and render it all-powerful in his hands; a collector; lover of the stage, and one who was popular with every person whom he met. He was also a sailor and vice-admiral, and he lies in Westminster Abbey. Hewas never married,

* The previous articles in this series appeared in our issues of November and December 1914, October 1915, July 1916, July 1917, and August 1918.



PORTRAIT, SUPPOSED TO BE
OF PRINCE RUPERT BY
SAMUEL COOPER. FROM THE
MINIATURE IN THE TIERPONT
MORGAN COLLECTION.

JACOB EPSTEIN: ARTIST-PHILOSOPHER

but his mistress, Margaret Hughes, was a player in one of Killigrew's companies, and a favourite of that caustic old wit. ▢ ▢ ▢ ▢ ▢ ▢ ▢

Then of Killigrew, what shall be said? Will it not be remembered that he threatened his King that he would go to hell and fetch back Oliver Cromwell as he knew a king who could *not* rule his people, and was not rebuked for his impertinent candour! Was it not he also who in flippant mood declared that Louis XIV and the Pope were the two Thieves between whom Our Lord was crucified, but whose names he had not hitherto known? ▢ ▢ ▢ ▢ ▢ ▢ ▢

The son of Sir Robert Killigrew, he began life as page to Charles I, and finished it as Groom of the Chambers to his successor, and Chamberlain to the Queen. He was born in 1612, he married twice and died in 1683, and if here we have a treasure he once owned and the portrait of a prince he loved to serve, we have in it a relic of two noble men, eminent in their countries' history and art, and if, furthermore, we couple them by the addition of Samuel Cooper's name, the miniature can boast of no common interest, and is a treasure of unusually high value and of interest quite exceptional and noteworthy.

G. C. WILLIAMSON

JACOB EPSTEIN: ARTIST-PHILOSOPHER. BY JOHN COURNOS. ▢

I HAVE deliberately chosen the above title for the following consideration of Epstein's art. After a long and persistent struggle, there are but few left to detract from the artist's craftsmanship; his busts are now almost universally proclaimed to be masterpieces of the first quality, rare in any age. To judge, however, from the storm of hostility which his symbolic figure, *The Christ*, has aroused in critical and lay circles, it is clear that artistic history repeats itself, and that, like Rodin before him, Epstein must fight his artist's battle all over again. It will be remembered how, at the beginning of his career, the French sculptor was under the necessity of proving to his detractors that he was, in

every sense of the word, the creator of the figure, *The Age of Bronze*; while, later in his career, his symbolic figure of *Balzac* aroused hardly less protest than now Epstein's *Christ*. Now, as then, violent objection is raised against the artist's conception of his character; while conceding to the artist his art, the critics question his right to philosophize, to re-create a historical character after his own way of thinking, and in a mould not commonly accepted. This particular aspect of the



"THE CHRIST," BY
JACOB EPSTEIN

JACOB EPSTEIN: ARTIST-PHILOSOPHER

problem were, perhaps, a fitter subject for the pen of some discerning student of hard psychology; nevertheless, I am often left to wonder how far the general public, through its susceptibility to suggestion, is cajoled and hypnotized by the newspaper critics into believing a work of art to be good or bad, either in conception or execution; and how the same public would regard a given work of art, if left to itself, without the mediation of the critic. I am inclined to think that this *Christ* of Epstein's would benefit in the public's eyes, if the critics were not there to obscure the figure. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

With the same deliberation, therefore, that I have chosen the title, I venture to make the assertion that the author of the *Christ* figure is not only the greatest artist of our age, but that no artist is so integrally representative of our age. Every great artist is, of necessity, a philosopher, in the sense that he is a lover of knowledge, and strives to express this knowledge in forms compatible with his art. In Dostoevsky's sense—"I philosophize like a poet"—Epstein is, surely, a philosopher. An examination of the conditions in which such a work as the *Christ* may have been created will either bear out the assertion that Epstein is a sculptor-philosopher, or that he is neither one nor the other; for there can be no more foolish assumption than that a man has produced a great piece of sculpture without realizing his own spiritual, poetic—or if you like, philosophic—conception of his subject. Goethe's dictum that a great artist is ruled by his limitations still holds good. A sincere artist chooses a subject suited to his technique; and he suits his technique to his subject. It is erroneous to suppose—and it is too late in the day to formulate such a supposition—that a plastic artist is necessarily limited by a purely visual imagination; if he have thoughts, if he have emotions, whether they be the result of actual or of intellectual experience, or of both, they will surely become a part of the texture of his art, and inevitably merge in and become one with his final expression. Great art is always combination; it is a series of relations; and in so far as the interrelation is successfully effected, to that extent is the work a perfect artistic unity.

Only when one quantity of the many predominates or ousts the others does the work become an artistic failure. Therefore, in any consideration of the *Christ*, among the factors which may be considered are the following:

The subject: Christ.

The subject's time: after Golgotha.

The artist: Jacob Epstein.

The artist's time: After the Great War.

Here are four leading factors, by no means all, which require looking into, first of all separately; then, whether the finished work of art embodies them in a harmonious unit. Criticism demands of a work of this kind, character, truth, traditional values; and although it asks for a faithful interpretation which will satisfy the historical sense, it also wants this interpretation to synchronize with our own time. Again, while it must be satisfied that the subject is Christ, it will not remain content with that, but desires that this work shall be expressed through the personal temperament of the artist. A careful study of these factors should convince any one that an artistic conception of a his-



"LILLIAN SHELLEY"
BY JACOB EPSTEIN



"MRS. JACOB EPSTEIN"
BY JACOB EPSTEIN

torical character like Christ is not the simple matter that some people suppose it to be, and that an honest artist who undertakes the achievement, unless he imitate other men's work, must have some philosophical basis of his own upon which to build his work. ■ ■ ■

The artist, it is to be supposed, begins his work by going to the Gospels. Let us assume that he had been reading the Gospels for years, long before he had contemplated making his statue; that the idea, taking seed, grew up slowly, gradually, both consciously and subconsciously; that in the course of many years it had been augmented and intensified by current historic events and personal emotional and intellectual experiences; for a great artist is an intensely sensitive instrument, which, automatically, in a manner almost clairvoyant, takes cognizance of things denied to ordinary men, and gathers to itself, as from the very air, everything that may be of use to the artist; in short, an artist wastes nothing, and everything that he has

seen, heard and felt enters directly or indirectly into his work, and helps to make the final conception and its treatment. ■

First of all, then, Epstein has gone to the Gospels. That is to say, he has gone to the source of his theme; and those who quarrel with him can do so only on the ground that he has gone to tradition where it began and not where it ended. To be in the tradition does not necessarily mean that the artist must borrow his conception from another artist, or get his inspiration at tenth-hand. But to take one's inspiration at the source is to be traditional in the best sense of the word. Now, if you go to the Gospels to learn about Christ and compare the astonishingly virile figure of the Book with the latter-day effeminate confections which pass as portraits of Christ, you begin to see that the discrepancy between them is as immense as the time that separates us from the original figure. To put all dogma and generalization aside, however, let us consider all the objections raised against the Epstein *Christ*,

JACOB EPSTEIN: ARTIST-PHILOSOPHER

one by one, and see how far any of them is justified.

In the first place, it has been complained that the Christ is Semitic! Such complainants, of course, haven't a leg to stand on. Christ, of the seed of David, was certainly a Jew.

Again, a great number of critics object to this Christ for not being perfect of feature. But in spite of Renan's vision of Christ as "the most beautiful Incarnation of God in the most beautiful of human forms," there is actually nothing in the Gospels either to confirm or refute this assumption. Working on the principle of "a healthy mind in a healthy body," Renan has simply assumed that such beautiful words as Christ's must needs come from an equally beautiful body. In actual practice, this is, of course, not so. Unfortunately for the health argument, too many of our geniuses have been neurotics. And the beauty argument is built upon no more sound foundation. If there were any truth in such logic, we should gather from a reading of Abraham Lincoln's speeches that he was at least a handsome, if not a beautiful man; whereas we know from his portraits and descriptions of him that his figure was gawky and ungainly, and that his face was what most people would regard as ugly.

The combination of perfect beauty and characteristics such as goodness, or intellect, is of course possible but extremely rare. Indeed, perfect beauty is almost invariably associated with cruelty, as an examination of all the well-known Apollos will show. Again, we know that men's experience has taught them to associate cruelty rather than goodness with beauty as regards women. There is another kind of beauty, which is concerned not with perfect feature, but with character and all that the word implies; and it is that kind of beauty that Epstein has sought to give his Christ. For an expression of this beauty the sculptor has had ample material in the Gospels. This question is not at all a simple one; to some degree the Christ features are dependent upon the age; Michelangelo in a pagan age has created a pagan Christ. With this aspect of the problem, the matter of time, I shall deal further.

Other strictures of Epstein's Christ have been that He is "intellectual" instead of good (as if Christ were an ordinary mortal and carried His goodness on His sleeve!); that he is scornful (this for one who spoke of casting pearls before swine!); that he is a Bolshevik (it is certain that the money-changers and Caiaphas regarded him as such, in the sense that he was a rebel against the established order!). It is something of a tribute to the sculptor's genius that his statue has aroused antagonisms of a nature akin to those aroused by the original figure. After all, if Christ's goodness was so palpable to all men, the



BUST OF A LADY
BY JACOB EPSTEIN

question remains: Why did men crucify Him? ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

The real crux of the matter is this: Epstein has tried to produce a real, human, god-like, above all a plausible Christ, a Christ capable of being crucified and of crying on the cross his great cry of despair, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"—while the Christ who has grown up in the hearts of man, behind multiple veils of time, is Christ, literally the Son of God, and as invulnerable in his divine attributes as God Himself. Such a Christ could never have been crucified. But the virtue of Epstein's Christ is precisely that he could be crucified. ▯ ▯

Now we come to what is perhaps the most interesting aspect of the problem, the unities of time:

After Golgotha.

After the Great War.

The problem: the establishment of a living connexion. The sculptor's creation of an eternal Christ, a Christ eternally susceptible to crucifixion. ▯ ▯ ▯

The night at Golgotha. Imagine that terrible night. Christ on the cross, between two thieves. Christ, in pain, looking down on that sea of faces, distorted with malicious joy, seeming more like gargoyles than men. Then three days in the entombment, three days of profoundest mystery. Then His final appearance before His disciples, and His words to doubting Thomas: "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed"; the moment with the whole past behind it; it was evidently just this moment that Epstein has chosen for a portrayal of his Christ. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

Then turn to the present, the devastation of Europe, Golgotha on an immense scale, the crucifixion of civilization, the crucifixion of Christianity itself. Imagine a Christ arising out of the entombment of a shell-torn earth; His profound reproach, His fierce anger, touched with scorn at the sight of what had been wrought by men professing a belief in Him; were they not also doubting Thomases of a sort? ▯

All this the sculptor has put into his statue, which is a work, surely, of its time; the first work of art which shows the more significant effects of the passion drama lately enacted in the once fertile valleys of



"MLLE GABRIELLE SOENE"
BY JACOB EPSTEIN

Europe; but for the war, I hardly think this Christ could have come into being. ▯

The statue has, surely, had one good effect. It has set us speculating about Christ, and the precise essence of the Christ-nature. On the principle that even "the devil can quote scripture," some persons are sure to maintain that the author of this Christ is Antichrist; but unhappily for these, there will always be other stubborn persons to maintain equally, and with some logic, that there can never be any certainty as to which among those quoting the Scriptures is the devil and which the angel. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

It is always a thankless task to discuss the personality of a living artist; yet one point is worthy of mention in connexion with the statue—though I run the risk of annoying some persons. Epstein, like many an artist of great original genius, has

JACOB EPSTEIN: ARTIST-PHILOSOPHER

been subjected to persecution. He has been the subject of attacks ever since his statues first went up on the building of the British Medical Association in the Strand. Rodin, before him, had been subjected to similar attacks. One knew, and the other knows, what it means to want to give great gifts, greater than men are willing to receive; and to have these questioned, and even rejected. This, perhaps, enables a great artist, to some degree, to enter the psychology of the most supreme of all artists, of Him who was the greatest of all rejected. ▢ ▢ ▢ ▢ ▢ ▢

All these factors, then, enter into the conception of Epstein's *Christ*. ▢ ▢ ▢

On the technical side, we find this austere theme happily wedded to an equally austere handling. The figure is built up like a pillar. Almost rigidly perpendicular, monolithic, the thing has significance as a shape, and is monumental in a sense that Rodin's work is not; you

can view the statue by itself, but you can equally imagine it as falling into the structure, and forming an integral part, of a Gothic cathedral. One can also see how all of the sculptor's previous achievements have served as a preparation for this. In no earlier work has he so successfully merged abstract qualities with a sense of reality, and reconciled, as it were, art with life. Some petty criticisms have been made of the largeness of the hands and feet; but it must be borne in mind that Christ was a carpenter by trade, and that the motor-car had not yet been invented. A prophet walked the hills and valleys and crude roads of Judea on his feet, and was glad if at the journey's end he was rewarded by having his feet anointed with oil. ▢ ▢

In spite of being portraits of real people, which, if one knows the originals, one cannot fail to recognize as precise likenesses, the sculptor's busts have a measure of abstractness hardly less marked than the figure of *The Christ*. And this abstractness, both in the decorative and the monumental sense, is the measure of the sculptor's genius. The wonder of it is that far from robbing the heads of their character, these qualities are actually used to emphasize it. Consider the head of *Gabrielle Soene* in the recent exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. There is no shirking here of the petty details of the sitter's anatomy. Every slight angle or curve, every slight contour of flesh and bone, every suggestion of a living tremor, is expressed on the subtly throbbing surfaces; the extremely sensitive character of the sitter is also apparent; and yet with all this, the portrait is an "arrangement," if you can use the word with regard to sculpture; the hair, the folds of the thin, clinging garment, the poise of the whole thing, are all merged in a very simple, austere decorative integrity. The same dignified beauty is apparent whether you look at the challenging head of Betty May, the eloquently poised *Lillian Shelley*, the exquisite feminine grace of "*Meum*" with the fan, the characterfulness of *An American Soldier*. But the secret which makes the greatness of these busts is the same as of the *Christ* figure, and that is that Life and Art are reconciled, and are one. And in this sense, these works are eternal. ▢



"HÉLÈNE." BY
JACOB EPSTEIN



"GLYN PHILPOT, ESQ., A.R.A."
BY OSWALD BIRLEY

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION, 1920—SOME FURTHER ILLUSTRATIONS. ♦ ♦ ♦

TO the series of illustrations given in our last number of works exhibited in the current Summer Exhibition at Burlington House, we now add a few further reproductions of works to which reference was made in our review of the display. There are several more which we are unable to include now as they were not photographed before being sent to the exhibition, and cannot, therefore, appear until a later date. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

We should mention with regard to Mr.

Cawthra's memorial included among the present illustrations, that only the figure of the angel is on view at the Academy. ♦

Under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest, the Council of the Royal Academy, in their capacity as trustees of the fund, have purchased the painting by Mr. A. J. Munnings, A.R.A., entitled *Epsom Downs : City and Suburban Day*, and one by Mr. Mark Fisher, R.A., called *Milking Time*. The former is in the current exhibition (Gallery No. 1), and was reproduced in our last issue; the latter is not one of Mr. Fisher's contributions to the exhibition, but it has since been placed on view in the vestibule. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦



"ORATIO OBLIQUA"
BY WALTER BAYES

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Walter Bayes Ltd.



"PANTALOON." BY
W. E. WEBSTER



"THE CHILDHOOD OF BACCHUS"
BY CHARLES SHANNON, A.R.A.
Copyright in the U.S.A. reserved for the artist by Walter Judd Ltd.



"PEACE" MEMORIAL FOR PRIMITIVE
METHODIST CHAPEL, SHIPLEY
BY HERMON CAWTHRA, A.R.C.A.



"JUNE IN JAPAN"
BY TAKÉ SATO
(In the possession of
George Murrell, Esq.)

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—As our frontispiece this month we give a reproduction of a delightful landscape by Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton, who was recently elected a Royal Academician after holding the rank of Associate since 1913. The new Academician, though still only in middle life—he was born in 1870—has gained an assured place among the first landscape painters of our day, and on both sides of the English Channel he is highly appreciated as an artist of deep poetic feeling and an upholder of the best traditions of the painter's craft.

The water-colours of Mr. Také Sato, which we reproduce here, are from a recent exhibition at the Burlington Gallery in Green Street, Leicester Square, which was started a year or two ago for the purpose of affording opportunities, to young artists more particularly, of showing their work

to the public. Mr. Také Sato is a native of the Shinano province of Japan, a highland region noted for its beautiful scenery. He began to study art according to native traditions early in his teens, but afterwards came in contact with an art teacher who had visited Europe and taught the Western style. Later, he studied at the Japanese Water-Colour Institute, Tokyo, and in 1914 he settled in England, pursuing his studies at the Chelsea Polytechnic School of Art. He has exhibited at the Royal Institute, the International, and other shows. He works only in water-colour; for though he has experimented with the oil medium, he has never been able to adapt himself to it, and has given it up in favour of the more fluent medium. As is almost universally the case with the artists of the Far East, the memory plays an important part in his work. The picture of North Devon cottages, for instance, was not painted direct from a given stretch of country, but conveys a memorized im-



COTTAGES IN NORTH DEVON. FROM
A WATER-COLOUR BY LAKE-SIDE
ON COLLECTION OF THE ARTS AND CRAFTS SOCIETY



"MISAKI HARBOUR, JAPAN"
BY TAKÉ SATO
(In the possession of Miss Howell)

pression of a locality visited by the artist who has, however, made no attempt to reproduce literally the topographical features of the place. This North Devon picture is characteristic of the artist's work in this country, the charm of which is in no small measure due to the oriental accent which unmistakably asserts itself in it. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Mr. John Copley and his talented wife, known in the art world as Miss Ethel Gabain, are showing a collection of their recent lithographs at the gallery of Messrs. Colnaghi and Co., New Bond Street, and from this collection we reproduce on pages 189 and 190 an example of the work of each on the stone. Both artists are among the most ardent exponents of lithography as a medium of original expression, and to both is due in no small degree the prestige which this art has regained, after falling a prey to commercialism. They are both firm believers in the superiority of the stone, as compared with work done on transfer paper or zinc, and to neither of

them do the technicalities of the medium present any difficulties. To their methods reference is made by Mr. Salaman in our recent Special Number on "Modern Woodcuts and Lithographs." ♦ ♦

The petit-point panel reproduced on page 191 is from an extraordinarily interesting collection of needlework, mostly of the Stuart period, shown recently at the establishment of Messrs. Sidney Hand, Ltd., in Grafton Street, the collection comprising not only panels like this example, but caskets, mirror frames, and other objects elaborately decorated with needlework compositions, some of them being remarkable for the wonderful diversity of technique employed in making them, including besides all manner of stitch, some very intricate beadwork, and also examples of "stump" work. That all these specimens of needlecraft have been cherished as treasures by those who have owned them throughout the intervening generations was evident from their state of preservation, most of them



"IN UVENO PARK, TOKYO"
BY TAKÉ SATO
(In possession of G. Murrell, Esq.)

being, save for a little fading of colour, practically as perfect as when fabricated. The favourite subjects of most of these essays in pictorial needlework—executed no doubt by ladies of gentle birth, for in those days women of all ranks gloried in achievements of the needle—were biblical incidents, and in the case of royalist partisans, King Charles I, his queen and family; of these Stuart pictures there was more than one example in the Grafton Street collection. Quaint incidents, such as that portrayed in the panel illustrated, must have been comparatively rare, for the custom of the period did not allow a maiden much latitude in the choice of a husband. Evidently this one had a mind of her own, for the two suitors on the right have failed to find favour in her eyes, and have retired discomfited. "Alase I canot," says the one in Scotch attire; "Not love but dolor," laments the other wooer, with his head resting on his hand. Of the two who are approaching the judgment seat the first appears to be confident

of success, for the legend relative to him says, "I hope well," while the other equally confident but more cautious, says, "Ile wait the time," and if this very delightful example of needlecraft represents a real love-story, as possibly it does, we may hazard the conjecture that this last of the four competitors was the winner.

With Mr. R. Anning Bell, A.R.A., as its President, the English Book-plate Society has been formed to promote the art of the book-plate by various means, such as publication of examples, exhibitions, co-operation with foreign societies, issue of exchange lists, etc. Membership is open to designers, engravers, collectors, and all interested in the subject, and the annual subscription is 10s. 6d. which includes all the publications of the Society. Messrs. Granville Fell, James Guthrie, Harold Nelson, Percy J. Smith, and H. J. Stock constitute the advisory committee, and Mr. Stuart Guthrie is the honorary secretary, to whom applications for membership should be sent, addressed



"THE LINEN CUPBOARD"
ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH
BY ETHEL GABAIN
(Colnaghi & Co.)



"SEWING." ORIGINAL LITHO-
GRAPH BY JOHN COPLEY
(Colnaghi & Co.)



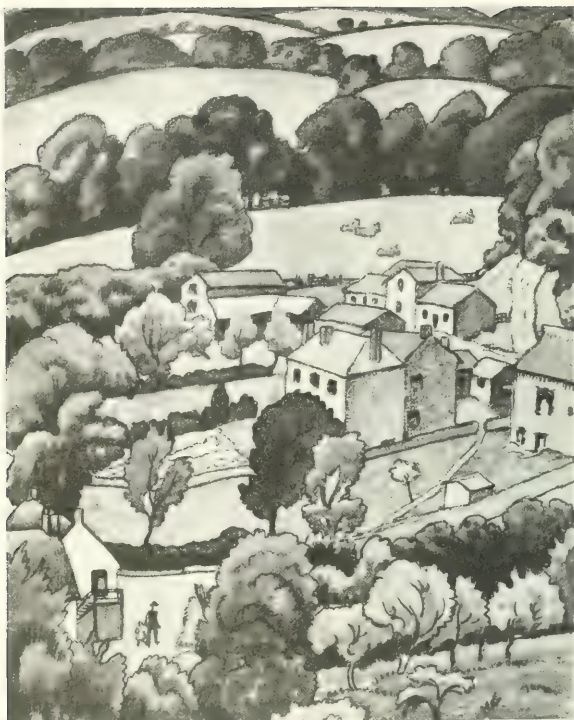
PETIT-POINT NEEDLEWORK PANEL
OF THE TIME OF CHARLES I
(Sidney Hand Ltd.)—see p. 137.

to Flansham, Bognor, Sussex. It is curious that England should have been so long without a society of this kind, while most foreign countries have had such organizations, and considering the number of designers and collectors of book-plates here, the new Society should have no difficulty in securing adequate support. ▯

The Society of Graphic Art is another new body which has recently come into existence, and bids fair to play an important part in the progress of art in this country. Mr. Frank Brangwyn, R.A., has, with Mr. Frank L. Emanuel, the Honorary Secretary, taken an active part in its promotion, and the President of the Royal Academy and several R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s have given their countenance to the Society, while the list of original members contains the names of prominent representatives of original etching, lithography, wood engraving, book illustration, and kindred arts. Pending the election of a President and executive at a general meeting, Mr. A. J. Finberg has been acting as Chairman of the Provisional Committee, and after the formal launching of the

Society at this meeting, arrangements will be made for an inaugural exhibition, which, owing to scarcity of accommodation, may not take place till early next year. ▯

The Decorative Art Group, now holding an exhibition at the Dorian Leigh Gallery in Bruton Street, has expanded very much since it made its début at the Modern Gallery four years ago, when it counted but nine members, while now the number exceeds a hundred. Those who have joined the group include Mr. George Sheringham, Mr. Walter Bayes, Miss Jessie Bayes, Mr. Ernest Cole, Mr. Leonard Richmond, Mr. Blamire Young, Capt. Robert Gibbins, Mr. Reginald Higgins, and other British artists whose names are more or less familiar to the public, as well as a number of foreign artists whose co-operation gives an international aspect to the group. The aims of the group are set forth in a statement which prefaced the catalogue of the first exhibition. Practically banishing from their schemes "that third dimension, the illusion of which is created by the use of shadows," these artists, in their



"IN THE COUNTRY"
BY ETHELBERT WHITE
(DECORATIVE ART GROUP)

paintings and appliqué hangings, posters, and stencilled designs, "restrict themselves more or less to two-dimensional design," and recognizing the supreme importance of rhythmic colour and line in decoration, they hold that "these decorative qualities are at variance with any attempt to create an illusion of actuality." This declaration of principles continues to hold good, not excluding the "more or less" in relation to design of two dimensions, for not all the members of the group are averse to the use of shadows, though they may use them for a different purpose than that of creating an illusion of actuality. We include with our

illustrations two of the paintings contributed to this exhibition by Mr. Reginald Higgins and Mr. Ethelbert White respectively. The display comprises, in addition to numerous pictures, an interesting assortment of designs for textiles, posters, etc., and some pottery. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The British Institute of Industrial Art was inaugurated rather more than a year ago at the instance of two Government departments—the Boards of Trade and Education—and in its scheme of operations, of which an account was given in these pages at the time, a prominent place was given to the holding of a permanent exhibition of work by individual craftsmen



"THE RIBBON COUNTER"
BY REGINALD HIGGINS
(DECORATIVE ART GROUP)

and the productions of wholesale manufacturers. This part of the Institute's programme has reached the stage of fulfilment in an exhibition now being held at the commodious building forming the head-quarters of the Institute at Knightsbridge, opposite the Guards' barracks, and as a beginning it is certainly deserving of commendation. We hope to refer more fully to it in our next issue, and to illustrate a few of the things shown. ❖ ❖

PRAGUE.—Though the third centenary of Shakespeare's death came at a time when Europe was in the throes of a gigantic struggle, the occasion did not

pass unheeded even here among the Czechs, where the great poet-dramatist's genius has many earnest students and worshippers. Among these is the painter-etcher, Jan Konecny, who seized the occasion to render homage to this unique figure in the world's literature by a cycle or set of sixteen large plates (published by Mr. Dyk of Prague), in which he has essayed an interpretation of certain episodes in the tragedy of Hamlet. One of these is here reproduced—one in which the artist has chosen for his subject the meeting of Hamlet and his father's ghost. In this, as in the other plates of the series—and also in the set he has done of Macbeth—the



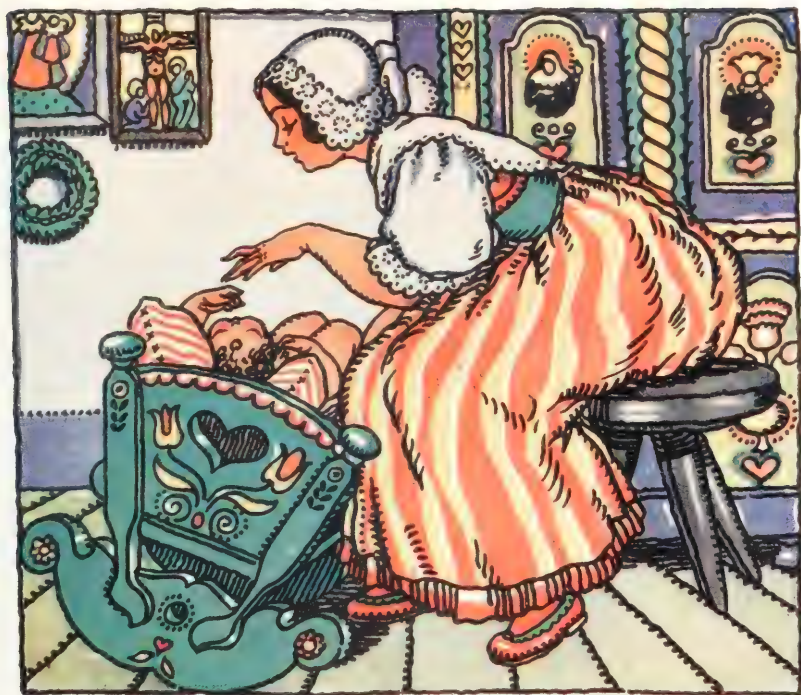
"HAMLET AND HIS FATHER'S GHOST." ONE OF A SET OF ETCHINGS BY JAN KONEČEK (By courtesy of M. Děk, publisher of the set)

artist has endeavoured to express his own impressions and emotions after studying the plays, rather than to reproduce the traditional stage interpretations, and so thoroughly indeed has he interwoven his own soul in the work that the result is a Czech Hamlet. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Maria Fischerová Kvěchová is an illustrator of books and designer of toys which enjoy much popularity among Czech children. The illustration reproduced opposite is from a book of rhymes published during the war by Kočí, for which she made a large number of drawings in colour in the style of the two reproduced.

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"Našim dětem" (For our Children) it is called, and it is very attractive, from a decorative point of view. The artist has also designed a number of Easter greeting cards and picture postcards, referring mostly to national customs and folk lore, and has illustrated the national anthem, "Kde domov můj" (Where is my Home); and she has also been very successful with the paper dolls she has designed, in which she has made very clever use of the national dress of the Czechs. They are produced at small cost and are entirely different from the soulless rubbish imported from abroad, with which our toyshops have been packed.



THE
STUDIO



ILLUSTRATION TO A LULLABY
BY ALFISHEROVA KATYCHINA,
FROM NASHE DITMO TO BISHULICA
P. GOULIACHI

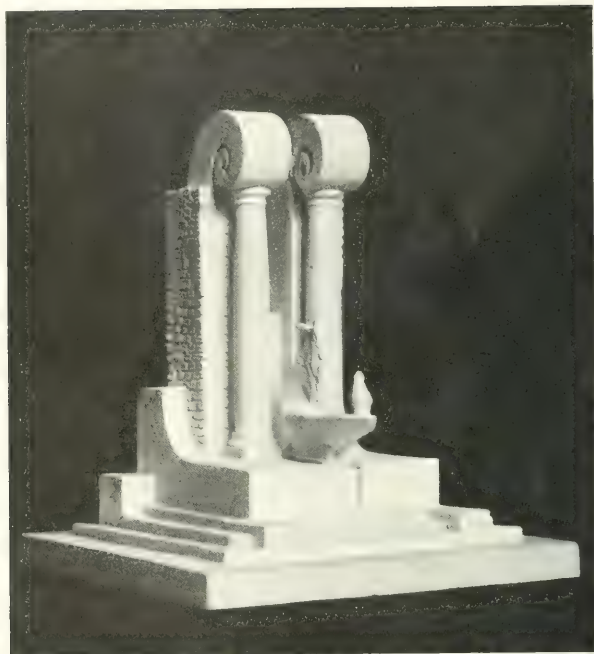


"THE BIRTH OF PSYCHE"
BY EINAR JONSSON

In these, as in all her work, a genuine sympathy with child life and an understanding of their point of view are evident.
B. P. CL.

COPENHAGEN.—The name of the sculptor Einar Jonsson is not unknown to readers of *THE STUDIO*, for on more than one occasion his work has been the subject of notices in its pages. Hence, in giving reproductions of some of his latest creations it is hardly necessary to reiterate that he is an Icelander with a very pronounced individuality which expresses

itself in works of a quite uncommon order. Gifted with a lively imagination and a virile sensibility, he gives heed only to his own inner promptings, regardless of the dogmas of this, that, or the other school. Though occasionally he essays the interpretation of some classical theme—as, for instance, the *Birth of Psyche* here reproduced, or the statue called *The Antique* illustrated in an earlier number of this magazine—the chief source of his inspiration is his own homeland with its rich treasury of legendary lore. Many works bear witness to his devotion to this rugged island, whose soli-



MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF
CANADIAN SOLDIERS OF ICELANDIC
DESCENT. BY EINAR JONSSON

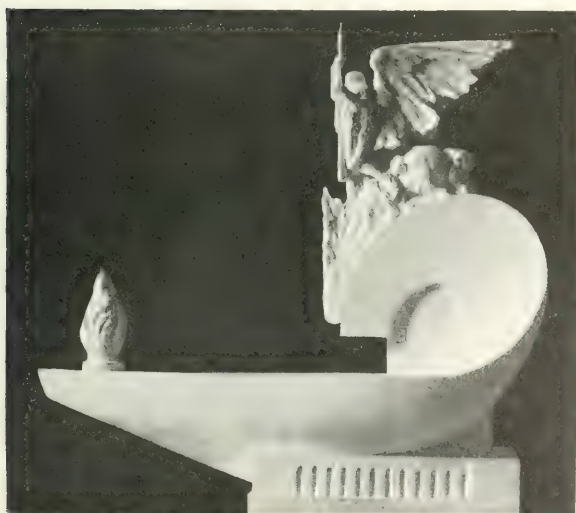
tary grandeur is aptly symbolized in the relief *The Hermit of the Atlantic*. The monument to Canadian soldiers of Icelandic descent who fell in the great war is interesting both as an example of the sculptor's individuality of conception and as a reminder that his native land, though neutral, indirectly shared in the struggle.

R. N.

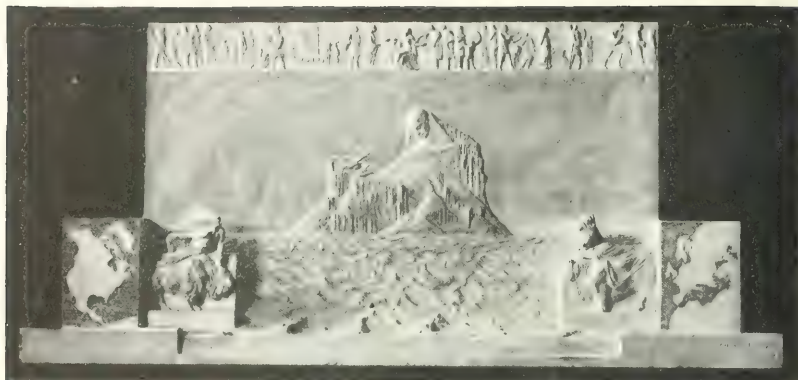
REVIEWS.

Outlines of Chinese Art. By JOHN CALVIN FERGUSON. (Chicago: University Press.) \$3 net.—This volume contains a reprint of six lectures delivered by the author at the Art Institute of Chicago in 1918 and treating of Chinese art products under the chief categories recognized by

native authorities: *chin shih*—work in metals, stone, or ceramics; and *shu hua*—calligraphy and painting. Mr. Ferguson has enjoyed unusual opportunities of studying Chinese art at first hand, and this fact gives weight to the interpretation which he here sets forth as the result of his extensive studies. In his introductory lecture he points out that in China art is the expression of culture: "There has been no thought of making manual dexterity the central principle," and he shows how closely associated artistic production has been with those ceremonial observances which have ever been the foundation and framework of Chinese culture. It is interesting to note the great esteem, and even veneration, in which jade, classed with bronze among the *chin shih*, has always been



"THE LAMP OF SACRIFICE" (DETAIL OF SOLDIERS' MONUMENT). BY EINAR JONSSON



"THE HERMIT OF THE ATLANTIC." BY EINAR JONSSON

held by the Chinese, and in particular the fact that the chief pleasure it yields them is derived from the sense of touch. The author is inclined to think that this artistic appreciation of a sensitive touch is peculiar to the Chinese race, but the love with which a connoisseur will fondle a rare piece of porcelain seems to us to show that this form of artistic feeling is not entirely new to "occidental consciousness." Curiously enough, though the products of Chinese ceramic art often fetch fabulous sums in the West, this art occupies the lowest rank among the chief categories noted above, and this inferiority is reflected in the relative scarcity of native literature on the subject, which, as the author points out, includes no book so comprehensive and informative as Hobson's "Chinese Pottery and Porcelain." On the other hand, calligraphy which with us is so little esteemed, is more highly honoured in China than any other art, and has had a more widespread influence. Mr. Ferguson's lectures dealing with it and with painting are well worth reading, and give a clear insight into the fundamental principles which have determined the evolution of Chinese art. Here, as throughout the book, the subject-matter is illustrated by numerous excellent reproductions. ▀

War Posters issued by Belligerent and

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Neutral Nations, 1914-1919. Selected and edited by Martin Hardie and Arthur K. Sabin. (London: A. and C. Black.) 25s. net.—Captain Hardie and his colleague at the Victoria and Albert Museum have exercised excellent judgment in the selection they have made from the myriads of posters called forth by the Great War for the purpose of illustrating this volume. The examples chosen number, it is true, only eighty, whereas the collection formed by the Imperial War Museum is said to exceed twenty thousand, but they strike us as being fairly typical of the best efforts made in those countries where the poster played a prominent part during the war. Of these eighty more than sixty represent, in about equal proportions, England and France on the one side, and Germany and Austria-Hungary on the other, and there is thus ample material for an instructive comparison. The series of reproductions is prefaced by an introduction in which the productions of the various countries are briefly appraised, and with the general tenour of this appraisal we are in complete agreement. ▀ ▀ ▀

The Special Number of *THE STUDIO* dealing with "The Norwich School" will be ready a few days after the publication of this issue. It will contain 80 plates, including several in colour. ▀ ▀ ▀

THE STUDIO

THE RECENT WORK OF ETTORE TITO. BY SELWYN BRINTON, M.A.

IN the earlier art of Professor Tito the public had come to recognize certain unique qualities. The fount of life was there, fresh and overflowing; for who but he could have painted that *Fish Market at Venice*, alive with the chaffering crowd,—the salt air of the lagoons and shrill Venetian voices invading the very canvas?

These qualities of quick and just observation, this intimate sympathy with popular life and power to transfer it to the canvas, have never left him; but what I have called a fount has become a stream, has widened, deepened its channel, formed

new affluents; it will be my endeavour in this notice to try to characterize these later developments, especially during the interval between the tenth international Exhibition of the City of Venice in 1912 and the present day. ■ ■ ■

First let us analyse very briefly the artist in his "ambiente" and antecedents; only in this way can we justly appreciate his position to-day at the very front of modern Italian art. Born at Castellamare di Stabia, at the age of eight Ettore Tito was already at Venice. His mother was Venetian, and Venice counts throughout for very much in his art and life; but, predating even Venice, I seem to detect always the influence of his birthplace in



PORTRAIT OF DR. CORRADO RICCI. BY ETTORE TITO



"SOLITUDE." BY
ETTORE TITO

the South, its fecundity, its exuberance, its love of colour and joy of life. ■ ■ ■

At thirteen he was in the Venice Academy of Fine Arts, and up to seventeen was studying under Molmenti. The anecdotal side of art was then in the mode; in the Venice Gallery of Modern Art we may study its expression by Favretto. But young Tito soon found his way out of this convention of taste into the reality and fascination of the actual life of the Venice around him; and in the *Pescheria Vecchia*, exhibited at Venice in 1887, and at once acquired for the Gallery of Modern Art in Rome, he made his definite claim to his individual place and message in the art of this new Italy. ■ ■ ■

Venice—as Goethe said of Leipzig—forms her own people; few artists can remain with her long without coming under the spell of which Fragiaco-

Miti-Zanetti, Beppe Ciardi, De Stefani, Cesare Laurenti, and Ettore Tito, each in his own way, are exponents. ■ ■ ■

Rafaello Barbiera, writing of Professor Tito's individual show in the Venice exhibition of 1912, said of his art, "His painting of the *Pescheria Vecchia*, dating from 1887, is one of those pages of popular life which belong to history. For therein is expressed the outdoor life, full of busy movement, in an old market which is now gone for ever, with its wonderfully picturesque effects of types and colouring. . . . Above all else he is the painter of movement. In this peaceful Venice he finds movement, and finds it yet again—women, running children, advancing processions, boatmen rowing, and the wind in its onset, its playful sports with women's clothing or linen hung out to dry in the sun." This criticism seems to me absolutely



"PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA"
BY ETTORE TITO

just. Movement, vital energy fills all this artist's creation, whether his theme is Venetian life or the hillsides of Valsesia, or where Rocca di Papa hangs over the Campagna. Inimitable in all these scenes is his observation of popular life—above all, of child life in all its manifestations; we find this in all, but, above all, in his latest paintings, where the children, as welcome

guests, invade the canvas in *Vicolo di Paese*, *Mammine*, *La Processione*, *Vecchia e Bambino*, and *Il Mondo non finisce*. ▀

It has been said of him, "He sings us the Song of Life. Stay a while, if you would rejoice your heart, and hear this song in its most limpid notes, its freshest trills in those delicious paintings which Tito peoples with his little friends—the children." ▀ ▀

THE RECENT WORK OF ETTORE TITO



"THE FARRIER, ROCCA DI
PAPA." BY ETTORE TITO

Yet when he turns from the people's life in Italy of to-day—from the happy girls who, in a Sunday outing at Fobello in Valsesia, are revelling in the fresh green of the hillside and clean sunlight—back to the old Greek mythology for his theme, we find the same sense of vital energy, the same rush of movement. His Centaurs, who surprise and chase the flying nymphs, recall the creatures of Virgil's fancy, who crash through the Thessalian forests, breaking the young brushwood. ▀

His drawing of the human figure, impeccable, undismayed before any difficulties of foreshortening, serves him here in good stead; as it does in those decorative themes for the Villa Berlinghieri at

Rome which illustrate a new expression of his creative art. ▀ ▀ ▀ ▀

For Tito's genius in art is essentially creative; he is never at a loss, never idle, his joy in his work, like its outflow, is unfailing. This is just what that brilliant critic, Ugo Ojetti, writing the prefatory note to the recent exhibition of Tito's paintings in the Galleria Pesaro at Milan, seems to have in view when he calls him one of the few "*pittori pittori*" (painters to whom their own art suffices) who are left in Italy. "So many thinkers, philosophers, apostles, lecturers, antiquarians, geometricians, warriors, are busied to-day in laying to with the brush upon the canvas that this old race of the *pittori pittori*,



"RITORNO" THE RETURN
BY ETTORE TITO

happy alone in being painters, capable of nothing else save drawing and painting, is becoming every day more rare and difficult to find." ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

A few lines on this important and successful exhibition will here be appropriate. The Pesaro Gallery, which has recently taken a more and more important part in Italian art exhibitions, scored one of its highest successes when, in March 1919, its doors were opened on some sixty-five of Ettore Tito's recent paintings. All sides of his art here found expression—the popular scenes from Rocca di Papa, and Valsesia, *Il maniscalco*, *Domenica a Fobello*, *Il mondo non finisce*,—the realistic study of *Il moccichino*, the finely imaginative *Ritorno*, where the peasant, mounted on his mule, climbs the mountain side, with his wife

and babe following just behind; in portraiture the admirable likeness of *Dr. Corrado Ricci*, the charming head of *Signora Venturini*, in religious art the fine *Deposition*, in mythology the *Centaur and Nymphs*, *The Amazons*, the *Perseus and Andromeda*, in decorative art the studies for his paintings of the Villa Berlinghieri; and the success of this Milan exhibition was repeated in Paris. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

It will be noted, even in the above selection, that Tito has broadened this stream of his creative art. The pupil of Favretto has gone back to the wider tradition of Veronese and Tiepolo, has turned from that intimate charm of Venetian life to the grandest tradition of Venetian decoration. I will own frankly that there have been moments when I had

THE RECENT WORK OF ETTORE TITO

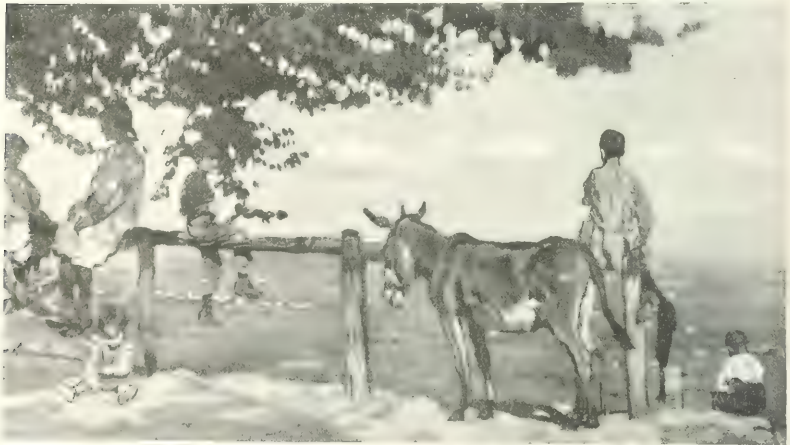
almost regretted the change—that I had preferred in the International of 1912 the *Colline Friulane* or *Giorno di Festa* to the bewildering scramble of *Rinascita*. But we can realize now that there has been no break, no change of purpose or interest; only a nobler widening of vision. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

It was significant that when, in 1909, that great creative master, Anders Zorn, came to Venice and gave his wonderful exhibition, the two artists at once appreciated each others high merit, and exchanged paintings as a mark of that appreciation. I well remember at that time seeing one evening in Professor Tito's Venetian home the finely-modelled female figure called in the exhibition *A Fountain*, which he had that day acquired from the Swedish Master, who, in his turn, had from him the painting exhibited that year under the title of *L'Alga* (Seaweed). It has been finely suggested that behind Tito's paintings there is almost always to be felt the presence of the sea—that even in his street scenes of Rocca di Papa, in his tranquil studious figure of Dr. Corrado Ricci (see p. 3), the wide expanse of the Roman

Campagna with its luminous infinity suggests the sea. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

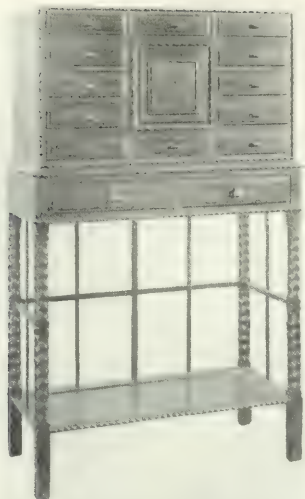
Throughout his art he has kept his individual charm, his sense of distinction, of refinement of type. In the technical side of his art it is interesting to remember a conversation which we had, in his studio in the spring of that fateful year of 1914, on the merits of oil and tempera; and how he illustrated his argument by sitting down then and there, and putting in a brilliant little study which combined both. ▯ ▯

In his decorative panel, exhibited at Venice in 1912, showing *Italy as inheritor and guardian of the maritime treasures of Venice*, he claimed for his country seven years ago what she now claims for herself as the just reward of her sacrifices and victories. And now his creation of *La Vittoria* is the appropriate sequel to the earlier claim; while in those glad scenes of the Roman Villa, the *Games*, the *Fruits of the Earth*, we recognize, in this modern Venetian, the audacity and sureness of hand, the breadth of composition and swing of movement which once, in Madrid or the Palaces of Venice and the Veneto, were the hall-mark of Giovanni Battista Tiepolo. ▯



"FROM THE BELVEDERE
AT ROCCA DI PAPA"
BY ETTORE TITO

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL ART



EBONY CABINET DESIGNED
(AFTER THE LATE E. W.
GIMSON) AND EXECUTED
BY P. WAALS

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL ART. ■ ■ ■

THIS Institute came into existence early in 1919 at the instance of two Government departments—the Board of Education and the Board of Trade—and its constitution and its aims, both present and prospective, were briefly outlined in an article which appeared in this magazine shortly after the inauguration of the Institute (see our issue of May, 1919, p. 134). In the person of Major Longden, D.S.O., it was fortunate in having as its first Director a man of energy and resource, and one thoroughly in sympathy with the objects for which the Institute was founded; and if it fails to realise the expectations aroused by its initial programme, the fault will, we are sure, not rest with him. ■ ■ ■

Briefly stated, the primary purpose for which the Institute has been established is to secure for art full recognition in the

new order of things and especially to foster a closer alliance between art and industry than has hitherto existed. A concerted effort of this kind is long overdue with us. It is true that in recent years new organizations have been formed in this country for the purpose of bringing art to bear upon various aspects of everyday life. There is the Civic Arts Association, mainly concerned with public or quasi-public projects; the Arts League of Service, with a programme not restricted to plastic art; and the Design and Industries Association, which as embracing both designers and producers more nearly approximates to Germany's "Werkbund," though it has not yet assumed such extensive proportions. The "Werkbund" was started in 1906 for the purpose of advancing the quality of German industrial productions by the co-operation of artists, manufacturers and others, and an account of its scope and operations was given in



DRESSING TABLE IN RED
AND BLACK, DESIGNED AND
EXECUTED BY THE COLOUR-
CRAFT COMPANY

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL ART



WRITING BUREAU IN
ENGLISH OAK, DE-
SIGNER AND EXECUTED
BY JOSEPH ARMITAGE

one of the earlier volumes of *THE STUDIO* year book of *Decorative Art*. With headquarters in Munich and branches in all the great cities of the Empire, this alliance quickly grew into a large and influential organization, embracing among its supporters many of Germany's leading artists and representatives of some of the biggest industrial concerns, and so far as we know it is still active, and must be reckoned with as a powerful factor in international commerce. Then, again, there are two newer societies, which though formed mainly to promote the professional interests of their members, will doubtless have some influence on public feeling in art matters—the Society of Graphic Art, whose membership is recruited from the ranks of etchers, lithographic artists, wood engravers, book illustrators and black and white draughtsmen, including those whose work is of the type usually designated as “commercial art”; and the Sands Society, restricted to designers of posters. Now it is one of the objects of the British Institute to endeavour to assist and co-ordinate as far as possible the activities of all societies and groups such as these, which in one or other way seek to spread

the influence and prestige of art among the community at large, and if it succeeds in this aim it will have accomplished something worth trying for. ■ ■

One of the important functions enumerated in the Institute's initial programme was that of organizing a permanent exhibition of works produced both by individual craftsmen and by manufacturers, the exhibits to be constantly changed and kept up to date, and to be subject before admission to the scrutiny of a competent body of experts selected from artists and manufacturers, so as



MIRROR IN CARVED AND
GILDED WOOD FRAME
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED
BY JOSEPH ARMITAGE



IVORY TRIPTYCH
BY RICHARD GARBE

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL ART



SILVER FRUIT DISH DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY J. PAUL COOPER

to ensure a high standard of achievement. So far as concerns the productions of individual craftsmen, this function coincides with that of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, whose president, Mr. Henry Wilson, is a member of the Council of Governors of the Institute. But this Society's exhibitions are only held at long intervals, and this fact has always been recognized as a serious hindrance to its usefulness. ■ ■ ■ ■

In carrying out this part of the programme no time has been lost. In the interval since the establishment of the Institute premises have been acquired at Knightsbridge, which will henceforth serve as the headquarters of the Director and his staff and as an exhibition building, a large hall and some smaller rooms being provided for this purpose. In these the Institute's inaugural exhibition was opened at the end of May and will continue till the end of September. In conformity with the original plan the exhibits are divided into two classes—works by individual craftsmen and the productions of manufacturers. The latter are not for sale, but the former may be purchased and taken away at

once, without waiting for the closing of the exhibition. This arrangement is a new feature in exhibitions of this kind, and is, of course, necessary if the show is to be of a permanent nature, as we understand it is to be, subject to periodical intervals for re-arranging the exhibition.

The accompanying illustrations represent a few only of the exhibits of individual craftsmen. Mr. Armitage, Mr. Garbe and Mr. Paul Cooper are well known as adept craftsmen in their respective branches. Mr. Waals was for many years associated with the late Mr. E. W. Gimson, a cabinet maker of



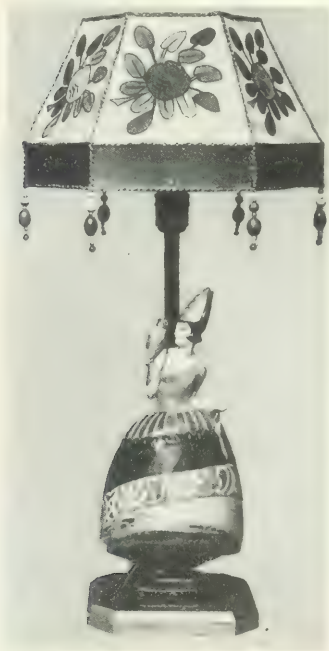
"NIGHT." BLACK MARBLE MASK BY RICHARD GARBE

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL ART

surpassing merit and one whose productions are worthy of the best traditions of the craft. The Colourcraft Company is a trio of young craftsmen—Mr. Bankart, Mr. Jaques and Mr. Hayes—who realise what an important part colour plays in our daily lives and know how to employ it to good effect. The Birmingham Guild, too, besides the bronze memorial tablets which we illustrate as commendable examples of good lettering, show some metal trays with attractive colour designs thereon. Though the exhibition contained few things of a pictorial character we were glad to see Mr. J. E. Platt's framed colour print *In Derbyshire*, and to note its effectiveness as a piece of decoration. Among other interesting exhibits which we noted, but are unable on this occasion to illustrate, were some



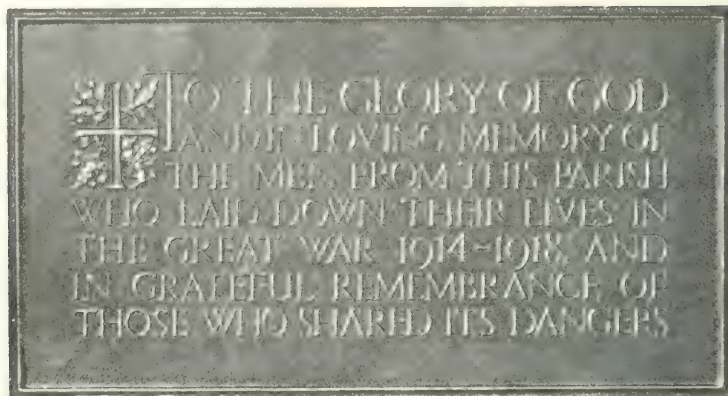
SILVER FRUIT DISH DE-
SIGNERD AND EXECUTED
BY J. PAUL COOPER



LAMP DESIGNED AND EXE-
CUTED BY THE COLOUR-
CRAFT COMPANY

excellent pieces of furniture designed by Mr. Charles Spooner for the firm of Higgs and Hill, and by Mr. Palmer Jones for Messrs. Heal and Son as well as some made at the Hampshire House Workshops in Hammersmith; figures in coloured pottery by Mr. Charles Vyse; a pair of sanctuary candlesticks and a lectern by Mr. Bainbridge Reynolds; various examples of Mr. Henry Wilson's superb craftsmanship as a metal worker; and there were a few specimens of illuminated lettering, embroidery, stained glass and other crafts. In the Trade section pottery and textiles were chiefly represented, the former including the productions of the well known firms of Pilkington, Doulton, Minton, Wedgwood, Bernard Moore and Howson Taylor; the latter those of Warner and Son, Foxton, Morton, Story and Co., Roberson, Harrods and others.

At the close of this inaugural exhibition, which is being prolonged to the end of September, preparations will at once be made for a representative display of work embracing all aspects of the art of printing and the arts closely associated therewith—typographical composition, the



CAST BRONZE MEMORIAL
TABLET EXECUTED BY
THE BIRMINGHAM GUILD

decoration and illustration of books, bindings and wrappers, posters, show bills, labels, and other types of advertisement so far as they come within the scope of

the printing press. The sending in day for this exhibition is October 1st, and it is expected that it will open about the middle of the month.

1914	ABNER SANDERS	S. E.	1917	EDGAR FAULKNER	R. E.
1915	MALRICE WATSON	C. G.	—	BERNARD BENNETT	A. E.
—	LEONARD JENNISON	S. E.	—	JOHN W. HOBSON	S. E.
—	GEORGE HERBT RYDE	S. E.	—	WILFRED FORD	IN STAFF
—	LEONARD MOORE	S. E.	1918	JAMES ROBT WATSON	S. E.
—	THOMAS FOSTER	S. E.	—	EDR MCNIFORD	W. H. E. L.
1916	JESSE RICHARD ORME	S. E.	—	WALTER HAGUE	S. E.
—	GEORGE SMEDLEY FOX	S. E.	—	WILLIAM K. RODGERS	R. E. E.
—	EDWARD SPENCER	R. S. E.	—	T. BERTRAM WALDON	S. E. L.
—	THOMAS BEESTON	S. E.	—	ANTHONY H. STRUTT	S. E.
—	ALBERT WATSON	S. E.	—	SYDNEY THOS BUTLER	S. E.
—	HENRY CROFTS	S. E.	—	WILLIAM ELLIOTT	R. E. A.
—	HENRY WATSON	S. E.	—	WILLIAM CHEETHAM	S. E.
—	SAMUEL YEOMANS	S. E.	—	EDGAR RYDE	LEICESTER
1917	FRED CHEETHAM	S. E.	—	SAMUEL GARTON	S. E.
—	HAROLD FORD	K. O. Y. L. I.	—	WILLIAM A. HOBSON	S. E.
—	FREDERICK HOBSON	WORKS	—	WINFIELD LADD	LINGS
—	ARTHUR E. CLIFFS	N. H. A. N. T. S.	1919	CHARLES M. JONES	S. E.
—	JOHN WILLIAM ELLIOTT	S. E.	—	FRANK HALLAM	LEICESTER

CAST BRONZE MEMORIAL
TABLET EXECUTED BY
THE BIRMINGHAM GUILD



THE
STU-
DIO

"IN DI ETTERNA ROMANA"
WOODBLOCK PRINT BY
JOHN E. PLATT.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY



SILVER EGG CUPS AND STAND
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY,
J. PAUL COOPER

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

THE gathering together of sculpture by Scottish artists and others, who in some way or other are connected with the north, makes the 94th exhibition of The Royal Scottish Academy one that will certainly be remembered for its unique display of that branch of art, which transcends in comprehensiveness any that has been seen in The Academy's previous exhibitions. It is not so much a collection of recent work as a selection like that which usually makes its appearance in these exhibitions representing both the past and the present achievements of the exhibitors, many of whom are famous on both sides of the border; and much of the most important work shown has already been noted and illustrated in past numbers of *THE STUDIO*. With the present day demand for war memorials, sculptors have not had the leisure necessary to do work that does not belong to this class. ■ ■ ■

Amongst the completed memorials, sketch models and fragments, the most important shown include *Silence*, a figure for the tomb of the late H. Dillon Ripley, by Mr. W. Reid Dick. *Youth*, a bronze statue, by Mr. Alexander J. Leslie; *The Refugees*, forming part of a war memorial, by Mr. William McMillan; the bronze and oak tablets by Mr. H. S. Gamley, R.S.A.; a sketch model of the Bearsden War Memorial, by Mr. Alexander Proudfoot, A.R.S.A.; and the *Kirkcudbright War Memorial*, by Mr. George Henry Paulin, A.R.S.A. The sketch model, which is shown in the accompanying illustration, and is slightly different from the completed work in the academy,



KIRKCUDBRIGHT WAR MEMORIAL
GROUP. SKETCH MODEL BY
GEORGE HENRY PAULIN, A.R.S.A.



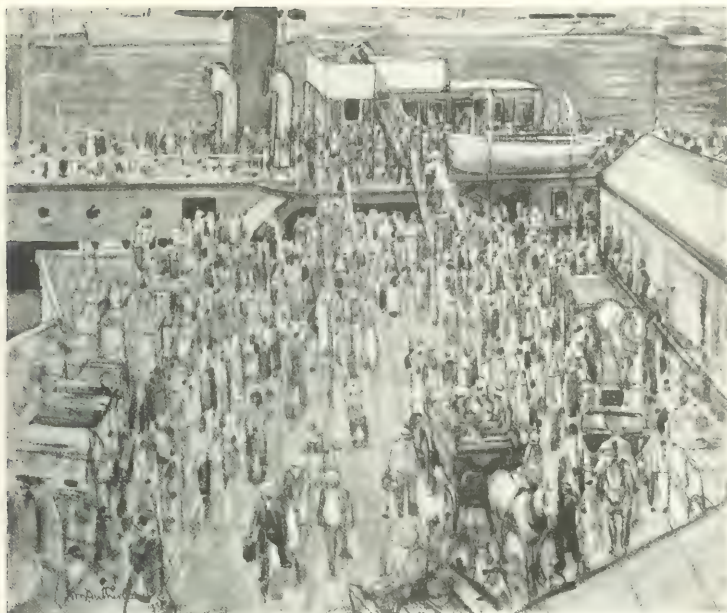
"THE AMBER POOL." OIL PAINTING BY E. A. WALTON, P.R.S.W., R.S.A.

shows a few improving alterations in the general rhythmical arrangement. ■ ■

Amongst other work of distinction in the sculpture section is *Sleep*, by Mr. Arthur George Walker; a *Madonna and Child*, by Mr. Bertram Mackennal, R.A.; and bronze busts by Mr. Pittendrigh Macgillivray, LL.D., R.S.A., from whose energy and enthusiasm the work of Scottish sculptors in the Academy has received a potent stimulus. Nor may one neglect to note the exhibits by Mr. Allan Gairdner Wyon, the charming little figures by Mr. Alexander Carrick, A.R.S.A., the *Mask of an Artist* by Benno Schotz, the small *In Memoriam* by Mr. George Duncan Macdougall, and work by Mr. W. C. H. King, Mr. Percy Portsmouth, A.R.S.A., Miss Elizabeth A. Clapp, Miss Kate Campbell Muirhead, Miss Hazel Armour, and last, but by no means least, a sensitive and delightfully designed little *Mourning Angel* in

■ ■ ■ ■ painted terra cotta by G. Alice Meredith Williams. ■ ■ ■ ■

In the galleries devoted to painting there is nothing on this occasion that startles one to a heated discussion or stimulates an aggravated interest. Frequenters of the Academy's recent exhibitions will certainly miss the genuine art of Mr. S. J. Peplow, A.R.S.A., Mr. D. Y. Cameron, R.A., Mr. W. Y. Macgregor, A.R.S.A., and that of the late president, Sir James Guthrie; but amongst exhibiting members who never appear to grow old or stand still in their work, the contributions of Mr. E. A. Walton, P.R.S.W., are delightfully refreshing. His *The Ryhymer's Hill* and *The Amber Pool*, both pictures on a large scale, certainly gratify one's sense of happiness in colour and landscape design, besides exciting pleasure in their restrained technical accomplishment. The same may be said of Mr. Francis H. Newbery's



"MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY WEST COAST"
WATER-COLOUR BY D. M. SUTHERLAND

Corfe Castle, which is vastly interesting; while on the same wall *The Old Mill*, by Mr. David Gauld, A.R.S.A. and *The Duck Pond*, by Mr. Charles Oppenheimer, invite one to linger over their happy individuality of expression. In the same room also are two pictures which appeal by their sensitiveness—*A Summer's Breeze* by Mr. Peter Wishart, and the uniquely designed canvas *L'Ancien Hospice S. Jean-du-Doigt*, by Mr. E. Hesketh Hubbard. Among other landscapes in the exhibition there are many which have their own special charm for those who appreciate sympathetic as well as poetical interpretations of nature. In the work of the president, Sir James Lawton Wingate, they will find much to awaken tender memories of evening glamour in his *Autumn Sundown* and

Peat Moss, and the same sentiment is evoked by Mr. J. Campbell Mitchell's *Moonrise*, *Findhorn*, while the joy of sunlight will be felt in *Sunshine in the Lews* by Sir David Murray, R.A.; nor will one pass without due appreciation of *The Yair Net*, by Mr. Charles Oppenheimer, R.S.W., and the vigorous low-lying landscape *Luffness to Aberlady*, by Mr. James Paterson, R.S.A., or the charmingly spontaneous *Winter*, by Mr. W. S. MacGeorge, R.S.A. Of landscape containing figures there is also a goodly display in which, by a more refreshing and modern outlook than usual, *A Lost Ball*, *Macrihanish*, by Mr. Gemmell Hutchison, R.S.A. takes a prominent place.

It is the spirit of alert freshness that attracts one to the portraits by the younger contingent of exhibitors. Mr. John R.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY



"THE PAINTING STUDENT"
BY D. M. SUTHERLAND

Barclay's *Mrs. J. Duncan Cran* is in point of composition as well as technically one of the best things he has shown for some years. In a lighter scheme *The Painting Student*, by Mr. David M. Sutherland takes an honoured position. Mr. Sutherland is, with Miss Kate Campbell Muirhead, a sculptor, the first recipient of the Guthrie Award—a money prize representing the interest on a sum recently presented to the Royal Scottish Academy for the purpose of rewarding each year the young artists whose work is considered to show the most promise. In awarding it for the first time to Mr. Sutherland's *Painting Student* the

adjudicators have certainly been justified, for as a successful achievement in colour and design it is one of the outstanding pictures in the exhibition. Between the sincere artist and the attainment of his individual vision lies no easy road; to steer his way amid the babel of siren calls from the past requires something more than merely wilful eccentricity, and it is the confident sincerity observable in the work of the younger artists in the exhibition that claims attention. It may not appeal to those whose tastes are fixed and settled by tradition, but even they cannot fail to appreciate the genuine sincerity which is there manifest.



"MOURNING ANGEL" (PAINTED
TERRACOTTA) BY G. ALICE
MEREDITH WILLIAMS

Without the contributions of this young school the general colour of the exhibition would be decidedly dull. I include with them the portraits by Mr. W. O. Hutchison which, though they are perhaps not quite so alluring as his work of last year, are, nevertheless, distinctly personal, as also are those by Mr. Eric Robertson, notably his *The Rose Fan* and *Cecile*. Another artist who has made a rapid advance is Mr. Hamish Paterson, who

shows an impressive portrait of *Mrs. James Boyd*, and among women artists Miss Dorothy Johnstone has never been so successful as in her large portrait group, *Edith and Jean Barbara* and a smaller canvas of a *Boy's Head*. With these one must mention Miss Norah Neilson Gray's *Mrs. Ronald Spiers*, *The Blue Butterfly*, by Miss Helen Johnston, and *The Dhobi*, by Mabel A. Royds. ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY

For more symbolical and decorative art one must turn to the *Sappho* and *The Sleeping Beauty*, by Mr. John Duncan, A.R.S.A., and certain of the personal characteristics which he has in colour treatment are charmingly expressed in his portrait *Baba and Billy*.

Before passing to the water colours I must briefly mention a few works which should not be omitted. They include *Whitby*, by Mr. Alexander Roche, R.S.A.; *Miss Clara Robson*, by Mr. Robert Hope, A.R.S.A.; *Portrait of a Young Man*, by Mr. William Sinclair Gordon; *David Murray, LL.D.*, by Mr. David Alison, A.R.S.A.; portraits by Henry Lintott, A.R.S.A.; the *Finale of Russian Ballet—Le Vieux Noceur*, by Mr. Walter Bayes; *Storm Clouds—Strathfillan*, by Mr. J. Whitelaw Hamilton, A.R.S.A.; landscapes by Mr. A. R. Sturrock, and some excellent work by artists already familiar to readers of THE STUDIO, such as Mr. Frederic Whiting, Sir John Lavery, R.S.A., A.R.A., the late William Stott, of Oldham, Charles Machie, R.S.A., Mr. E. S.

Lumsden, and Mr. Edwin Alexander, R.S.A.

To pick out the good things in the water colour gallery was a little difficult, their appeal being reduced to a certain extent by the generous spirit displayed in the hanging and fullness of the room. For personality and decorative interest Mr. D. M. Sutherland again claims attention with his water colour *Midsummer Holiday, West Coast*, which in a black and white reproduction loses much of its sparkle, and close to it *The Dreamers*, by Miss D. W. Hawkesley, arouses interest, while a feeling of freedom and romance pervades the decoratively treated *Inland Sea*, by Mr. E. A. Cox, and the warm yellow harmony of Mr. Morris Meredith Williams's *Château D'Happlincourt, Somme*. Outstanding, too, for directness and virility in painting and design are *The Horse Fair*, by Mr. Frederic Whiting; *Shrimpers*, by Mr. T. Austen Brown, A.R.S.A.; and among others, each with an individual appeal, are a *Month O'March*, by Mr. Ewan Geddes,



"THE ROSE FAN." PAINTING BY ERIC ROBERTSON



"EHRNA." BY PITTE-
DRIGH MACGILLIVRAY
R.S.A., LL.D.

R.S.W.; *An Awkward Bunch*, by Mr. Edwin Noble; *Dancers*, by Mrs. Averil Burleigh; a fan design, by Miss Cecile Walton; *Craigend Muir*, by Mr. J. Hamilton Mackenzie, R.S.W.; *Nocturne*, by Mr. R. T. Rose; *Stow Brig*, by Mr. James Huck; *Winter on the Housetops*, by Mr. Robert Eadie; *Evening by the Sealoch*, by Mr. Kenneth J. Cuthbertson; *Twilight*, by Miss Katherine Cameron, R.S.W.; *The Drudge*, by Mr. Andrew Gamley; *Parkland*, by Mr. Eric Robertson; *The Green Door* pastel, by T. C. Campbell Mackie; and three works marked by a sincere and joyous outlook—*Cullen Harbour*, *Moray Firth*, by Mr. James B. Cook; *Fishing Nets*, *Cromarty*, by Mr. Tom Smith; and *The Comique*, by Mr. W. Miles Johnston.

E. A. TAYLOR.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—Mr. William Rothenstein, Professor of Civic Art in the University of Sheffield, has been appointed Principal and Headmaster of the Royal College of Art at South Kensington, in succession to Mr. Augustus Spencer, who retires after holding the position for twenty years, and it is announced that he will enter on his duties at the beginning of the new term next month. The appointment is of no little significance in view of the criticisms that have during the past few years been directed against the policy of the College. Under Mr. Spencer, a native of Yorkshire like his successor, much good work has certainly been done in the various departments—



"CHINESE ACTRESS 'HSUAN-
SAN.'" SANGUINE AND
CHARCOAL DRAWING BY
ALEXANDRE JACOVLEFF

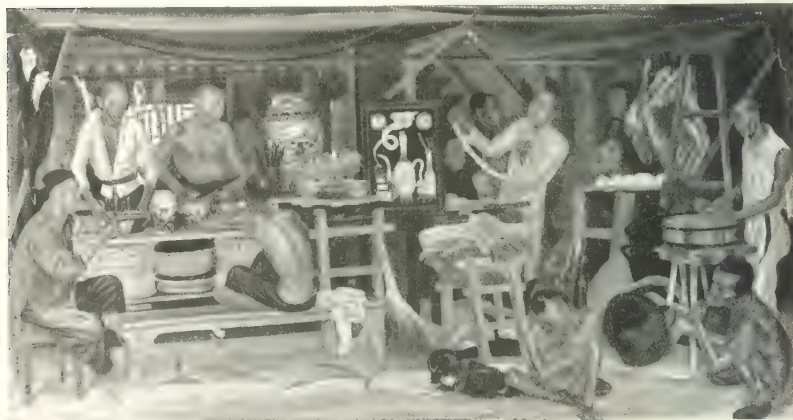
STUDIO-TALK

in modelling, for instance, under the late Professor Lantéri, and in etching and engraving under Sir Frank Short, as well as in other branches of the so-called "fine" arts, the institution has gained a very high prestige, and on the side of the applied arts its success has been greater than some of the critics have admitted. There has, however, grown up the impression that the College has become too much an institution for the training of art teachers, and the fact that a large proportion of the art masters in schools at home and over-seas hold the diploma of the College gives weight to this impression. In Mr. Rothenstein the College will have a principal who enjoys a high reputation as a painter of liberal views, and who recognises the vital need of a closer co-operation between art and industry than has existed hitherto, and no doubt the question of the future policy of the College as it affects this important aspect of national life will be carefully considered by him. ■ ■ ■

In the last two numbers we have given reproductions of work by the newly appointed Royal Academicians, Mr.

Richard Jack and Mr. Hughes-Stanton, respectively, and this month our frontispiece is from a painting by another on whom this distinction has been conferred—Mr. Julius Olsson, one of the foremost among the marine painters of the present day. Mr. Olsson's passion for the sea is not an "acquired" character as the term is understood among biologists—it is innate; and the explanation, no doubt, is that he is descended from Scandinavian ancestors who were as much at home on the deep as on dry land. ■

Few, if any, artists of our day have bestowed so much attention on London as Mr. William Monk, R.E., whose water-colour, *From Cornhill*, which we reproduce, figured among a collection of more than sixty drawings of his which were exhibited at Walker's Galleries, New Bond Street, a few weeks ago. All were apparently of fairly recent execution, and the subjects of many of them were incidents or events connected in one way or other with the War, but these on the whole, though of note as records, were less interesting than some of the artists' impressions of places and scenes in and



"BUTCHER'S SHOP AND EATING-HOUSE, PEKING." FROM THE PAINTING BY ALEXANDRE IACOV-LEFF. (GRAFTON GALLERIES)



"FROM CORNHILL" FROM
THE WATER-COLOUR
BY WILLIAM MONK, R.E



"A BOX AT THE THEATRE, PEKING"
FROM THE PAINTING BY ALEXANDRE
IACOVLEFF. (GRAFTON GALLERIES)

around the Metropolis, from Limehouse in the east, to Kew Bridge and that charming old riverside haunt, Strand-on-the-Green, in the west, and from Hampstead on the north to the Crystal Palace and Epsom in the south. In these the artist has not been content to portray merely the topographical aspect, but has in most of his drawings, as in this one of the very heart of the old City, introduced living elements which give animation and actuality to the subject depicted. ■ ■

Simultaneously with Mr. Monk's exhibition some glimpses of a very different world were given at the Grafton Galleries in an exhibition of paintings,

water-colours and drawings of China and the Chinese by Mons. Alexandre Iacovleff, a Russian artist. Here was unfolded an unusually interesting panorama of nature and life in the Far East by an artist endowed with a remarkable capacity for seeing and a no less remarkable power of recording what he has seen; whether he is depicting a lake scene, the Mongolian prairie, a funeral procession, a devil dance, the interior of a theatre, shop, or tent, or any of the numerous types of humanity he has encountered, he is never at any loss in dealing with the subject. The definition alike in his paintings and



"JAPANESE ACTOR 'USAEMON'"
SANGUINE AND CHARCOAL DRAW-
ING BY ALEXANDRE IACOVLEFF
(Grafton Galleries)

drawings is clear and concise—at times almost to the point of being photographic, but always with that insight into the character of his models which is beyond the power of the camera. The accompanying reproductions of two paintings and two drawings by Mons. Iacovleff will, however, give the reader a better idea of his work than any commentary. Another room at the Grafton contained an interesting collection of water-colour landscapes of China by Miss Mary Macleod, who, if not of the same calibre as the Russian artist, shows considerable skill in her renderings of Chinese architecture.

The gallery of the Alpine Club in Mill Street, which earlier in the season drew a large concourse of people to see the portraits of Mr. Augustus John, again became

the centre of attraction at the end of May, when a collection of paintings and lithographs of the Russian revolution by Mr. Edward Saltoft, a Danish artist, was placed on view by Messrs. Brown & Phillips, of the Leicester Galleries. Mr. Saltoft, who was chief of the Danish Red Cross organization in Russia from 1916 to 1918 and again visited the country in 1919, had unique opportunities of witnessing many manifestations of revolutionary activity and took advantage of them to record his impressions. Intensely mournful is the picture he has given of this social upheaval among human beings of the same race, vastly more tragic even than the Great War itself. A shrewd observer of character, as his studies of individual types testify, he is seen at his best in his portrayal of crowds—as, for instance, in the painting



"THE RED ARMY," BY
EDWARD SALTOFT
By permission of Messrs.
Brown & Phillips, the
Leicester Galleries



"COMMERCIAL WHARF, LAMBHAY"
FROM A DRAWING BY R. BORLASE
SMART, R.B.A.

of *The Red Gate in Malayamorskaya* (1917), a scene which marked the overthrow of the Kerenski régime by the Bolsheviks; two paintings of *The Red Army*, one of which we here reproduce; and, again, in the picture of *Fugitives crossing the Bridge of Bielsostrof* (1919), when the Terror had reached its height. Infinitely pathetic, too, are the scenes from the prisons thronged with victims of the new rulers. Here at a glance one gets a truer notion of what revolution means than any descriptive narrative can convey. ■ ■ ■

PLYMOUTH.—At the beginning of September Plymouth will celebrate the tercentenary of the departure of the Pilgrim Fathers in the "Mayflower" on their historic and portentous voyage to the new world, and it is expected that a goodly number from among the multitude of Americans who are now on this side of the Atlantic will visit the town to take part

in the festival of celebration and to linger about the old spots sanctified by their association with the famous band of emigrants—the historic Barbican more especially, for it was here that they embarked in 1620. Unfortunately Plymouth, unlike some other large towns, has no organization to secure the preservation and upkeep of historic buildings, and under the new housing scheme many of its old streets and houses which were in existence three hundred years ago have been condemned, and some are already in course of demolition. One of these old-time spots now being cleared to make room for modern dwellings is shown in the reproduction on page 31 of a drawing by Mr. R. Borlase Smart, R.B.A., who has explored most of these ancient nooks and corners of the town. The entire series of drawings he has made will be exhibited before and during the festival at the Devon and Cornwall Galleries of Messrs. Harris



"HIGH STREET, PLYMOUTH"
FROM A DRAWING BY
R. BORLASE SMART, R.B.A.

and Sons, where the descendants of the resolute voyagers of 1620 will be able to see, in the sympathetic medium of charcoal and wash, many of the relics of the "Mayflower" period which existed till recently but are now no more, as well as others still extant which may ere long follow suit in obedience to the imperious necessities of the present day. ■ ■

PITTSBURGH.—After an interval of six years the displays of International art in the galleries of the Carnegie Institute, among the most spacious and best appointed in America, were resumed on April 29th last with the opening of the Nineteenth Annual Exhibition. The number of works gathered together from all quarters was 373. England was represented by 83 canvases, France by 53, and the remaining 167 foreign works were distributed between Sweden, Denmark, Italy, Spain, Norway, Russia, Belgium, Switzerland and Canada. There

was also shown at the same time in a gallery apart from the paintings a collection of Rodin bronzes, including a number of the master's important works.

The gold medal carrying with it a prize of fifteen hundred dollars was awarded to Mr. Abbott H. Thayer, of New Hampshire, for his three-quarter figure of *A Young Woman in Olive Plush*; to Mr. Algernon Talmage, of London, was awarded the silver medal and one thousand dollars for his figure entitled *By the Cornish Sea*; to Mr. Walter Ufer, of Chicago, was given the bronze medal and five hundred dollars for his group of Taos Mexican Indians, *Suzanna and her Sisters*; and honourable mentions to Mr. Robert Spencer, of New Hope, Pennsylvania, for his *White Mill*; to Mr. George J. Coates, of London, for his *Spanish Dancer*; to Mr. Frederick Bosley, of Boston, for *Looking at Prints*. ■ ■

One gallery was exclusively given over to the display of a group of upwards of



"LOOKING AT PRINTS." BY
FREDERICK A. BOSLEY
(Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh)

twenty works of M. Emile René Menard, of which the most impressive were perhaps *La Naissance d'Aphrodité*, *Les Bergers* and a superb pastel *L'Enlèvement d'Europa*. In an adjoining gallery one met with such works as Sir William Orpen's self-portrait *A Man from Arran*, and his striking portrait of *Mrs. St. George*, a portrait of capital psychological interest of Rodin by M. Jacques Emile Blanche, and a fine landscape by M. André Dauchez, *Bouquet de Pins*. Other notable works were the late Frank Duveneck's *Woman*

with *Forget-me-nots*; *The Table near the Open Window*, by M. Henri Eugène Le Sidaner; Mr. Gari Melchers's pair of Scotsmen, *MacPherson and MacDonald*, in colorful Highland costume; Mr. Charles Shannon's portrait of Miss Lillah McCarthy in character; Señor Ignacio Zuloaga's portrait of Mrs. John Work Garrett; Mr. Douglas Volk's portrait of the late William Macbeth, art dealer, of New York; Mr. Malcolm Parcell's portrait of Ann Rholene; Mr. William Nicholson's portrait of Walter



"SUSANNA AND HER SISTERS"
BY WALTER UFER
Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh

Greaves, associated with Whistler; a most convincing portrait of Mr. Kenneth Mathieson, by Sir Arthur Cope; and a double portrait of the Walker Brothers, by Mr. George J. Coates. ♦ ♦ ♦

In the position of honour at one end of the same gallery was M. Lucien Simon's important canvas *Nausicaa à la Fontaine*, a technically great work with fine colour and good drawing of the nudes, somewhat academic in conception perhaps, but not academic in execution. At the other end

was Mr. Anders L. Zorn's portrait of the late Andrew Carnegie, founder of the Institute, decorated with emblems of remembrance. ♦ ♦ ♦

The attractions facing each other in one of the side rooms were Mr. Wayman Adams's group *The Conspirators*, containing portraits of Pennell, McLure Hamilton, and Burns, and Mr. George W. Lambert's group of *Important People* (who are M. Marchand, a coster and girl with babe), both works extremely clever performances.



"ST. VINCENT'S CHURCH, AVILA"
BY RAFAEL FORN'S

Mr. Frederic Whiting's *Moyra* deserves especial notice, as does Mr. Michael Ancher's *Self Portrait*. Fine in colour were Mr. Frank Brangwyn's canvas *The Topers*; Mr. Charles Cotter's *Jeune fille au collier d'ambre*; and Mr. Childe Hassam's *Tanagra*. Two charming idylls were Mr. E. A. Hornel's *Coming of Spring*, and M. Henri Martin's *Arbor in Summer*. ▀

The number of landscapes was rather limited, but American work was well represented by Mr. Gardner Symon's *Through Sunlit Hills*, Mr. Daniel Garber's *Orchard Window*, and the Swedish school, grouped in a separate room, by the beautiful canvas of M. Fjaestad's *Hoarfrost*, and Anna Boberg's pictures of the Lofoten Mountains. ▀ ▀ ▀

In conclusion it must be said that the admirable combination of International Art here offered for the pleasure and education of the public was due to the

untiring efforts, since last September, of Mr. John W. Beatty, the Director of Fine Arts of the Carnegie Institute and of his efficient assistant, Mr. Robert B. Harshe. One saw here no sign of the extravagances of the modern revolutionists that have been so much in evidence in many of our recent picture shows. They have their place, no doubt, but surely would not have harmonized with what was displayed in this exhibition. E. C.

MADRID.—Though the biographical history of art abounds with innumerable instances of men who, having been trained for some other calling or profession, have relinquished it and giving rein to their innate impulses have gained a reputation as artists, yet the cases are extremely rare of the successful pursuit of art concurrently with another and



THE
STU-
DIO

'THE RED SHIP, BARCELONA.'
FROM THE COLLECTION BY
RAFAEL FORNÉS.



"THE VIADUCT, SEGOVIA"
BY RAFAEL FORNS

dissimilar avocation. English readers will, of course, recall as one of these instances the case of Seymour Haden, who attained to very great distinction as an etcher, and continued to carry on his medical practice simultaneously. Spain presents a parallel in the person of Dr. Rafael Forns, who holds a high position as professor in the faculty of medicine in Madrid, and at the same time practises as a landscape and marine painter. As a man of science he is held in high esteem; specialising as an laryngologist, he has made important discoveries and written books bearing on his particular field of research. As a painter, likewise, he has met with gratifying success. A couple of years ago exhibitions of his pictures were held in Barcelona and Valencia, where they aroused great interest, and in Madrid during the spring of the present year a collection of them exhibited in one of the galleries of the building occupied by the Royal Academy of Fine Arts has left a very favourable impression.

Dr. Forns is an ardent disciple of the great French masters Monet, Pissarro, Sisley and Monticelli; he has travelled in most countries of Europe without by any means neglecting his own, for there are few artists who know Spain better than he does; and his pictures, three of which are here illustrated, bear witness to his sincere study of nature. The fact that he is by profession a man of science has tended to hinder recognition of his merits as a painter in certain circles where too much importance is attached to the quite arbitrary distinction between professional and amateur, but amongst all unbiassed practitioners and connoisseurs who pay attention to the quality of an artist's productions irrespective of his status, Dr. Forns's work has met with unstinted appreciation. It should be added that as President of the *Circulo de Bellas Artes* and Secretary of the Association of Painters and Sculptors, he has taken an active part in upholding the claims of art in Spain. O. C.

STUDIO-TALK

MELBOURNE. — Etching, which has been one of the later developments of the growth of art in Australia, has now a definite position among the various mediums which engage the energies of artists in the Commonwealth. It had its pioneers, and then seemed to fade out of existence, till it was revived by a younger group of artists, who have done much to establish it in the favour of connoisseurs.

The leader of the group is John Shirlow, who was prompted to take up this branch of art after seeing the set of Thames etchings by Whistler which was purchased for the Melbourne Gallery in 1892. These prints were a revelation of how much could be expressed in a little space. The artist had to face many difficulties in taking up this new medium, and it was some time before his work became widely appreciated. As I have indicated, he was not the first etcher; Livingston Hopkins ("Hop" of the *Bulletin*), Julian Ashton, and Henry Fullwood in Sydney, and James Oldham and John Mather in Melbourne, were the forerunners; but Shirlow has done more than any other artist to interest the public in this fascinating art. In the illustrations we have good examples of his earlier and later work. The etching of Prince's Bridge is an early experiment. Since then he has used larger plates, and has treated his subjects with greater freedom, and while they do not always retain the charm of his earlier work, they have gained much in design and breadth of treatment. ■ ■

During the last few years prints from the etchings by Shirlow have been bought for several permanent collections. The Mitchell Library, Sydney, has a complete set, numbering seventy-two prints; the artist is represented in the Sydney, Geelong, and Castlemaine Galleries; but, strangely enough, not in the gallery of his own city, Melbourne. In 1904 he issued the first portfolio of etchings published in Australia, and it has been followed by three others. Victor Cobb and Frederick A. Campbell are other Victorians who have been successful in this medium. One of Cobb's earliest prints, *Two Poplars*, has always been a favourite with art lovers; and his etchings of some of the landmarks associated with the early history of Mel-



"BOND STREET, SYDNEY"
FROM AN ETCHING
BY JOHN SHIRLOW

bourne, have attracted much attention. He has selected a good subject in the southern approach to Melbourne, which he has treated very effectively. The work accomplished by Campbell includes



"PRINCE'S BRIDGE, MELBOURNE"
ETCHING BY JOHN SHIRLOW

numerous aquatints and dry-points, as well as etchings proper. The National Gallery of New South Wales has lately acquired some of his aquatints. ■ ■ ■

Considerable progress is being made by the Sydney group, which includes Lionel Lindsay, Sydney Ure Smith, Alfred Coffey, Bruce Robertson, and Eirene Mort. Lindsay's work ranges from realistic impressions of street scenes, to his fanciful composition, *The Edge of the World*. He has five prints in the Sydney Gallery. A number of plates have been done by Sydney Ure Smith, and a good example of his work is his etching of the Sydney "Sun" Office, which hangs in the office of the United Cable Service, in the London "Times" building. W. M.

REVIEWS.

A Short History of Art. By JULIA B. DE FOREST. Edited, revised and largely rewritten by CHARLES H. CAFFIN. (New York: Dodd, Mead and Co. ; London : Batsford.) 21s. net.—At the hands of Mr. Caffin this "Short History" re-appears as substantially a new work. Beginning with the real primitives—the artists of the stone age—it concludes with a reference to those followers of Cézanne who "attempt to leap back to a condition of primitive instinct," ignoring the example of their master, who "submitted the results of his instinct to processes of reasoning with the avowed object of reconciling his intellectualized sensations



"ENTRANCE TO MELBOURNE"
ETCHING BY VICTOR COBB



"THE SOUTHERN PASTURES"
AQUATINT BY F. A. CAMPBELL

with the great art of the past." To give even the barest outline of the history of art as here planned is no small undertaking, but it is surprising how much instructive information has been garnered in the 700 and odd pages of the book—and in these are included nearly 300 illustrations. We should have liked to see more space given to the Art of the Far East, which occupies only about a dozen pages.

The Ideals of Indian Art.—By E. B. HAVELL (London: John Murray.) Second edition, 21s. net.—The first edition of this work, in which the author reviews the principal achievements of Hindu sculpture and expounds the leading ideas of the mythology by which that art was inspired, made its appearance nine years ago, and we welcome this new edition, because its publication implies that the author's strenuous endeavour to enlist the interest and sympathy of the Western world in the more spiritual art of India have borne fruit. Though, as he notes, this art has not yet become a subject of general interest for the public, European

critics are beginning to discover in it qualities which command respect. ■ ■

The Naval Front. By GORDON S. MAXWELL, Lieut. R.N.V.R. Illustrated in colour and monochrome by DONALD MAXWELL, Lieut. R.N.V.R.—*Our Italian Front.* Painted by MARTIN HARDIE. Described by WARNER ALLEN. (London: A. and C. Black) 25s. net each. These two volumes deal with particular aspects of the great War, and if the chief events described have long been familiar, the personal experiences of the writers give a piquant interest to their narratives. Lieut. Gordon Maxwell took part in the Zeebrugge raid on St. George's Day, 1918, and gives a thrilling account of that famous exploit, while Mr. Warner Allen, as a Press correspondent, was in close touch with events on the Italian front. Both volumes are lavishly illustrated, and here, too, additional interest accrues from the fact that the two well-known artists whose drawings are reproduced have been in personal contact with the places and scenes described. ■ ■

THE LANDSCAPE PAINTINGS OF
C. M. GERE AND H. A. PAYNE. ▯

A FEW weeks ago I was discussing the work of C. M. Gere and H. A. Payne with another well-known artist who lives among the Cotswold Hills. "Don't you think," he said, "that there is something in the Cotswolds that gets hold of artists and powerfully influences their work?" He went on to name various artists, architects and craftsmen who have chosen the comparative remoteness of Gloucestershire to live and work in. All of these, he said, had come to work in something the same spirit: it is a deeply poetic spirit, dominated by great sincerity in technique and reverence for tradition. Without going so far as to claim the actual existence of a Cotswold School, in the stylistic sense, he declared that the qualities these men have in common are in the best sense conservative and English; and that, if a vital and national renaissance should take place in English art it ought to originate in Gloucestershire. ▯ ▯

Certainly, when allusion is made to

Mr. Gere or Mr. Payne, they are now more thought of in relation to something known as the "Cotswold" or "Stroud Valley" group, than as shining lights of the Birmingham School. But I confess that their change of address does not appear to coincide with any sharply-marked development in their style. The fact is that the tradition of the Birmingham School, dominated as it was by the powerful personalities of Burne-Jones and Morris, was the most healthy and national atmosphere in which to rear English artists, and men trained in that way found the Cotswolds the most congenial atmosphere to work in. It is the country where the finest English building remains to be seen in almost every village, recalling the power and beauty of continuity and tradition in work—a country where it is possible for an artist to set up his studio, as Mr. Payne has done, in a very sound little piece of thirteenth century architecture. A life of peace and sanity can be lived in the Cotswolds, undisturbed by ephemeral opinions and "movements." We may also face the dangers of it: no doubt such a life *may*



"THE VENETIAN PLAIN." WATER-COLOUR BY C. M. GERE

THE LANDSCAPE PAINTINGS OF C. M. GERE AND H. A. PAYNE

isolate from what is good, as well as bad, in the artistic life of our time. If quite uninspired by the special enthusiasms of his own age, a man's work may become rather retrograde in spirit: and some modern critics would probably aver that the men I am now discussing have actually been lured into a backwater of lotuses, forsaking the real stream of life. Some qualities of their figure design and composition might appear to support this idea, but it is their landscape work which discloses the truth about it. ▯

In Mr. Gere's *Varallo*, for example, here reproduced in colour, the feeling of the work is undoubtedly modern: and yet it is classical—that is, you feel no doubt but that a Venetian painter would have agreed as to its harmony, and Claude would have appreciated its composition. Its mood, too, is rather of the deep, eternal kind that we associate with classical works of painting. But you would certainly not be mistaken as to its date, you would only be unable to call it Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, Cubist

or Futurist. For it is not, like so many modern works, an experiment in technique—brilliant, or extraordinary, or even desperate as these often are. Such works have generally not much value beyond the experimental—which means that they are ephemeral. But, experiments apart, the real achievement of the artist, modern or otherwise, is to represent things which are neither ancient, modern nor future but eternal, and in the spirit of beauty, which is something more eternal still. And, oddly enough, when he succeeds, his success is always quietly but unmistakably modern: which is the case with Mr. Gere's landscape paintings. ▯ ▯

This painter's landscapes impress one chiefly, at first, by their power of design. The shapes of things seen are serene, balanced, harmonious, and the tone and colour always falls naturally into a definite and simple scheme—a feature very noticeable in *A Cotswold Quarry* (below) a subject of storm-cloud and sunlight which might almost be called "Variations upon four colours." But these paintings owe



"A COTSWOLD QUARRY"
BY C. M. GERE



"A WELSH FARM." WATER-COLOUR BY C. M. GERE

their existence to the sincerest outdoor study, and you can see that they are full of first-hand observation of Nature. Indeed, the opposite qualities of true representation and original creation are so well balanced in Mr. Gere's work that its existence is specially good in these days, when some theorists assert that likeness to Nature is a purely accidental and unnecessary quality of art, nearly exasperating others into a declaration of Realism as the whole mission of painting.

Mr. Gere's training was of the sort that might well develop this quality of balance between Nature and design. In his Birmingham days he worked personally for William Morris, subordinating his representative skill to the just re-discovered and delightful traditions of decorative art, and also to the exacting and limiting technique of the wood engraver. At this time, also, he did some painting of a Ruskinian elaboration and detailed finish. And much of this still went on

when he had begun his painting tours in Italy, revelling in mountains and clouds, and in untrammelled and autonomous expression of them. But the love of a severe and sound technique is ingrained in a man: its happiest result with Mr. Gere has been to set him to work with tempera, in which he does so well that one would not be sorry to see him devote himself chiefly to it. In several mediums Mr. Gere has shown his power over material. *The Venetian Plain*, for example (p. 43), is most typical of the aptitude of water-colour for the most transparent and limpid effects: although elsewhere other kinds of subjects have made him use water-colour in a very different manner, which is also able and forcible.

Although Mr. Payne has been trained in very much the same spheres of influence as Mr. Gere, he has worked much more at handicrafts, and is, professionally speaking, more of a craftsman than a painter *per se*.



"OWLPEN." WATER-COLOUR BY HENRY A. PAYNE, A.R.W.S.

His longest travels were made to study stained glass and not to paint landscapes ; and, indeed, his landscape painting has mostly been done within easy reach of his own house and garden, if not actually within the latter. And there is a rather striking difference observable between his two ways of work. His decorative work, such as stained glass and mural painting, is truly in the Morris manner, and almost hieratically designed, deeply imbued with the traditions : while his landscapes—per-

haps the more recent ones especially—are done in a holiday spirit, are pure in their enjoyment of Nature, so that their composition seems to be almost entirely unconscious. It happens that two of the present illustrations—*Owlpen* and the *Ruined House* (p. 47)—do not support this statement very well, for they are still rather decorative in spirit ; but *Evening* (p. 48) and *Morning Light* (p. 49) are much more typical of the sort of water-colours that Mr. Payne paints about Amberley when-



"THE RUINED HOUSE." WATER-
COLOUR BY HENRY A. PAYNE. A.R.W.S



"EVENING." WATER-COLOUR,
BY HENRY A. PAYNE, A.R.W.S. |

ever he can find the time. They are very tender and sensitive in colouring, and the drawing can best be called *affectionate*, for they are essentially the works, not of ambition, but of pure affection. Perhaps it is not uncommon that, in the hours of his relaxation, something comes out of a man which he feels to be better than his greatest efforts or his most coveted commissions. Some of the beauties of these little landscapes are hardly reproducible : they are of the greatest delicacy. ■ ■

I think, personally, that Mr. Payne has done stained glass equal to almost any in modern times ; but, when I was looking at some cartoons of previous work of this kind, he pointed to the top of one of the drawings, where a glimpse of landscape was designed to show above the aureoled heads of the saints. That, he thought, was the best thing he had ever done in glass, that little vista of trees and hills. Such a confession comes from the heart, and is of more authority than any criticism. It indicates the inspiration of landscape, I believe, to artists not specially painters of

it. It occurs to a man, while finishing his altar-piece, how much rather he would be out watching the colours of the sky or the shadows of the trees, making little pictures of them to please no one but himself : and yet it is chiefly that rarely gratified desire that makes him an artist, and the altar-piece what it is. ■ ■ ■

That is as it may be : but certainly Mr. Payne's landscape studies are the genuine expressions of a lover, unpremeditated and direct. I have dwelt upon this one characteristic of his art because we are only discussing landscape work at the moment, and this is how it appealed to me. There are other valuable qualities in it, some of which may be seen by simply looking at these reproductions. For the artists who paint in the Cotswolds do not require a special school of criticism to interpret their work, and their common spirit, which Mr. Payne so simply expresses, is an easily comprehensible one—the love of a lovely country of green hills and stone buildings, brooded over by a sense of ancient prosperity and greatness. PHILIPPE MAIRET.



"MORNING LIGHT." WATER-
COLOUR BY H. A. PAYNE, A.R.W.S.
(IN THE POSSESSION OF W. A. HARVEY, ESQ.)



"TOILET." WOOD-
CUT BY M. BROWN

THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the Technical Education Board of the London County Council planned its first school of arts and crafts, which was opened at a house in Regent Street, nearly opposite the Polytechnic, in November, 1896. Professor Lethaby and Mr. (now Sir George) Frampton were its original directors, and for more than ten years useful work was done in Regent Street, despite cramped quarters and imperfect equipment. It was not until 1908 that the construction was finished of a school worthy of the greatest city in the world, and towards the close

of that year the London County Council established its classes for crafts and design in the vast building of grey stone that dominates the Holborn end of Southampton Row. How vast that building is no one realizes until he has been through it, from the spacious lecture hall on the ground floor to the light and airy studios on the fifth. ♦ ♦ ♦

Although on every floor there are large classrooms, studios and workshops, the space is still none too great for the army of pupils they attract, for in the eight years that have elapsed since Mr. F. V. Burridge left the Liverpool School of Art to take the post of Principal here the London County Council Central School of Art has become the largest institution of its



"FEEDING THE CALVES." LITHO-
GRAPH BY VIVIEN GRIBBLE

kind in the Kingdom, and the names of about two thousand students are on its books. Since its foundation other crafts schools have been established by the Council, and these also have made excellent progress. But last year, reverting to what was always the original intention, the Council decided that the school in Southampton Row should be its Central School in the highest sense, and that it should be provided with ample facilities for the most advanced practice in silversmiths' work and its allied crafts; textiles; stained glass and mosaic; painted, sculptured and architectural decoration; book production; furniture; dress design; and engraving. The necessary auxiliary instruction is also provided in architecture and building crafts, and in drawing and painting.

In its present development the Central School is really a group of schools congregated under one roof, each conducted independently but working in co-ordination with the rest, and all directed

by the Principal. It may be compared in some respects with a University, and in this connection it is interesting to know that the Council has lately decided to empower its Central School to grant diplomas for craftsmanship. The award of its diploma will demand a high standard of achievement in the craft practised, and will probably be based on examination and on the production of an original



WOODCUT BY RACHEL
A. MARSHALL
(By permission of Messrs
Heal and Son)



"THE SHOWER." LITHO-
GRAPH BY MARIAN ELLIS

piece of work. The work will not be done in the school, for diplomas will only be given to men whose training has been completed, and not until they have been practising their crafts independently for at least two years. ■ ■ ■

The Central School is at the head of those belonging to the London County

Council as the Royal College of Art is at the head of the Board of Education Schools; but the Central School does not, like the Royal College, undertake the training of teachers. It is essentially a school of production in which the pupils are taught to make things, and where they can practise in exceptionally favourable conditions and under the direction of experts, the crafts by which they hope to earn their livings later on. Naturally it is, and must be, principally a school for professionals, and in its earlier days at Regent Street the amateur, if not entirely shut out, was certainly not welcomed. Mr. Burridge takes a broader view. He recognises the stimulus the crafts have received in modern times through men like William Morris and Mr. Cobden Sanderson, who began as amateurs, and declines to exclude others who hope to follow in their footsteps. He thinks



WOODCUT BY RACHEL
A. MARSHALL
(By permission of Messrs.
Heal and Son)



"FAUNS." AQUATINT
BY SIDNEY LONG

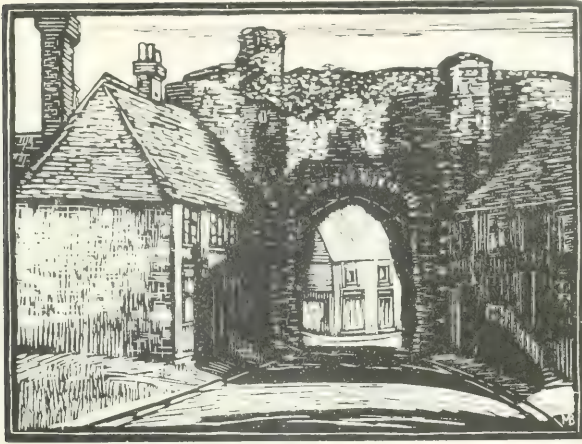
that it is in many ways a good thing, both for the craftsman and the amateur, that they should work side by side at the bench. Therefore he admits the amateur, if—but only if—he is capable and keen. The same qualifications are demanded of every candidate for admission, and numbers are rejected on the ground of insufficient preliminary training. These splendidly equipped workshops are not for beginners (except in the case of the boys who work in the day technical schools) but for those who have already mastered the elements and come to Southampton Row to increase their knowledge. Over and over again the Principal has to tell prospective students that the specimens they bring him are not good enough, and to advise them to go back to the schools in which they have been working and come to him again in six months' or a year's time.

And for the students who are admitted

there must be no slackening of effort. The object of the Principal and the instructors in all the crafts is to bring out the latent qualities of their pupils, and if the pupils show signs of incapacity to develop, or lack of interest in their work, they may find that the Central School has no further use for them. Mr. Burrighe has the power of selection, and he would like, if it were possible, to control the leaving of the pupils as well as their admission; to forbid them to apply for posts as craftsmen until he was sure that they were properly trained.

This desire must be common to every conscientious teacher of crafts, for it is injurious to the reputation of training classes generally for an immature student to apply for an engagement on the strength of crude designs and imperfect specimens of workmanship. The manufacturer, when he looks at them and hears that their author is the product of some well-

THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS



"THE LANDGATE, RYE — EARLY MORNING." WOODCUT BY M. BERRIDGE

known crafts school, is apt to regard the work before him as typical, and to condemn unjustly alike the institution and the system. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

In the case of the boys of thirteen or fourteen who join the day technical schools in silversmiths' and jewellers' work, or in book production, there is an understanding that they shall remain in the school until they are about sixteen. Their courses of instruction cover a period of about three years, and include not only technical training but the improvement of their general education, which is under the direction of specially appointed teachers. They all seem happy and busy enough at Southampton Row, and they should be, for everything is

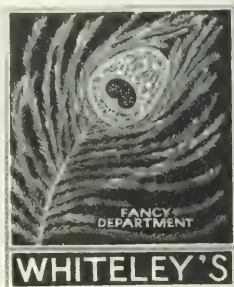
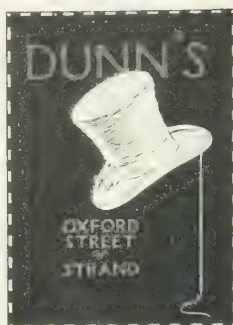
done to make their work attractive. At the end of their courses they are apprenticed to firms of recognised standing, and the time spent in the school is counted as two years of their period of apprenticeship. This is a valuable feature of the work of the Central School, and its usefulness is recognized by the employers and the trade unions, who are directly represented in the Consultative Committees that advise and assist the Council. Among other things the boys issue a magazine, for the writing and printing of which they are entirely responsible, as well as for the woodcuts that form the illustrations. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

On the first floor is the school of silversmiths' work and the allied crafts, directed



FROM A WOODCUT
BY NORA WRIGHT

THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS



DESIGNS FOR POSTERS. LITHO-
GRAPHS BY ALFRED A. BESTALL

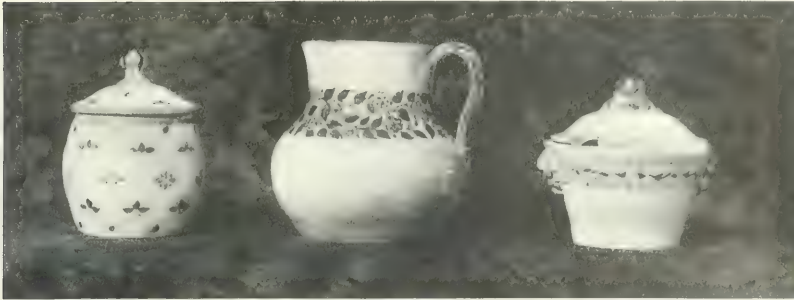
by Mr. W. Augustus Steward. The allied crafts taught here include jewellery, diamond mounting, die-sinking, metal seal-engraving, decorative metal work, enamelling, bronze and other metal casting, and electrotyping. The book production school is on the second floor, and includes a complete printing equipment; and classes for writing, lettering and illumination, etching, line engraving and mezzotint, wood engraving, music engraving and lithography; as well as everything connected with bookbinding. The third floor is almost monopolized by the school of furniture, in which

excellent work shown is produced by the pupils of Mr. Charles Spooner and his colleagues. The furniture shop is one of the largest in the building. Adjoining it are rooms for upholstery and furniture designing, a studio for general drawing, and a woodcarving school.

On the fourth floor is a large studio for general modelling; rooms for modelling from the life, both for men and women students; the book illustration class under Mr. Noel Rooke; and a stone carving studio.

There are no passenger lifts at present at the Central School, but the ascent by

THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS



BEATRICE V. HOOD

MRS. CAYLEY ROBINSON

GERTRUDE E. COHEN

POTTERY DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY STUDENTS OF THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS

numerous stairs to the topmost height is worth making apart from the prospect of examining the studios and workshops on the fifth floor, for the great building in Southampton Row towers above the neighbouring houses, and from its summit is to be obtained a marvellous view of London and the country round it for many miles, spread out like a map. Here,

out of the din, is the stained-glass studio where the pupils of Mr. Karl Parsons and Mr. A. J. Drury are taught to do everything with window glass except actually to make it. Here, too, is the school of textiles and costume, where, within the last year or two, looms have been set up, and the swiftly moving fingers of men and women can be seen



ANNIE E. MAULE

RACHEL A. MARSHALL
WINIFRED S. WILLIAMS

ANNIE E. MAULE

POTTERY DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY STUDENTS OF THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS

THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS



EVANGELISTS' EMBLEMS (4) IN COPPER, CLOISSONNÉ, BY A. N. KIRK; TWO CIRCULAR PLAQUES, PAINTED ENAMEL, BY KATHLEEN DRUMMOND; PIERCED METAL BROOCH BY A. C. ROBERTSON

PECTORAL CROSS, SILVER, CLOISSONNÉ, BY WINIFRED WHITESIDE; KNIGHT PANEL, SILVER, CLOISSONNÉ, BY A. N. KIRK; THREE HERALDIC SHIELDS, BY DAY TECHNICAL PUPILS

EXAMPLES OF WORK BY STUDENTS IN THE DEPARTMENT OF SILVERSMITHING AND JEWELLERY, LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS

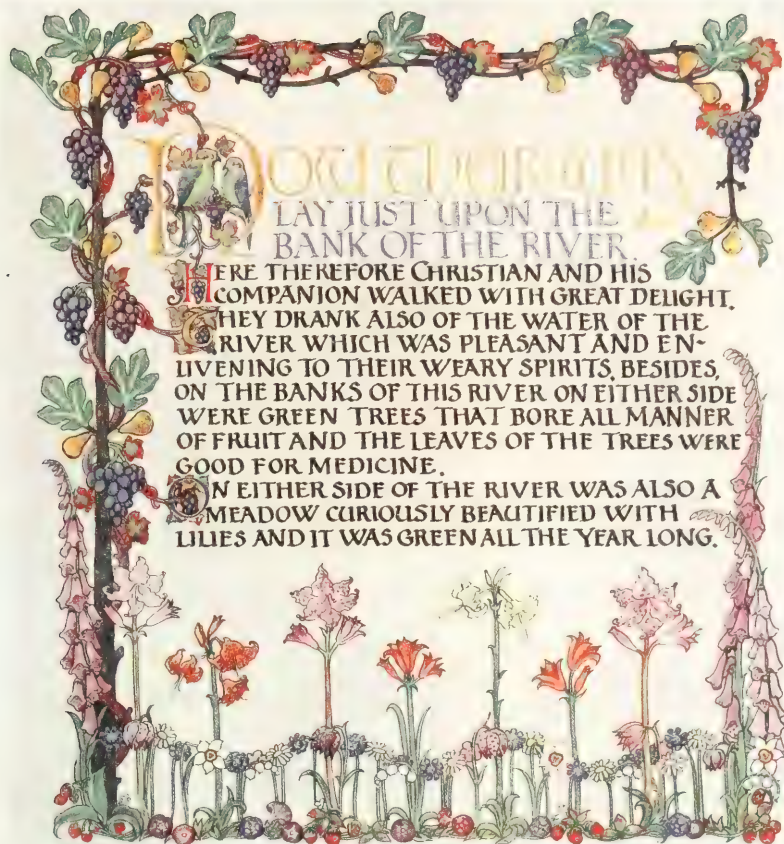
translating designs sketched on paper into colour and rich fabric. ■ ■ ■

Some of the weavers are disabled ex-service men, numbers of whom are just now at the Central School learning different crafts, and in most cases making excellent progress. Many of them, in fact, have finished their training and have obtained permanent employment in the trades they took up. Examples of the work done by these men, in furniture jewellery and weaving, were shown at the recent school exhibition, and were tributes alike to their intelligence and industry and to the care and skill of their teachers. The classes for training them were organized in conjunction with the Ministry of Labour and the London War Pensions Committee. Their instruction in silversmiths' and jewellers' work is undertaken by Mr. W. A. Steward, Mr. G. H. Lovering and Mr. F. F. Henes; in cabinet making by Mr. C. Spooner, Mr. E. P. Stokes and Mr.

A. T. Payne; and in tapestry and rug weaving by Mr. Luther Hooper and Mr. W. Taylor. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

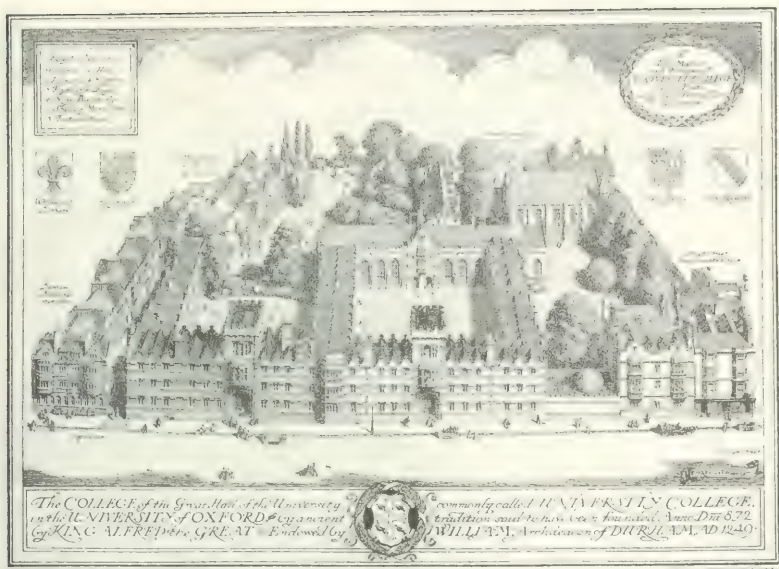
Such studies as drawing, painting and modelling from the life are of course secondary to the main intention of the Central School, which is to preserve the ancient traditions of British handicrafts, while furthering their modern development in design and execution. But if secondary they are essential to the advanced student of design, and it is satisfactory to see from the exhibited works that the standard here of drawing from the life is as high as it is in craftsmanship. An interesting essay by two of the students in the life class, Miss Jackson and Miss Haythorne, is in progress at the top of the principal staircase, a wall painting in fresco of a London street scene, gay and bright in colour, and treated throughout with attractive simplicity. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

WILLIAM T. WHITLEY.



THE
STU
DIO

ILLUMINATED TEXT FROM
"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,"
BY M. C. BOWERLEY.



"UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OXFORD"
DRAWN BY EDMUND H. NEW

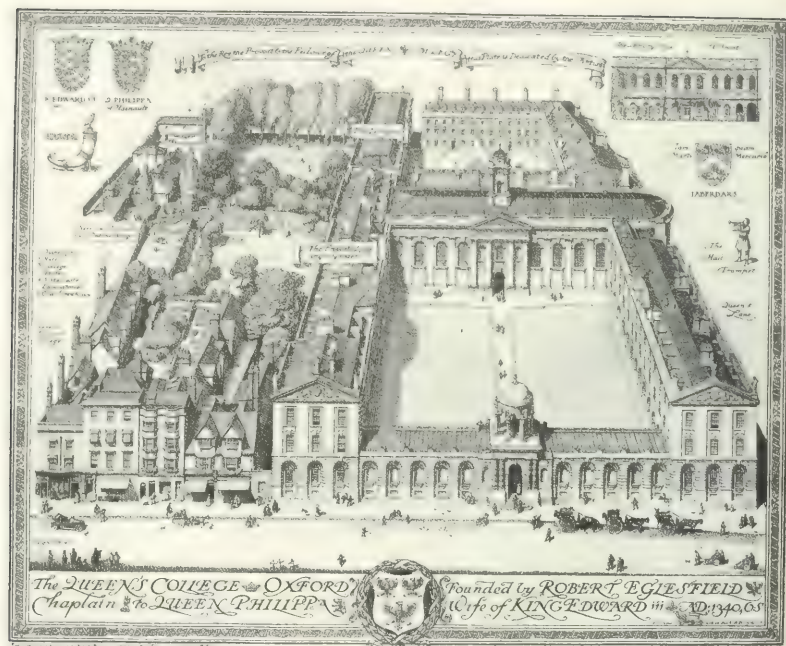
MR. EDMUND H. NEW'S "LOGGAN" DRAWINGS.

THE only possible way to depict masses of buildings grouped on quadrangular plan is to adopt the convention of the bird's-eye view. The latter, under the name of "prospect," was the mode of representation invariably used by David Loggan in his celebrated series of prints of Oxford and Cambridge. The original "Oxonia Illustrata" of Loggan was produced in 1673-5, and a similar but very inferior series followed by William Williams in 1726-33. Williams was thoroughly infected by the pseudo-classical instincts of his time—so much so that in two cases, those of Magdalen and Brasenose Colleges, he represented the buildings, not as they were, but as he would have preferred them to be. His drawings generally are hard

and unsympathetic, but they have a certain value as records of the changes that had taken place in the buildings between Loggan's time and his (Williams') own.

At the present day the "prospect" method is being revived with singular success by Mr. E. H. New in his New Loggan series of Oxford Colleges and other views; though he does not always take the same point of view as was taken by his predecessors above-named. The first drawings of the series were reviewed in THE STUDIO for February 1915; the more recent additions to the series comprise views of Exeter, Queen's, University and Oriel Colleges and Christ Church. It is quite remarkable how much detail Mr. New manages to introduce into his drawings without in any degree sacrificing the effect of breadth and spaciousness in the

MR. EDMUND H. NEW'S "LOGGAN" DRAWINGS



"QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD"
DRAWN BY EDMUND H. NEW

whole composition. If one has a fault to find with these beautiful drawings it is that they are too uniformly pleasing, so that unless one is personally acquainted with the actual buildings depicted, and with their respective dates, one might easily mistake modern and unworthy accretions for genuine antiquities. To say this, however, is to pay the highest tribute that could be paid to Mr. New's claims as an artist.

And now to come to details. Mr. New's view of Exeter College (not here reproduced) is taken from the west, as were both Loggan's and Williams's. Williams, however, stands, as it were, looking within the quadrangle only, omitting

altogether the western range. The latter was refaced by Underwood in 1834. Mr. New gives an inset of Sir Gilbert Scott's chapel from the south. The drawing, as compared with David Loggan's, shows how little of the original work remains visible, the college having virtually been remodelled by Scott between 1854 and 1860.

University College is viewed from the north, but has been much extended since David Loggan's time. The first addition since then, begun in 1716 through the munificence of Dr. Radcliffe, is of course illustrated in Mr. New's drawing, as are the later extensions to east and west, including the incongruous dome, erected



A view of the River Thames as taken from the Temple, London, in the year 1845.

in recent years to enshrine the nude statue of Shelley. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Queen's College, wholly rebuilt since Loggan's time, is shown from a totally different aspect, the principal buildings of the existing college facing south instead of east. ■

In respect of the view of Oriel College, the "Oriel Record" for March 1920 remarks: "We regret that Mr. New has been beguiled into giving currency to a historical error in ascribing the foundation of the college to Adam de Brome." The college regards Edward II as founder; a claim to which the facts that the sovereign for the time being is Visitor, and that the college arms are the royal arms, the three leopards, only differed within a bordure, certainly give warrant. Mr. New's view, taken from the steeple of St. Mary's Church, necessarily gives great prominence to the Cecil Rhodes frontage upon High Street as the northern extremity of the college. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Mr. New's prospect of Christ Church is taken, like Loggan's in 1673, from the west, but shows, of course, the later additions, viz. Wren's superstructure with its cupolas over the main gateway, the modern Meadow buildings, built under John Ruskin's Venetian-Gothic influence, and Bodley's handsome tower over the hall staircase. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Lastly, Mr. New has produced a splendid panorama of the City and Port of London, so large that it has to be printed on two sheets, the range of view stretching from the Temple on the west, or left, to the Tower Bridge on the east. Having the top of the tower of St. Mary Overie, now called St. Saviour's, Southwark, in the foreground, the drawing includes five, or parts of five, bridges. In this connexion it is interesting to recall that, until the eighteenth century, London Bridge was the only bridge to span the Thames below Kingston, a fact which immensely enhanced the importance of London Bridge itself. The latter—old London Bridge, that is—figures conspicuously in the views respectively by Wijngaerde (c. 1550), Visscher (1616), and Wenceslas Hollar (1647), with which the present view deserves to be compared, as also indeed it is well worthy to be accorded a place. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

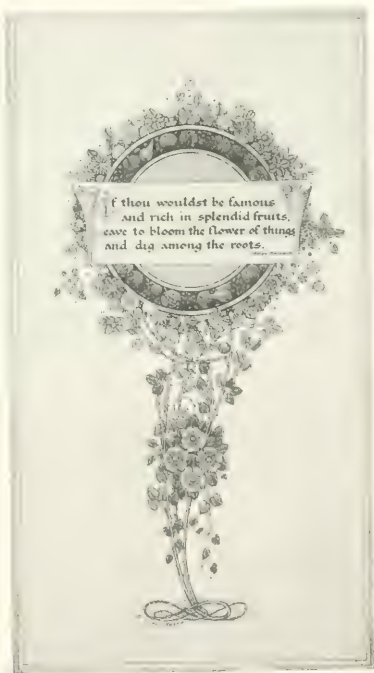
AYMER VALLANCE

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—We reproduce on this page an attractive example of illuminated lettering by Mr. Ernest F. Beckett, an accomplished practitioner in this branch of art. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The recent exhibition of British Art, 1830–1850, at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, was unfortunately marred by the sudden illness and death of Mr. C. Campbell Ross, who had been associated with this institution almost from its beginning nineteen years ago, and since the death of Mr. H. E. Teed on the field of battle in 1917 had been in sole charge of it. Mr. Ross was over seventy years of age and his sudden demise appears to have been in some



ILLUMINATED TEXT. BY
ERNEST F. BECKETT

STUDIO-TALK

measure due to the strain which the organization of the last exhibition entailed upon him. To a representative of this magazine who had a talk with him at the gallery soon after the opening of the exhibition and a day or two before he was taken ill, he spoke of the difficulties he had had to contend with in arranging it, and it was clear that in his efforts to make the show as successful as possible he had not spared himself, though with his habitual cheerfulness he was, as always, loth to complain. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

From Edinburgh about the same time came the news of the death of Mr. C. H. Mackie, member of the Royal Scottish Academy, chiefly noted for a remarkable series of Italian landscapes painted by him in recent years. In these as in all his work, which besides painting, included numerous interesting experiments in wood-block printing, colour is the distinguishing trait. An example of his landscape painting was reproduced by us in colour some four years ago. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

At the Dorien Leigh Galleries in Bruton Street an exhibition is being held this month of modern woodcuts in colour and monochrome. The exhibits include the four prints by Mr. Seewald, Mr. Goldschmit, and Mr. C. Thiemann respectively, of which reproductions are given on this and the following pages. ■ ■ ■

A portion of the National Gallery of British Art at Millbank, popularly known as the Tate Gallery, was reopened to the public in July, and the improvements effected both in the arrangement of the exhibits and in the decoration of the rooms, have been received with general favour, though strong criticism has been passed on the removal from the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square of certain works by early English masters, Hogarth and Reynolds more particularly, on the ground that their transfer greatly detracts from the prestige of the British Collection at the premier institution. However, we are all truly thankful to see the "Tate" once more accessible, and when the remaining rooms are surrendered by the Government and restored to their proper function, the Gallery with its treasures carefully selected and unburdened of much of the more trivial work

which has found its way there, will be a truly worthy monument of British Art.

Mrs. Stabler's garden figure, *The Young Mother*, reproduced on page 73, shows that concrete is capable of being put to other than purely utilitarian uses, and one advantage it possesses for outdoor sculpture is its durability. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Miss Doris Stacey whose etching, *Study of an Old Woman*, reproduced on page 74, won for her a British Institute Scholarship, shows a remarkable aptitude for character studies of this kind. She was until recently a student in the etching class at the Goldsmiths' College School of Art under Mr. F. Marriott, the Headmaster. ■

The models of which we give illustrations on page 75 have this merit—that they are designed not to be looked at merely, but to be handled, and they are so well made that in the absence of any serious catastrophe they are likely to be still in going order long after their bright colours have faded or worn off. The manufacturers, Sabulite (Great Britain) Ltd. of Ware, rightly describe them as "working" models and the proper pro-



"BILEAM'S ASS"
WOODCUT BY SEEWALD
(Dorien Leigh Gallery)



THE
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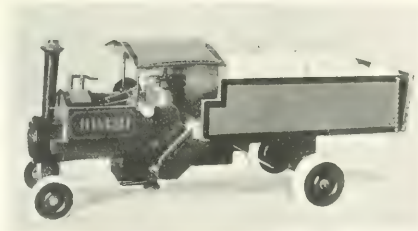
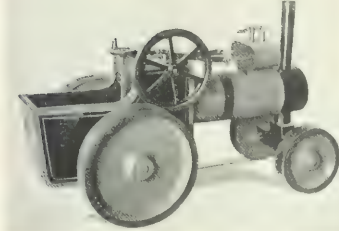
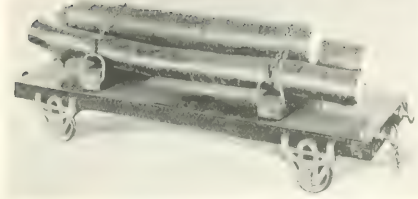
THE GARDEN OF LOVE
KNOX, IOWA, 1901
THE GARDEN OF LOVE
KNOX, IOWA, 1901



"THE YOUNG MOTHER"
CONCRETE GARDEN FIGURE
BY PHOEBE STABLER



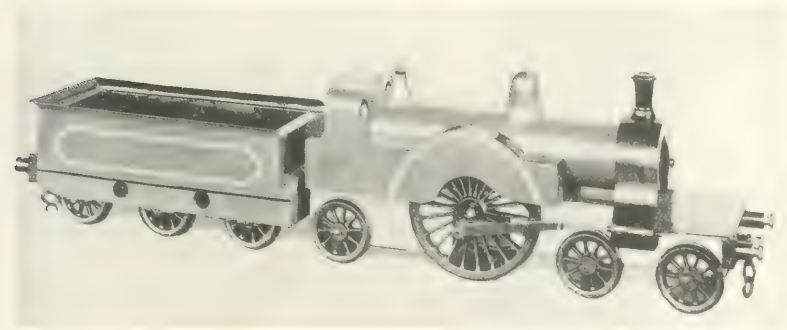
"STUDY OF AN OLD WOMAN"
FROM AN ETCHING BY
DORIS STACEY



PAINTED WOOD MODELS
BY SABULITE, LTD.

portions are maintained throughout. This firm, whose main business is the manufacture of explosives, had a good show of these models at the last British Industries Fair and their enterprise in taking up this kind of production is to be commended. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

PARIS.—The salons of 1920—the first real salons since 1914—were far from exciting the curiosity with which these springtime manifestations were wont to be followed in the years before the war. It seems evident that the public at large is becoming more and more disinterested



PAINTED WOOD MODEL
BY SABULITE, LTD.



"1918." TRIPTYCH BY
GEORGES PAUL LEROUX
(Société des Artistes Français)



"LA POYAROSSE, À ST.-PAUL-DE-VARAX
(AIN)." BY LOUIS JOURDAN
(Société des Artistes Français)

in these big artistic events, and as to that narrower public constituted of true *amateurs*, it is no longer at the Grand Palais, either in the salon of the Société Nationale or in that of the Artistes Français, that it cares to seek what it wants, being sure of not finding it there. ■

The fact is that there is always a salon in Paris from October to June; the number of private galleries has been growing during the past decade, and even since the Armistice, and now reaches considerable proportions, which is, of course, proof of the increasing prosperity of the traffic in works of art. As a result, artists of originality and independence are forsaking the official salons, which are now by no means so representative of present day art as they used to be. That is not to say that in one or the other of these salons works of genuine interest are not to be met with; if it is undoubtedly true that mediocrity predominates, it is no less true that artists who really count, have remained loyal to one or other of the two

Societies and reserve for the salons their best work. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

If, in any case, one would follow the progress of French sculpture, it is only at the salons that this can be done, and it would not be going too far to say that French sculpture always occupies the first place in the universal evolution of art. The public, however, takes but a relatively small interest in it; more than ever it is susceptible to the prestige of colour, and there are many people who take a genuine interest in painting yet pay but little regard to the art that is truly plastic—sculpture. We have indeed no lack of first-rate sculptors, such as MM. Bourdelle, Bartholomé, Desbois, Despiau, Bouchard, Landowski, Marque, Dejean, Roche, Quillivic, Mme. Serruys, and Mlle. Poupelet; and it is to a sculptor that the Grand Prix National has this year been awarded—M. Paul Dardé, whose *Faune* is an original and powerful work. ■

One feature of the Société Nationale's salon which it would not be fair to pass

STUDIO-TALK

over, was the retrospective exhibition of works by deceased masters who were members—Carrière, Puvis de Chavannes, Roll, Stevens, Alexandre Charpentier, Rodin, Sisley, La Touche, Cazin, Dalou, Carolus-Duran, Meissonnier and Duez. The works of MM. Lucien Simon, Aman-Jean, Besnard, Le Sidaner, Emile Claus, Duhem, Maurice Denis, Paul Baudouin, Dinot, Charles Guérin, Van Dongen, Suréda, Raffaelli, René Ménéard, and Mlle. Boznanska all deserved particular attention, albeit they did not tell us anything new about these artists, whose merits are well known and generally acknowledged. One cannot expect an artist to be always changing, and we are only too happy when he maintains his own high standard, as is the case with the artists just named. As to any revelations, they were unfortunately absent; the young artists turn more and more to the Salon d'Automne, which thus becomes a means of linking the

independants with the official salons, but the connection is far from being effected, and perhaps it is undesirable that it should ever be effected. The young men detest—and quite rightly—all this system of awards, medals, mentions, etc., which has remained an appanage of the Artistes Français; they resent it as an invasion of their independence. It cannot be denied that this spirit marks an improvement in artistic manners. The system is, indeed, very harmful because of the base expedients which it compels those artists who still submit to it to adopt; but that is, after all, their own concern, and if they like to submit, they may. ■ ■ ■

It was to be expected that works inspired by the great war would be very numerous at both salons, and this was especially so at that of the Artistes Français, but proof was afforded that military painting is powerless to create great and beautiful works of art. ■ ■ ■



"FÊTE VÉNITIENNE," BY
FRANÇOIS FLAMENG
(Société des Artistes Français)



" PORTRAIT DE FERNANDE CABANEL "
 BY JEAN GABRIEL DOMERGUE
 Société des Artistes Français

REVIEWS

The premier place at the old salon must be given M. Henri Martin's rural scene, so fresh and so sound in composition, so brilliant and so true in colour. Nothing could be compared to it here, for the painters who show at this salon keep to their groove even more than those of the neighbouring salon. One of the successes of this year were the contributions of M. Jean Gabriel Domergue—seductive canvases astonishing in their technical dexterity and rare virtuosity. ■ ■ ■

There remains little to be said about the contents of these forty and odd galleries, but I must mention the landscapes of MM. Boggio, Morchain and Flores (the last a young artist of great promise); the portraits of MM. Ernest Laurent, Joseph Bail, Pierre Laurens, Auguste Leroux, Jonas and Humbert, and the various contributions of MM. Flameng, Devambez, Fouqueray, Grun, Xavier Bricard, Camus, P. Chabas, Adler, Synavé, Biloul and Berthon, and no doubt there are others that ought to be named, but the examination of such a vast expanse of painted canvas is really very trying. One can understand why many artists of taste shun such a noisy orchestra of colour and form. G.M.

REVIEWS

The Art of Arthur Streeton. Special Number of "Art in Australia." (Sydney: Angus and Robertson; London: Oxford University Press.) Mr. Streeton, like many other artists who began their careers "down under," has lived and worked so long in England as to be regarded as one of our own, but his reputation as a painter of rare sensitiveness was already firmly established ere he migrated to the northern hemisphere, more than twenty years ago. The change of environment has, it is hardly necessary to say, slowly modified his art in the course of these years, and Mr. Konody, who reviews his English paintings, claims him now as "a typical English landscape painter." However, his work from the outset down to the present day is so amply and so admirably presented in this volume, which contains reproductions in colour of more than thirty characteristic examples as well as

many in monochrome, that his development can be studied without the aid of an interpreter. The volume as a whole is an example of high-class book production, which reflects great credit on the printers and publishers. ■ ■ ■

Strategic Camouflage. By SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, R.A. (London: John Murray.) This exposé of German camouflage methods made by a distinguished Academician who, as a military officer, was especially occupied during the war with this subject has provoked a great amount of discussion, and there has been a disposition in official quarters to pooh-pooh his conclusions, based on a patient and searching analysis of aerial photographs. In a note issued since its publication, the author sets forth various items of evidence yielded by a recent visit to the areas photographed, which unmistakably confirm the conclusions deduced from the photographs as to the existence of an extensive system of structures designed to represent agricultural land and other landscape features, and intended to cover huge and rapid concentrations of troops. ■ ■ ■

The Charm of Oxford. By J. WELLS, M.A., Warden of Wadham College, (London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.) Twenty-seven pencil drawings by Mr. Blackall, excellently reproduced and embracing many interesting views of Oxford Colleges, and a panoramic view of the City from the east, reproduced twice as an end paper, furnishes the *raison d'être* for this attractive volume. Those who know and revere this ancient seat of learning, which as Mr. Wells reminds his readers is, apart from its associations with great men and great movements, a paradise for the art student, will discern in Mr. Blackall's drawings something more than a literal rendering of the subjects he has selected, though he has paid considerable attention to detail. The reproductions, which look well on their mounts of light fawn cover paper, are accompanied by descriptive letterpress pertinent to the various subjects, and for those who may desire to have them in a form suitable for framing a separate portfolio edition of them is available, in which all the drawings are furnished with cut mounts. ■ ■

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